HYMNS OF WORSHIP AND SERVICE

Presby. Church Hymnal

Hymns of Worship and Service

Twenty-second Edition

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Publishers' Note.

THIS hymn book has grown out of an intimate acquaintance with the musical practice of the evangelical churches. It appears in answer to a general call from those churches for a book of convenient size and moderate cost that shall embrace the standard repertory of Christian praise.

The more compendious books, as a rule, either seek to present and emphasize a special point of view or are edited with the social meeting chiefly in mind. This compilation is based on a careful study of good usage generally, and is framed to meet all the aspects of modern church life.

We venture to assert that the hymns and tunes which compose this book will be found to constitute nine tenths of the repertory of any church, even where emphasis is laid upon the praise service. It will be found, also, that the union of hymn and tune is that which the best practice has sanctioned. The grounds of selection in each case were not individual preference, but the concurrent preference of the churches, ascertained by a painstaking tabulation of actual usage.

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Opening Sentences

THE Lord is in His holy temple : let all the earth keep silence before Him. *Hab. ii. 20.*

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer. *Psalm xix. 14.*

I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me. *Psalm li. 3.*

Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. *Psalm li. 9.*

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. *Psalm li. 17.*

I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. *St. Luke xv. 18, 19.*

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. *St. Luke ii. 10, 11.*

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me. *Lam. I. 12.*

He is risen. *St. Mark xvi. 6.* The Lord is risen indeed. *St. Luke xxiv. 34.*

This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it.
Psalm cxviii. 24.

The Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them : for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me ; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work : but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God ; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates ; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it : Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Beatitudes

BLESSED are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Apostles' Creed

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

Prayers

A General Confession

(To be said by the Congregation, the Minister leading)

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father: We have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore Thou those who are penitent; According to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake; that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name. AMEN.

The Assurance of Pardon

(To be said by the Minister)

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all those who, with hearty repentance and true faith, turn unto Him; have mercy upon you; pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness; and bring you to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

The Lord's Prayer.

(To be said by the Minister and Congregation)

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. AMEN.

Dedication of the Alms of the People
(To be said by the Minister)

FATHER in heaven, may these offerings bear fruit unto the glory of Thy Holy Name. Only of Thine own have we given Thee, for all that we have cometh of Thine hand and is Thine. Keep this, we humbly beseech Thee, forever in the thoughts of our heart, that as stewards who shall be found faithful we may be able to render unto Thee with joy a full account of our stewardship. AMEN.

or this

FATHER in heaven, we thank Thee for the assurance that Thou wilt accept the offering of every man who giveth it willingly with his heart, and we humbly beseech Thee to make these offerings bear fruit unto the glory of Thy holy Name. AMEN.

A Prayer for All Conditions of Men.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for Thy holy Church universal; that it may be so guided and governed by Thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.

A General Thanksgiving.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we, Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men; We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. AMEN.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who, of Thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility; mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: Give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. AMEN.

O GOD, who hast prepared for those who love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love toward Thee that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things: Graft in our hearts the love of Thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. AMEN.

A Closing Prayer

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast promised to hear the petitions of those who ask in Thy Son's Name; We beseech Thee mercifully to incline Thine ears to us who have now made our prayers and supplications unto Thee; and grant that those things which we have faithfully asked according to Thy will, may effectually be obtained, to the relief of our necessity, and to the setting forth of Thy glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

The Benediction

THE Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: And the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. AMEN.

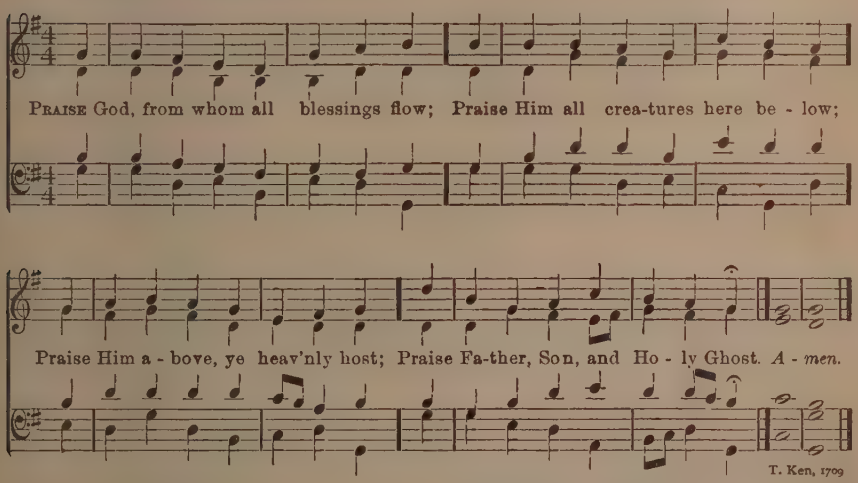
or this

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. AMEN.

Hymns of Worship and Service

The Beginning of Worship

1 THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M. L. Bourgeois, 1551



T. Ken, 1709

2 L. M.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe, 1561

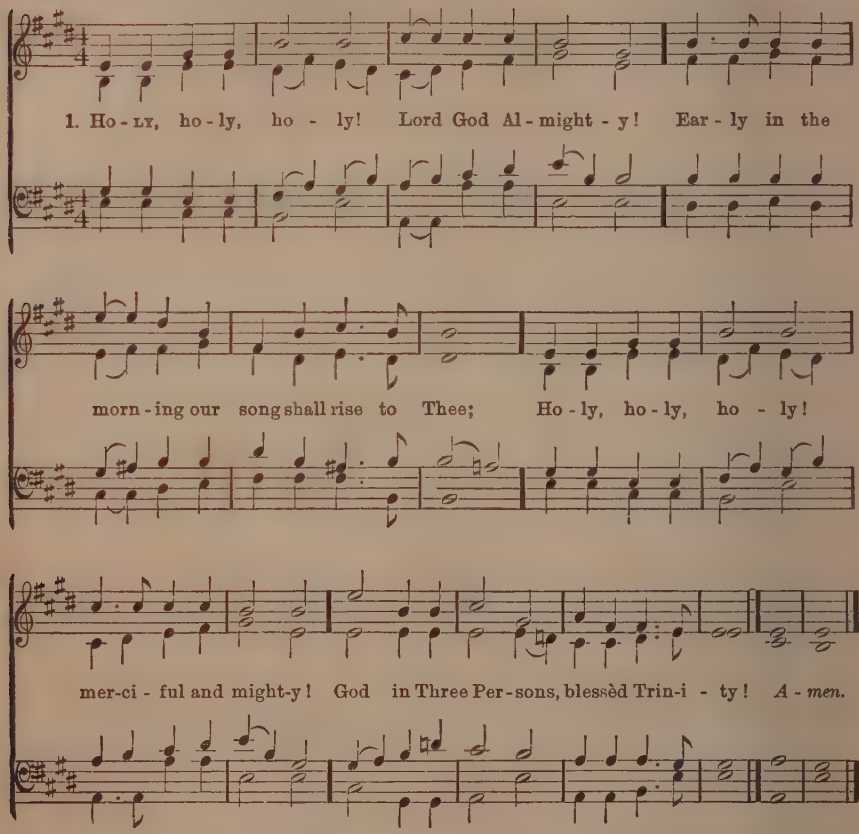
3 L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts, 1719

4 NICÆA F. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular) J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

R. Heber, 1827

5 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818–1901)

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;

Teach us to re - joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—

Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. *A - men.*

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

T. Kelly, 1876

6 LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all. *A-men.*

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

C. Wesley, 1744

7 LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11.

1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might and sing of His grace;
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

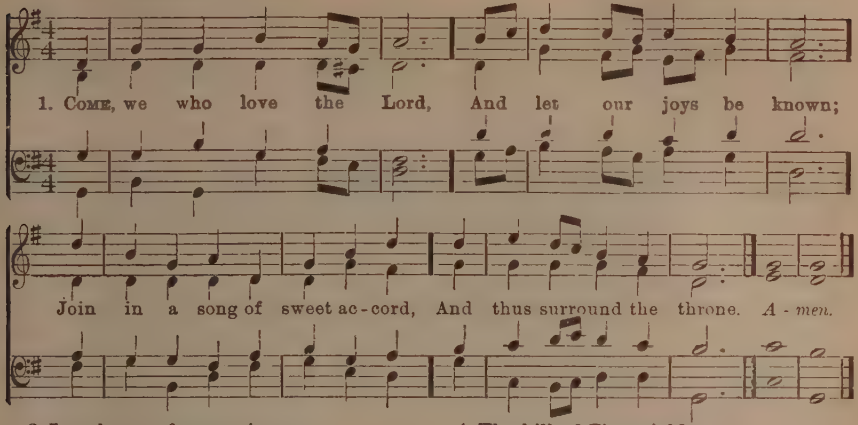
3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

R. Grant, 1833

8 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

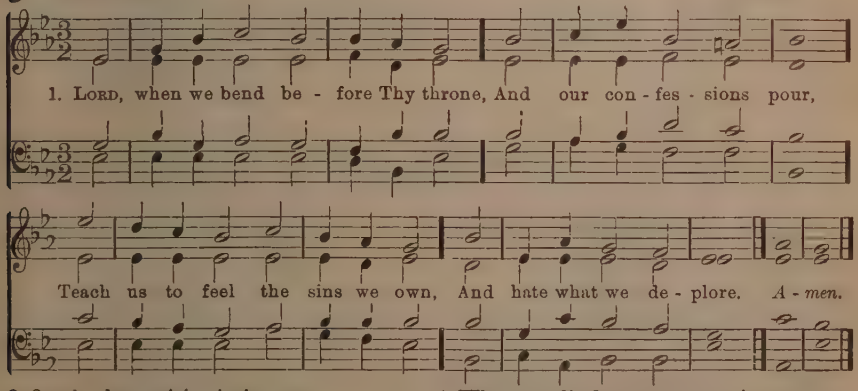
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's [ground
To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts, 1709

9 DOWNS C. M.

L. Mason, 1832



2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

5 May faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1802

10 FABEN 8s, 7s. 8l. J. H. Willcox, 1849

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. *A - men.*

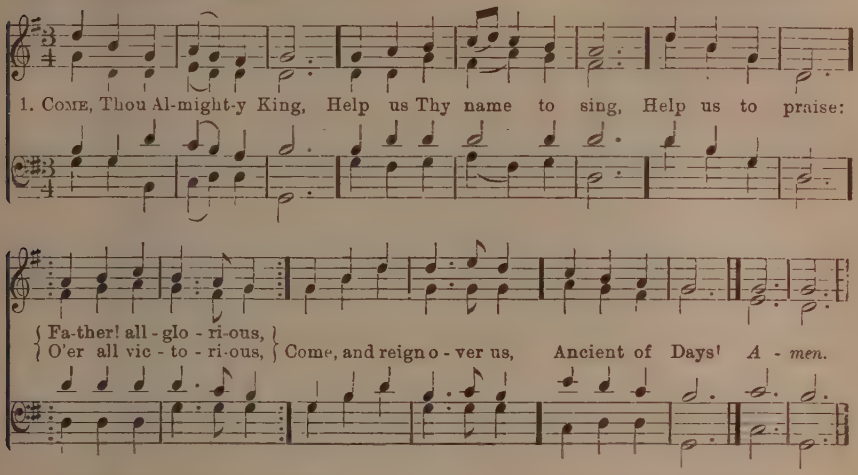
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw the guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key, 1826

11 ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. de Giardini, 1769



2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. Wesley, 1757

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12 (FABEN) 8s, 7s. 8l.

1 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple and repeated
Each to each th'alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

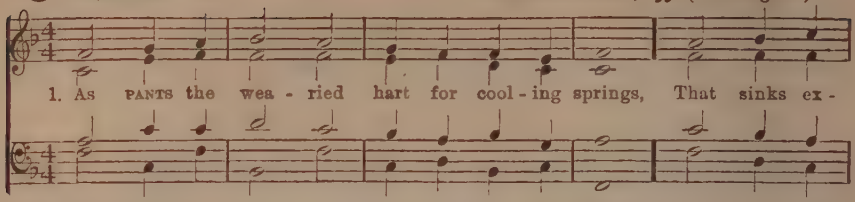
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

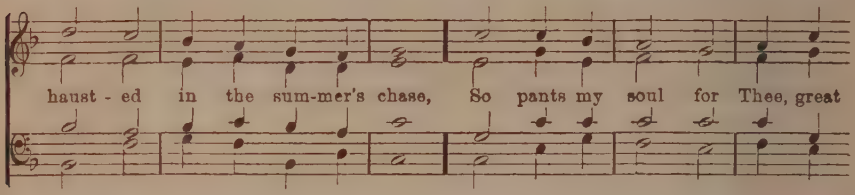
3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy holy, holy, Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thine angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy!" blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

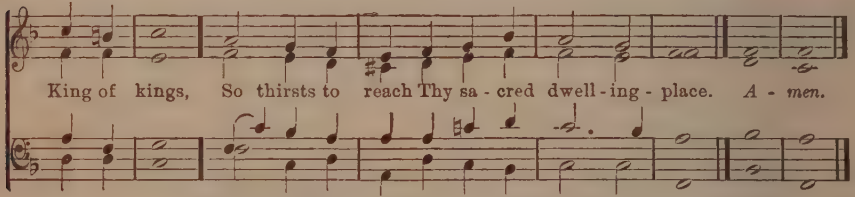
R. Mant, 1837

13 TOULON 10s.

The Geneva Psalter, 1551 (L. Bourgeois)







2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

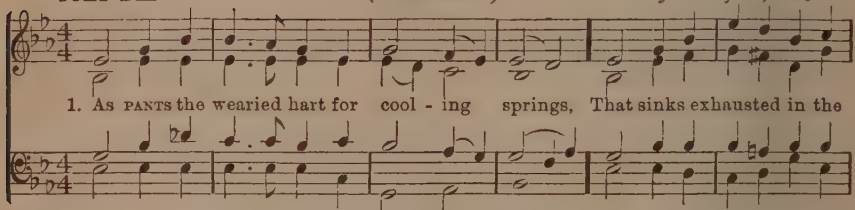
3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

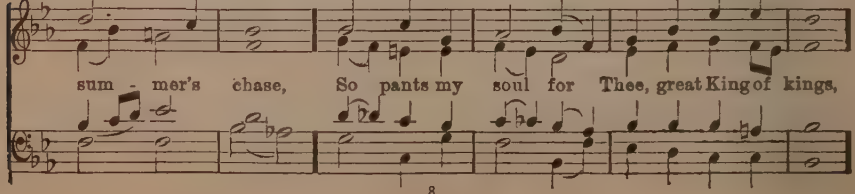
R. Lowth *Tr.* G. Gregory, 1787, *Ab.*

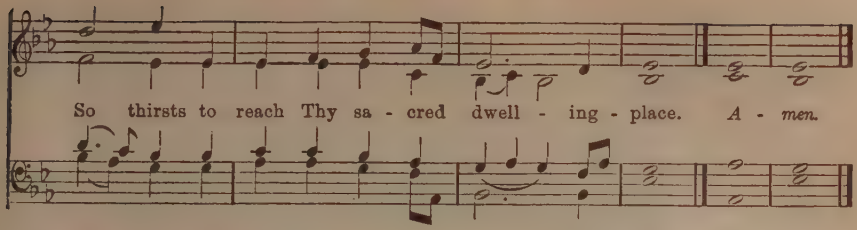
PAX DEI 10s.

(Second Tune.)

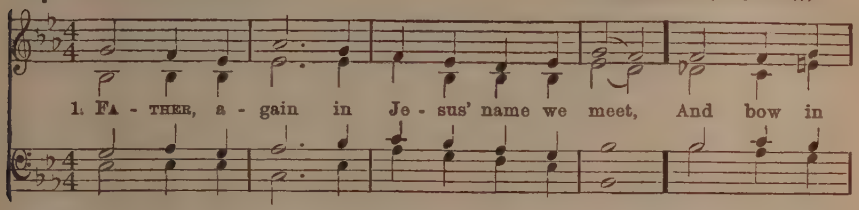
J. B. Dykes, 1868

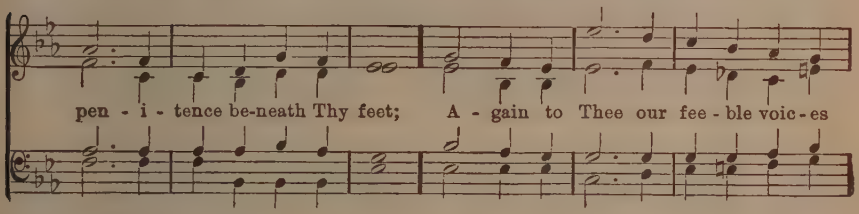


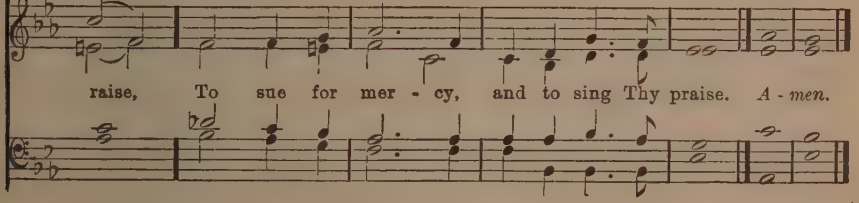




14 FELIX (Raynolds) 10s. F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)







2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

L. E. G. Whitmore, 18

15 TRURO L. M.

C. Burney, 1789

1. High in the heav'ns E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev - ery cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. *A-men.*

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

I. Watts, 1719

16 PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua, 1810

1. Before Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is
God a-lone: He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy, He can cre-até, and He de-stroy. *A - men.*

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

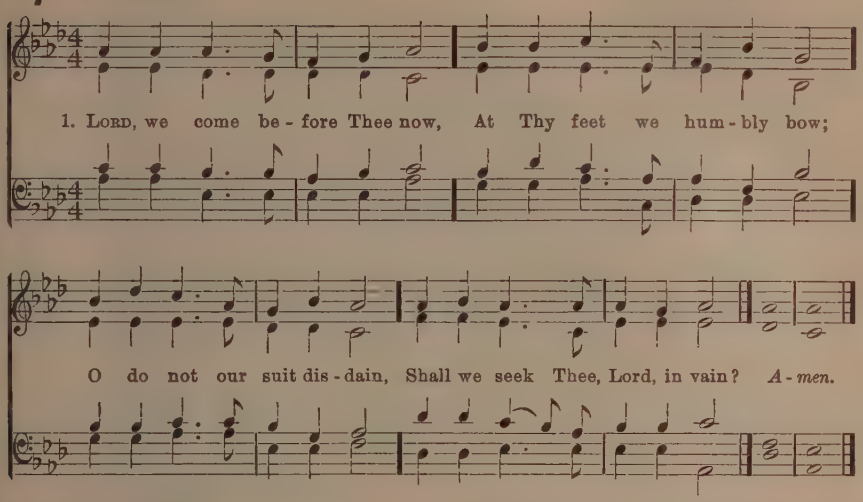
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts, 1719

17 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874



2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond, 1745

18 (ST. BEES) 7s.

1 To Thy temple we repair,
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

J. Montgomery, 1825

19 BRATTLE STREET C. M. 81.

Ignace Pleyel (1757—1831)

1st. 2d.

1. { WHILE Thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; } With
{ And may this con - se - crat - ed hour (*Omit*.....) }

bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would

soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore. *A - men.*

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

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20 (MEAR) C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

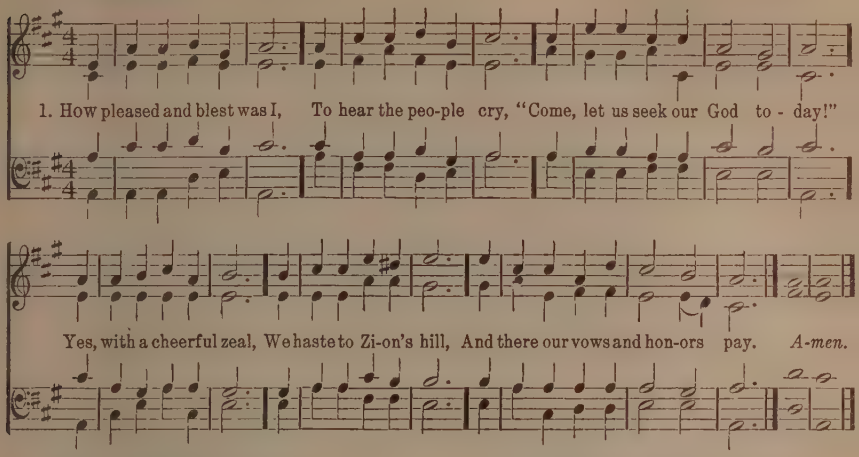
4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There, God, my Saviour reigns.

Isaac Watts

21 DALSTON 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8

A. Williams



2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

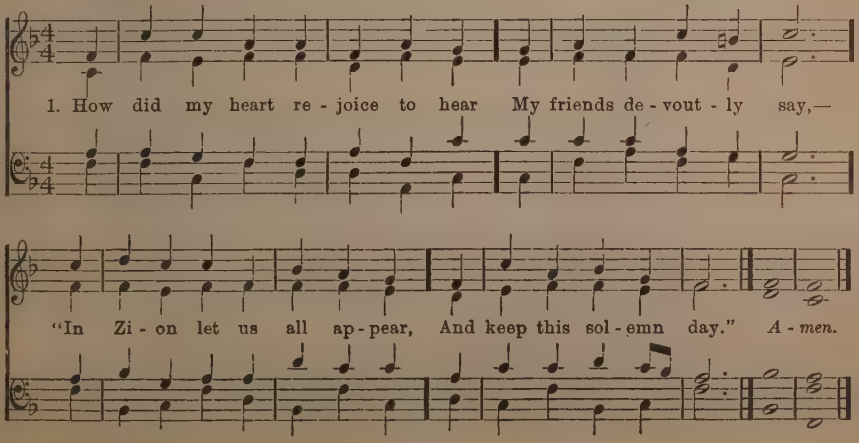
3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts

MEAR C. M.

American Air, 1726



22 LONGWOOD 10s.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from

earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,

cres.

might-y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. *A - men.*

dim. e rall.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.

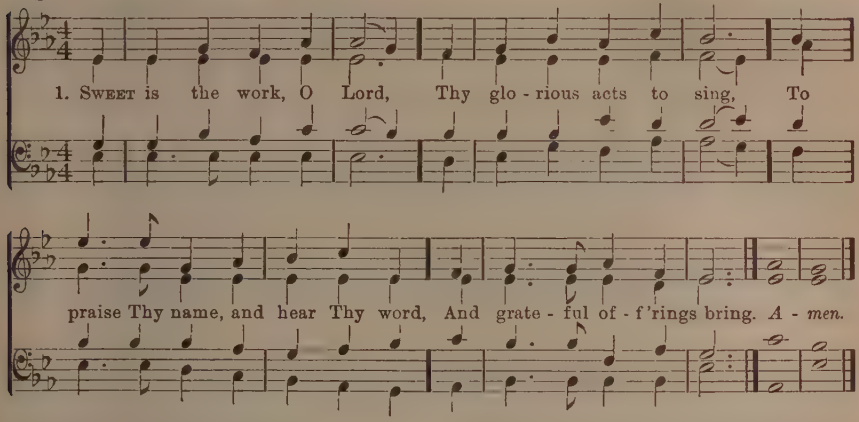
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the Heaven-descended Dove.
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

G. Croly, 1854

23 SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. Booth (1852—)



2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

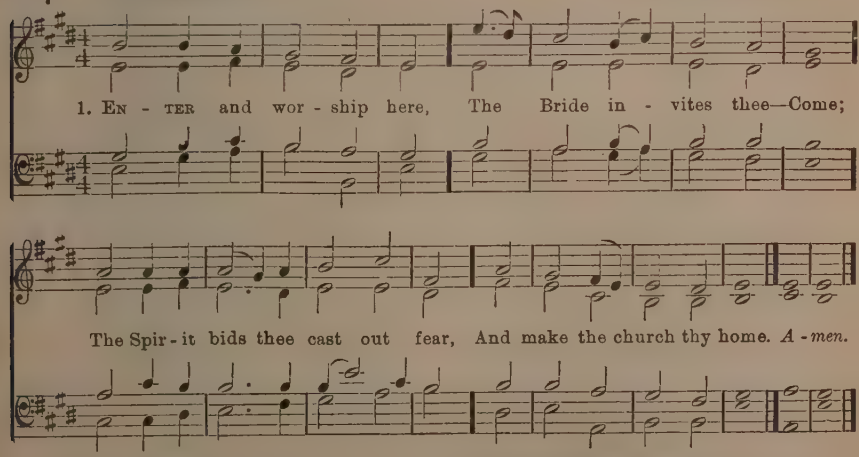
3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. Auber, 1829

24 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



2 Enter and bless the Lord,
And meditate His grace,
Feast on the manna of His word,
And consecrate this place.

3 Enter and rest and pray,
Lift to the hills thine eyes;
Praise Him, and offer up to-day
Thy heart, a sacrifice.

C. C. Albertson, 1900

25 DIADEMATA, No. 1 S. M. 81. G. J. Elvey, 1868

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. *A - men.*

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

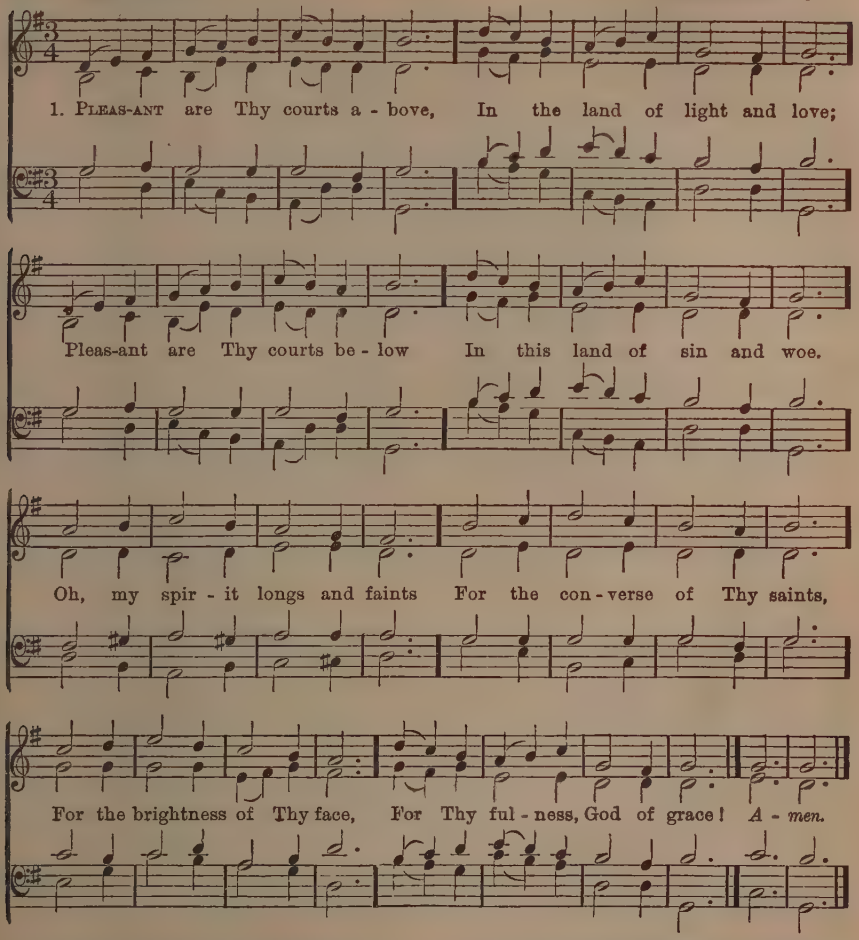
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. Bridges, 1848

26 MAIDSTONE 7s. 8l.

W. B. Gilbert, 1865



2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

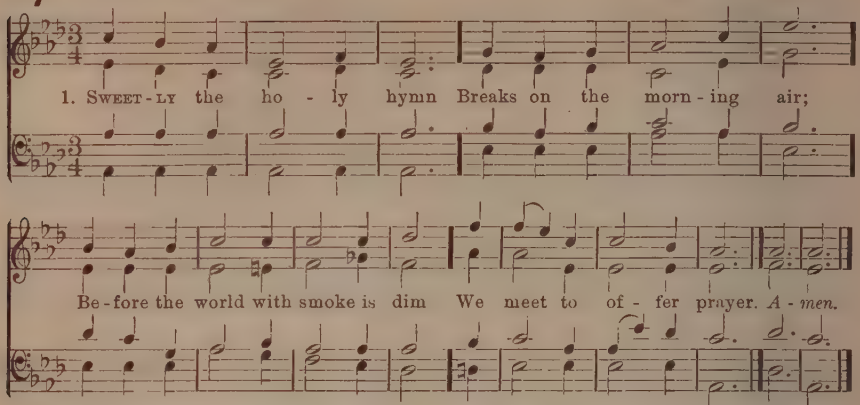
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

H. F. Lyte, 1834

27 GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetzer, 1849



2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

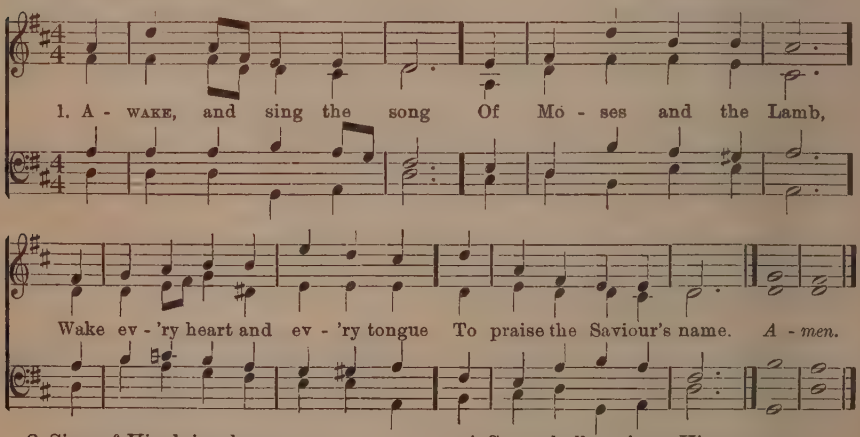
3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

Chas. H. Spurgeon

28 BUDDINGTON S. M.

H. G. Trembath (1845–)



2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

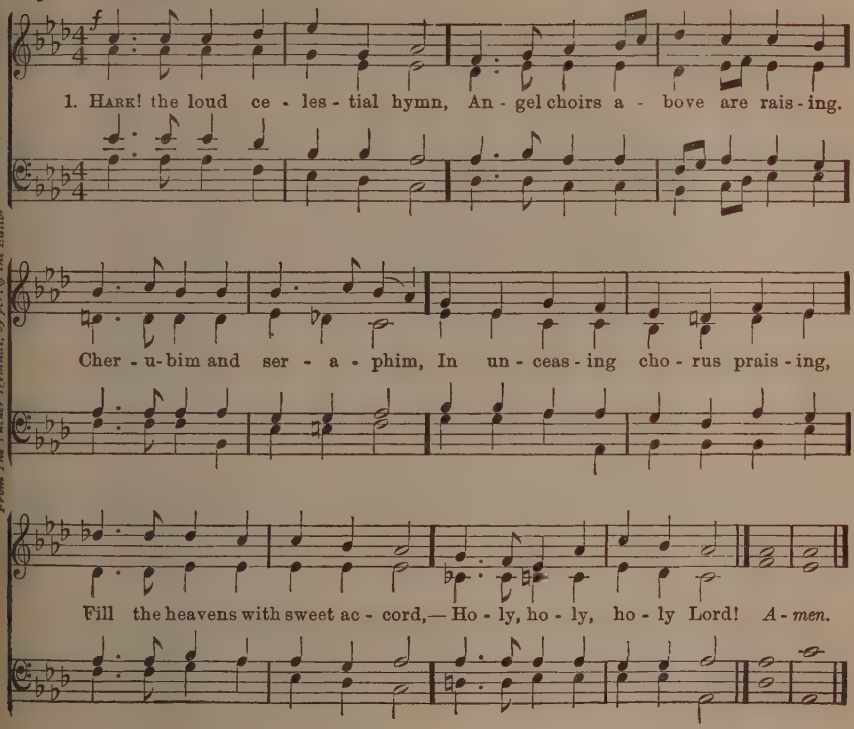
4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. Hammond, 1745

29 CHERUBIM 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

G. F. LeJeune (1842—1904)



From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor

2 Lo! the apostolic train
  Join Thy sacred name to hallow.
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
  And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
  Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
  Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
  By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
  Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

C. A. Walworth, 1859

30 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 6l.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,
To Je - sus I re - pair;... May Je - sus Christ be praised! *A-men.*

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

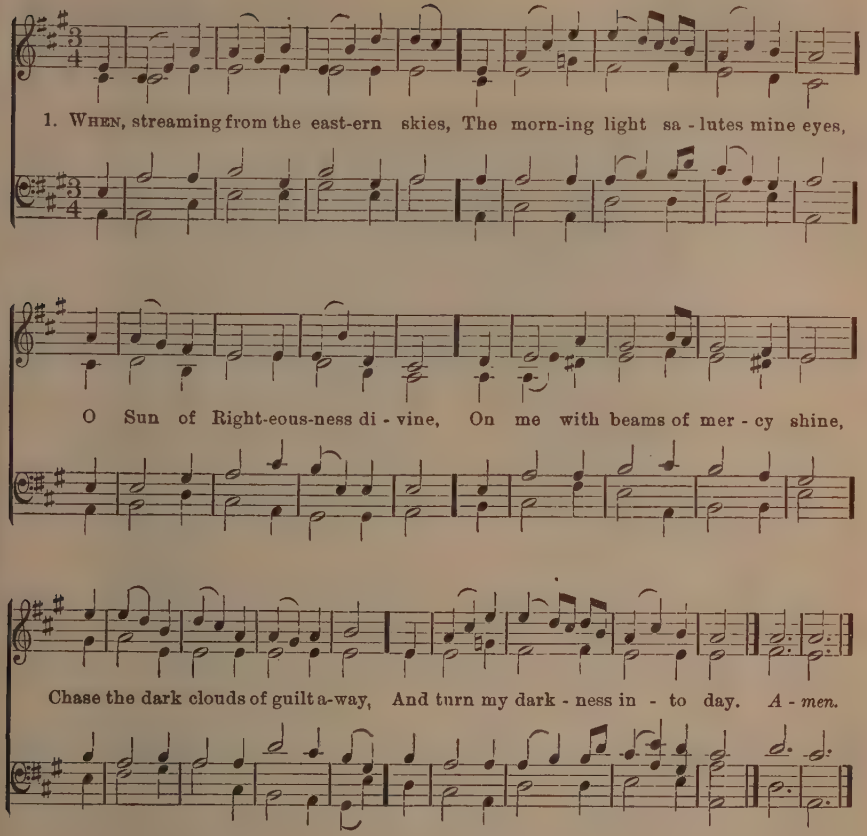
6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

German, 1828. *Tr.* E. Caswall, 1854

31 BROWNELL L. M. 61. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)



2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

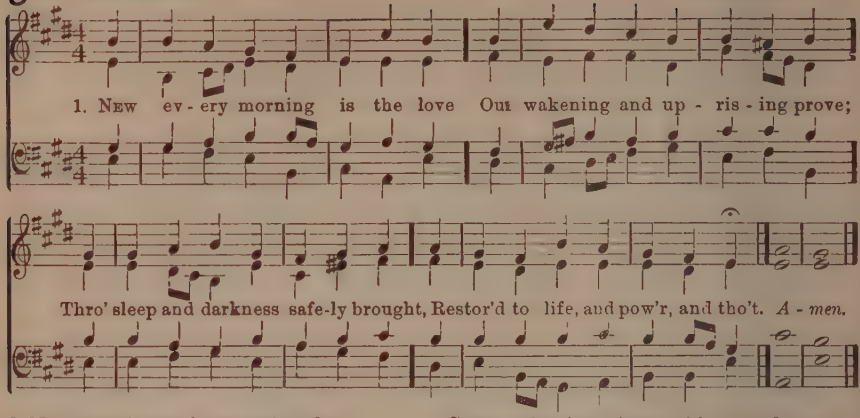
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole, 1813

32 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790



2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

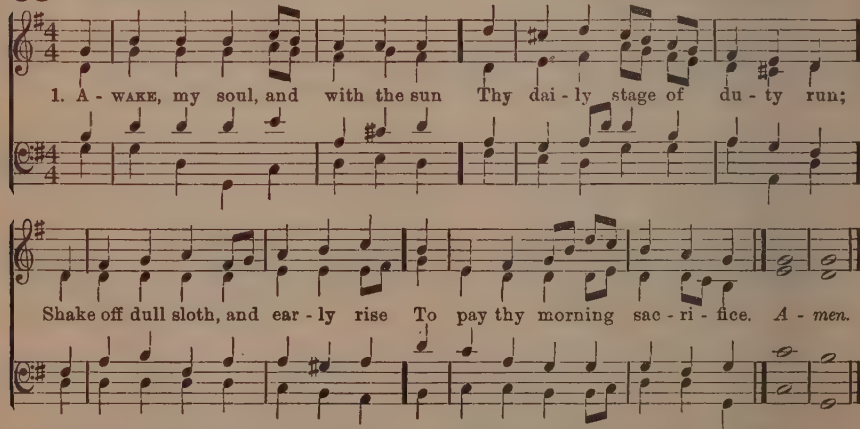
5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827

33 MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. Barthélémon (1741—1808)



2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

34 WARWICK C. M.

S. Stanley, 1800

1. LORD, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;
To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye— *A-men.*

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

I. Watts, 1719

35 HALLE 7s. 61.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. { CHRIST, whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on-ly light. }
{ Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night; }
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart ap-pear. *A-men.*

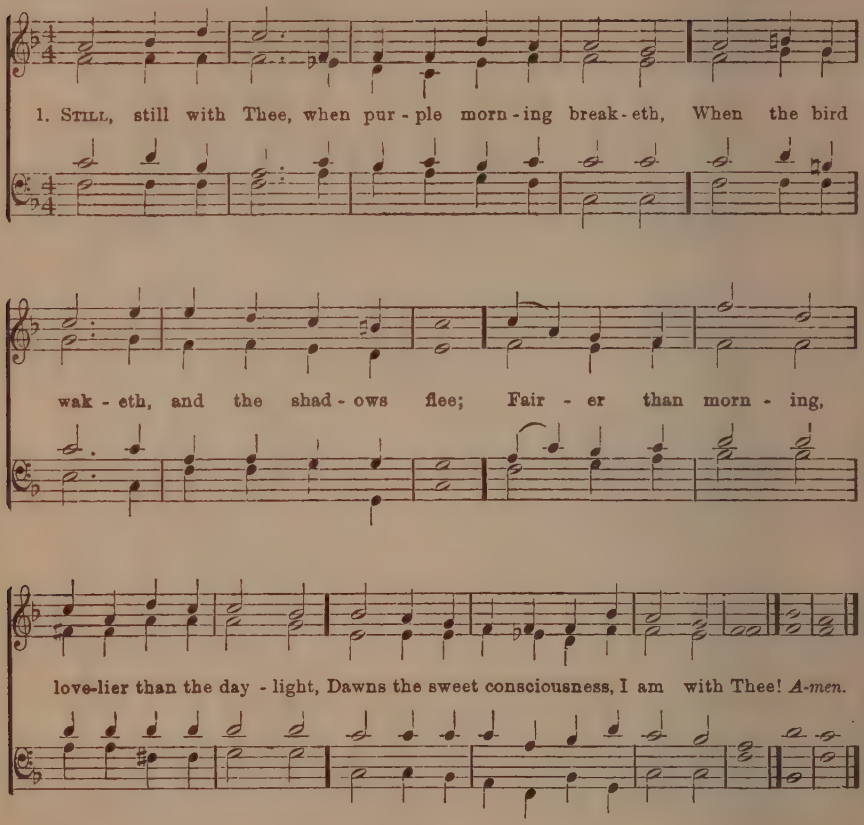
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley, 1740

36 CULLINGWORTH 11s, 10s.

E. Moss



2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1855

37 KELSO 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure. *A - men.*

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

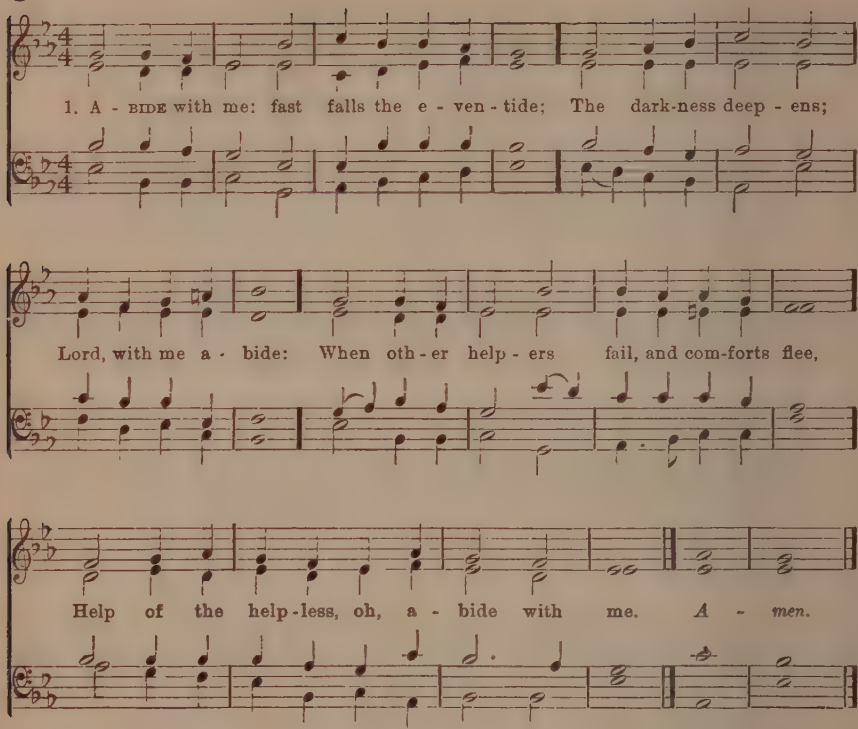
3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, 1863

38 EVENTIDE 10s.

W. H. Monk, 1861



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

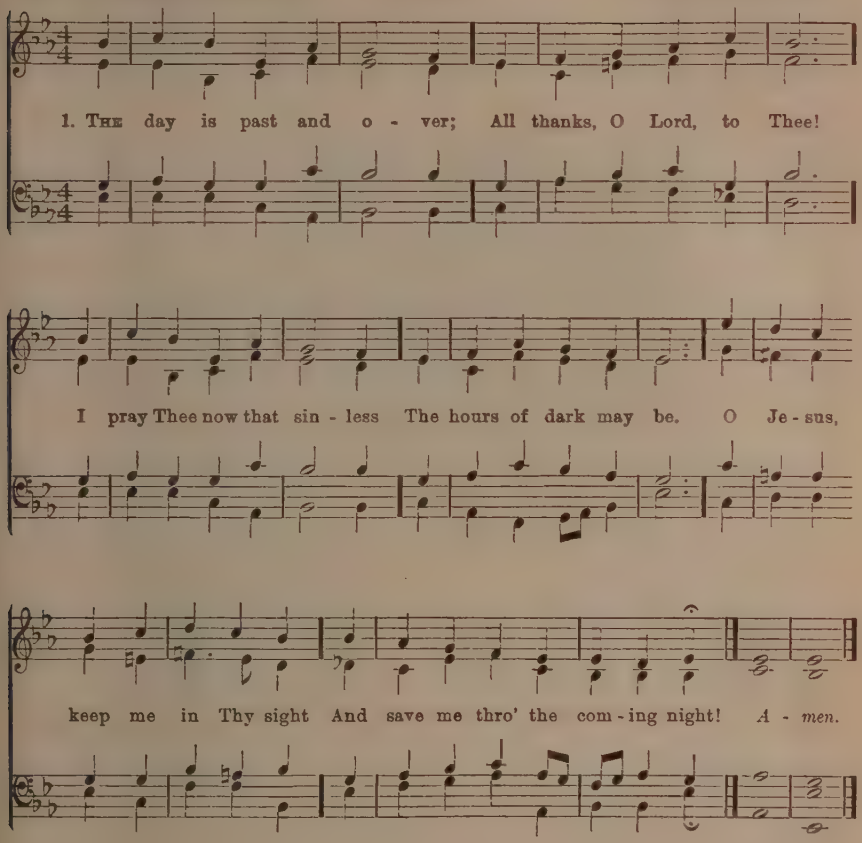
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte, 1847

39 ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8 A. H. Brown, 1862



2 The joys of day are over.
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be,
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over.
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, 800 *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1853

40 TWILIGHT 6s, 5s.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;....
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. *A - men.*

Eve-ning steal a - cross the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

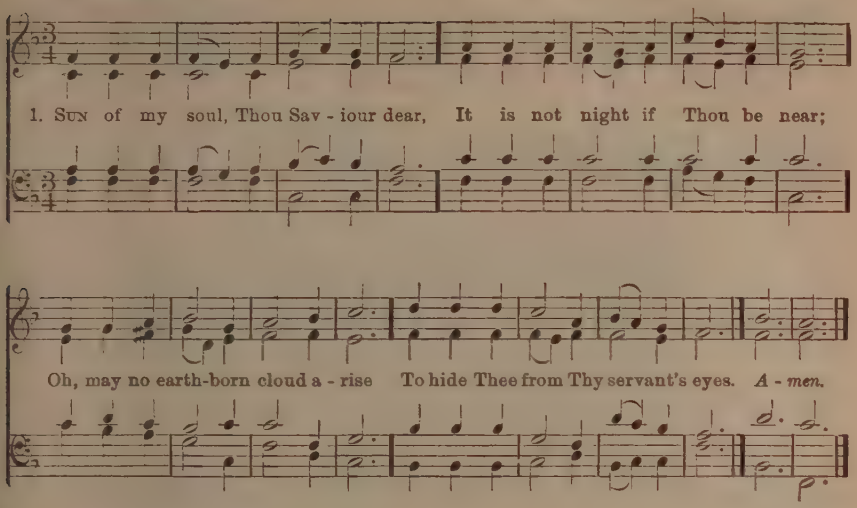
41 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. *A - men.*

42 HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble, 1820

(SCHUMANN—Heath) S. M.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'T is Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton, 1869

43 NACHTLIED 10s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1872

1. THE day is gen - tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

O brightness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

Where Thou art pres - ent, darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. *A - men.*

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth, 1863

44 ST. LEONARD C. M. 8l.

H. Hiles, 1867

1. The shad-ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
Up - on the fra - grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie.
Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. *A - men.*

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

A. A. Procter, 1858

45 CHAUTAUQUA 7, 7, 7, 7, 4 With Refrain

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.

Refrain.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! *A - men.*

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend.

4 When, for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Mary A. Lathbury.

46 SALVATION P. M. With Refrain

T. V. Weisenthal, 1830

1. Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa-ther in Heav-en, the day is de-clining. Safe-ty and in-no-cence fly with the light, Temptation and dan-ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. *A-men.*

Refrain.

2 Father in Heaven, oh, hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light.
Let us sleep on Thy breast when the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.—*Ref.*

Anon., 1830

47 LUX BENIGNA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

p

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:

cres.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. *A - men.*

dim. *p*

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman, 1833

48 NIGHTFALL 11, 11, 11, 5

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield.. us. *A - men.*

Slower.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

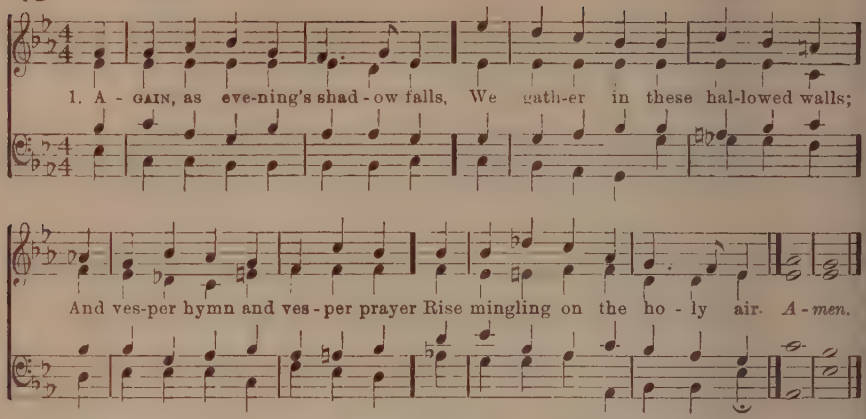
4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting.

Bohemian Brethren, 1530. *Tr.* C. Winkworth, 1858, *Abr.*

49 ST. FIDELIS L. M.

J. Barnby, 1869



2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

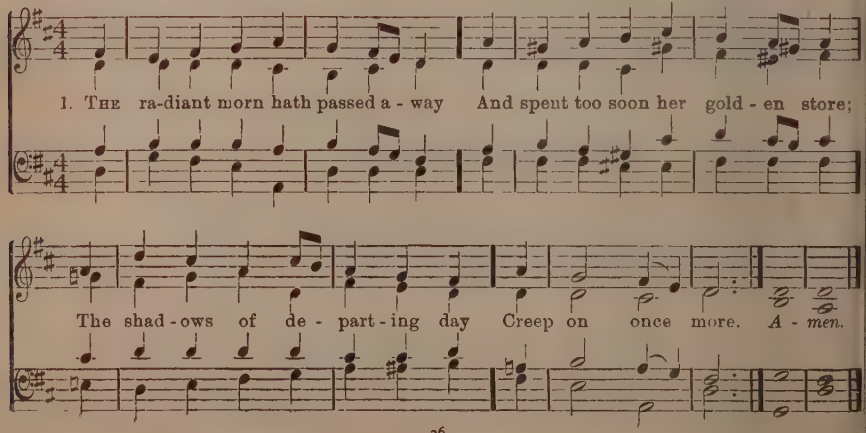
3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

S. Longfellow, 1852

50 RADIANT MORN 8, 8, 8, 4

C. F. Gounod, 1872



51 BENEDICTION 10s.

E. J. Hopkins, 1867

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. *A - men.*

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866

(RADIANT MORN) 8, 8, 8, 4

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

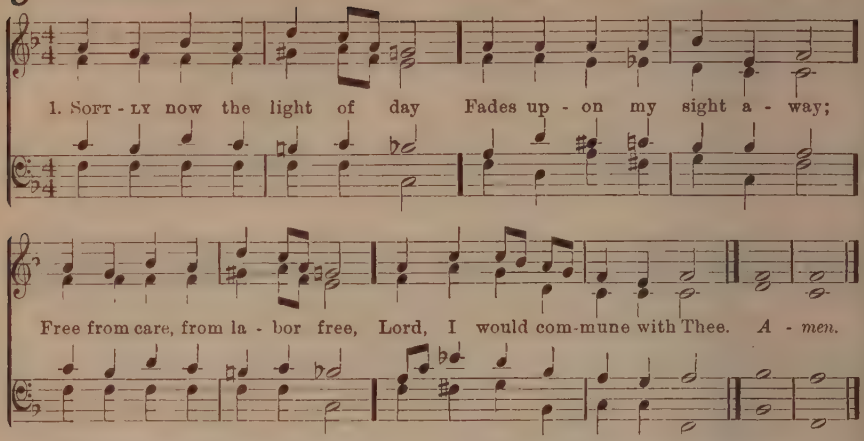
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring, 1864

52 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

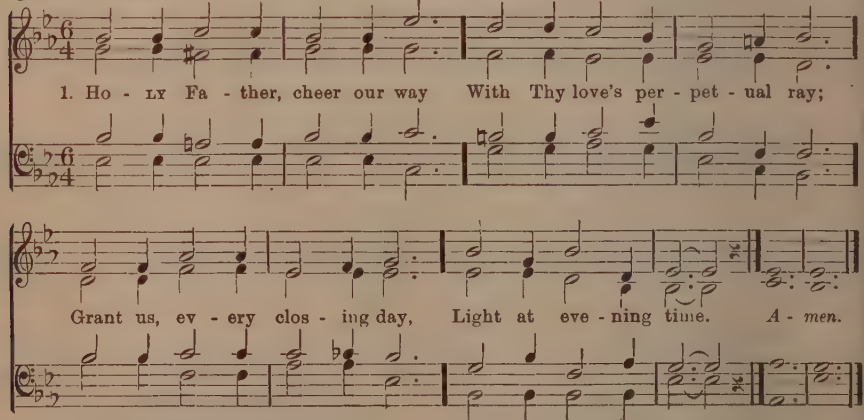
3 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane, 1827

53 NELLINE 7, 7, 7, 5

W. F. Sherwin, 1883



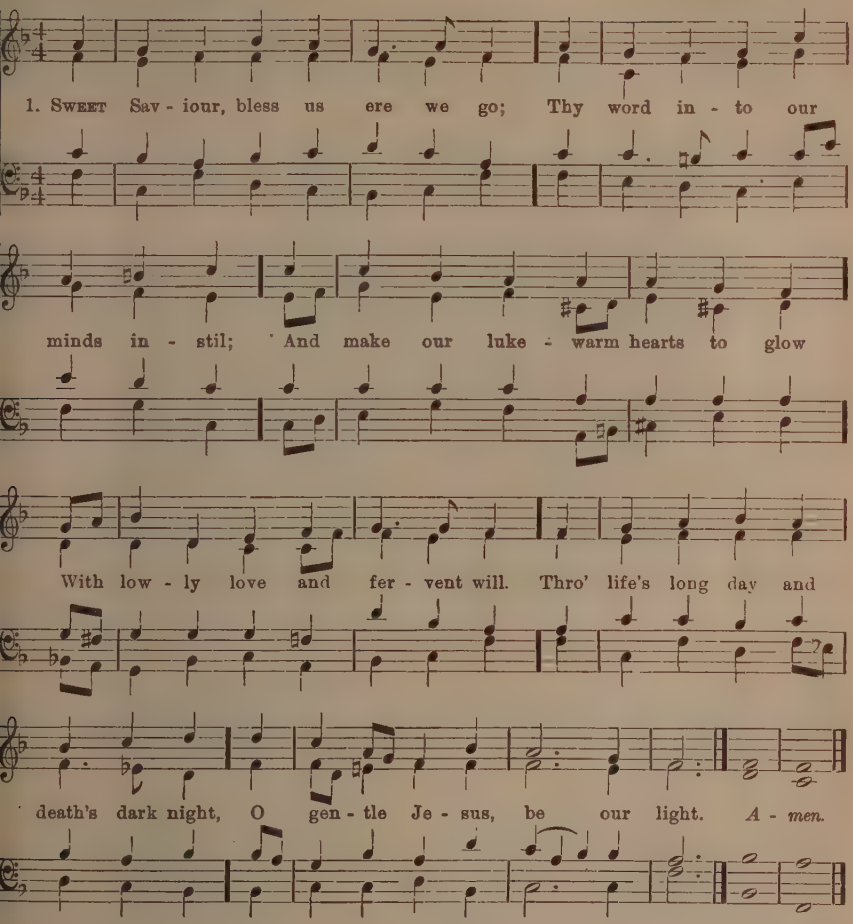
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson, 1869

54 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61. W. H. Monk, 1861



2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

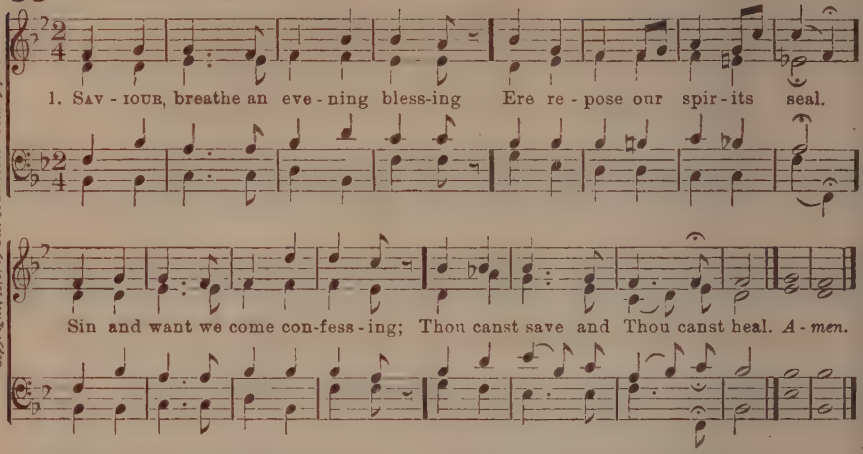
4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

F. W. Faber, 1852

55 EVENING PRAYER 8s, 7s.

G. C. Stebbins, 1878



Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Used by per.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

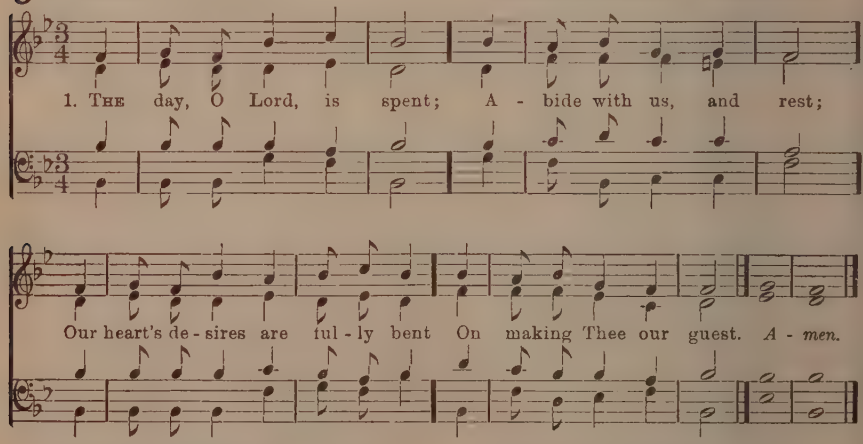
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

J. Edmeston, 1820

56 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant by L. Mason, 1824

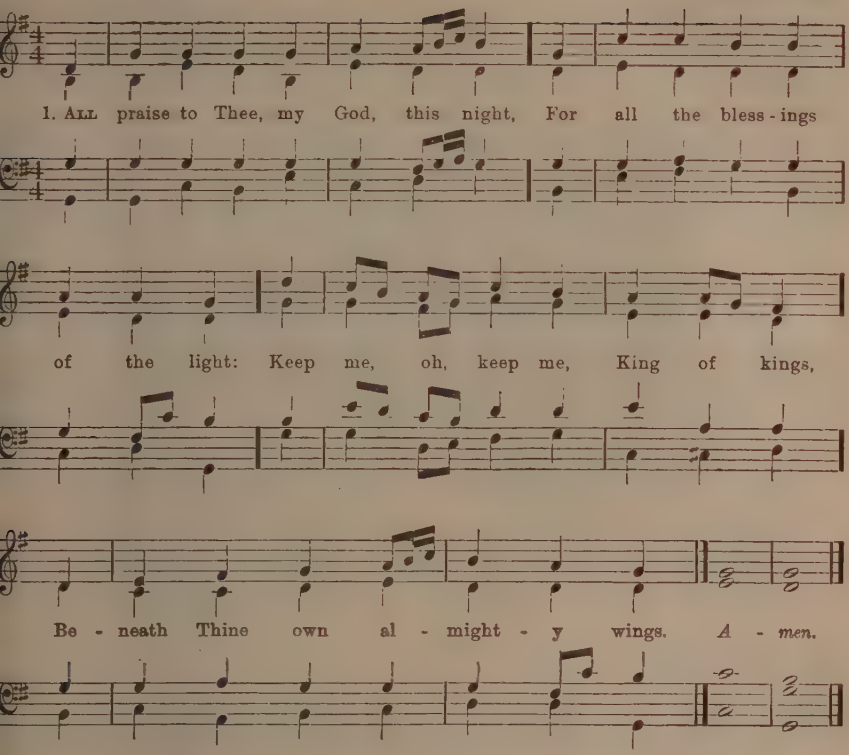


2 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

J. M. Neale, 1842

57 TALLIS' HYMN L. M. T. Tallis, 1565



2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

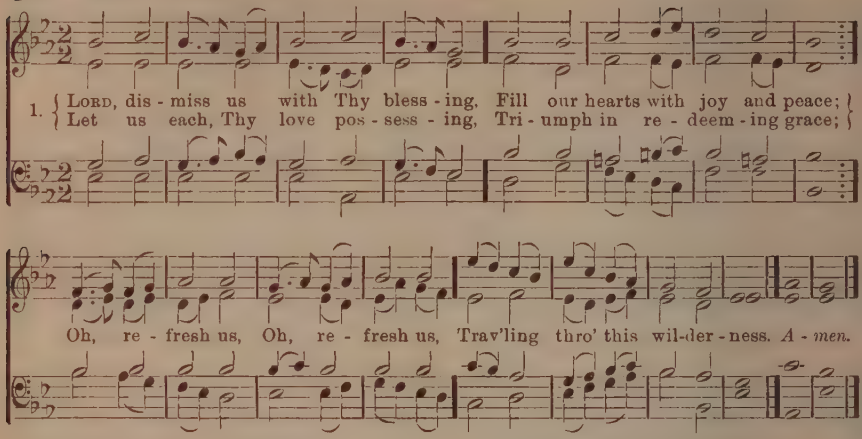
6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.

7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

58 SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8s, 7s. 6 l. Sicilian Melody

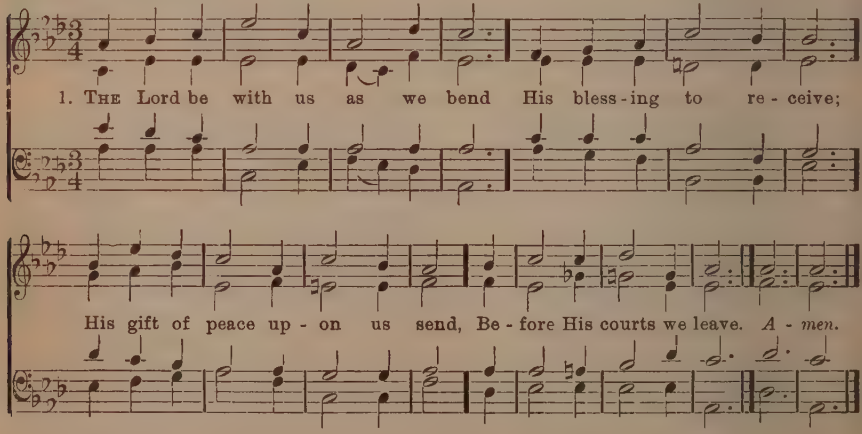


2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

59 BEATITUDO C. M. J. B. Dykes, 1875



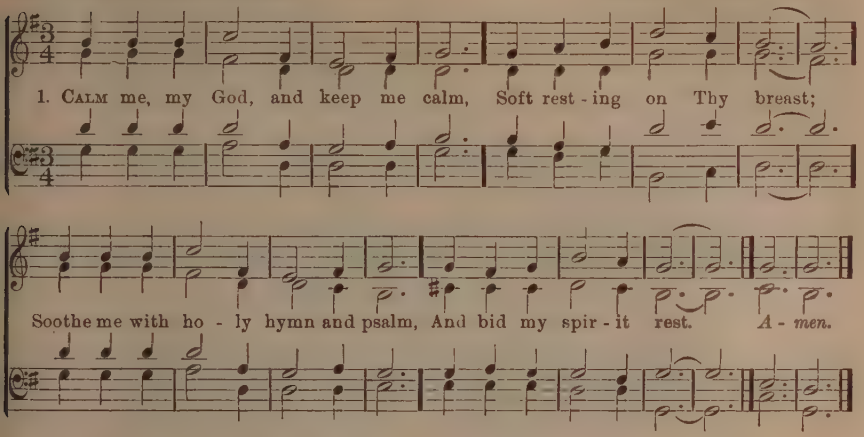
2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

J. Ellerton, 1875

60 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)



2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,

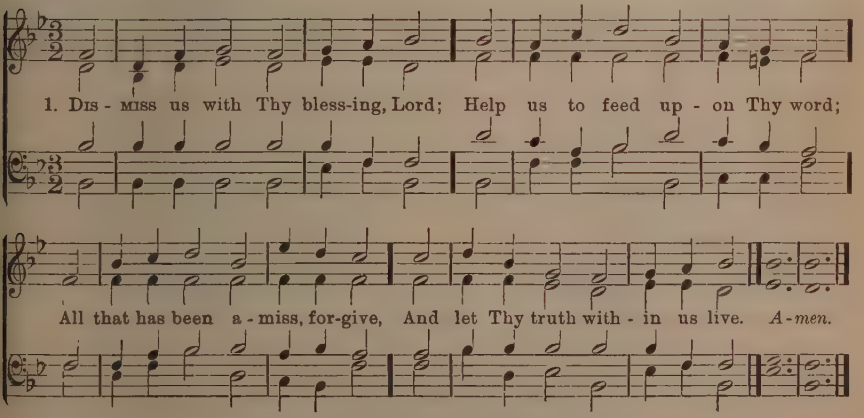
4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting [throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' Eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar, 1857

61 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830



2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

J. Hart, 1762

62 MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1839

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
{ O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; }

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One. *A - men.*

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth, 1858

63 MARLOW C. M.

J. Chetham, 1718

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;
Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. *A-men.*

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts, 1719

64 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. An-oth-er six days' work is done, An-oth-er Sab-bath has be-gun;
Re-turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest, Im-prove the hours thy God hath blest. *A-men.*

2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know!

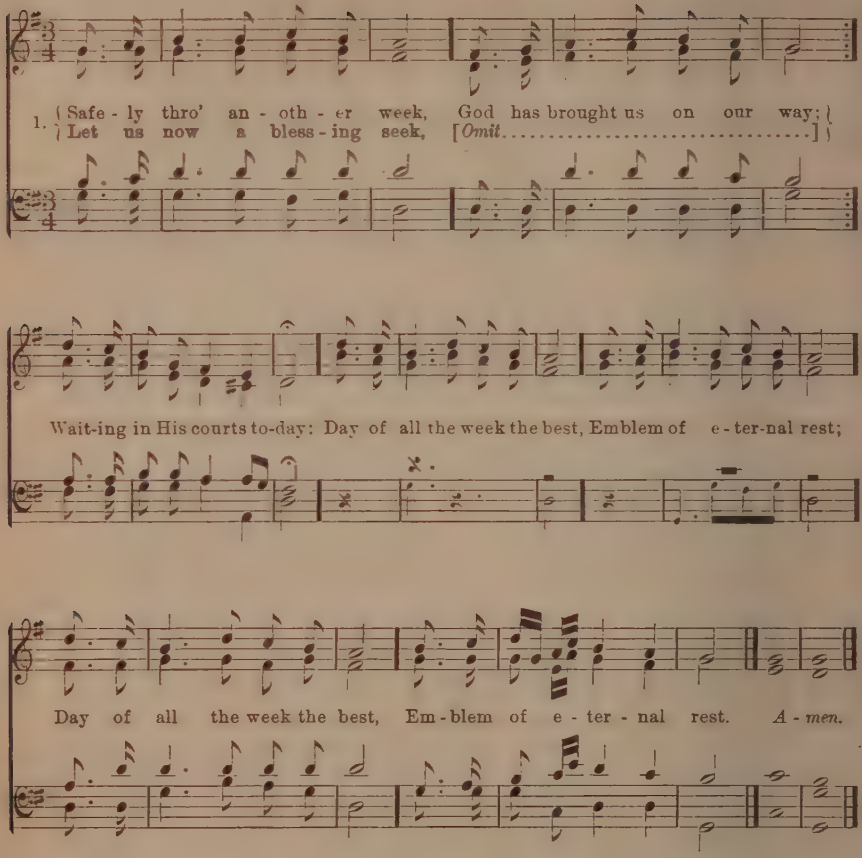
3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

J. Stennett, 1712

65 SABBATH 7s. 61.

L. Mason, 1824



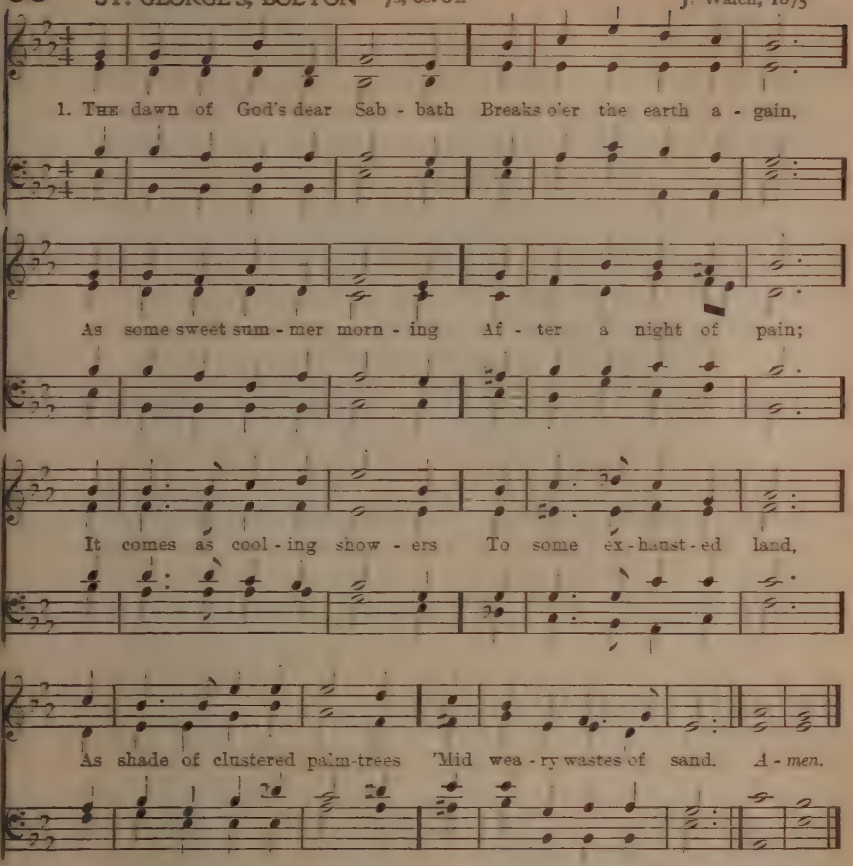
2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

John Newton, 1779

66 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 8l. J. Walch, 1875



2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil:
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

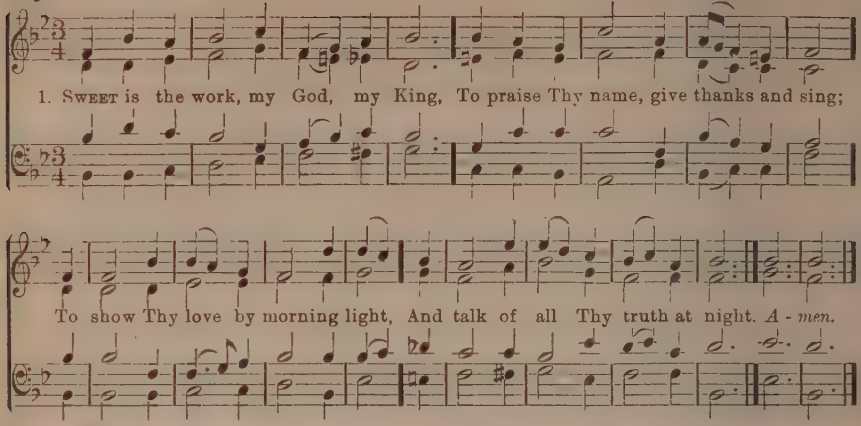
4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
Oh, may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence
His blessèd name adore.
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls.

A. C. Cross, 1866

67 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

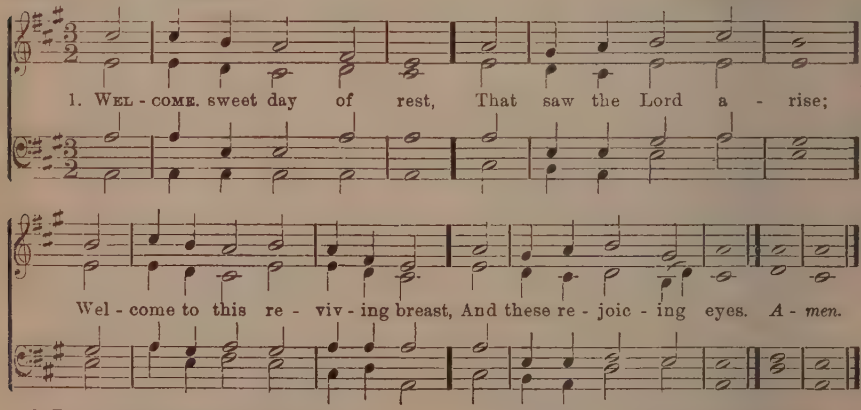
4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts, 1719

68 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman, 1844



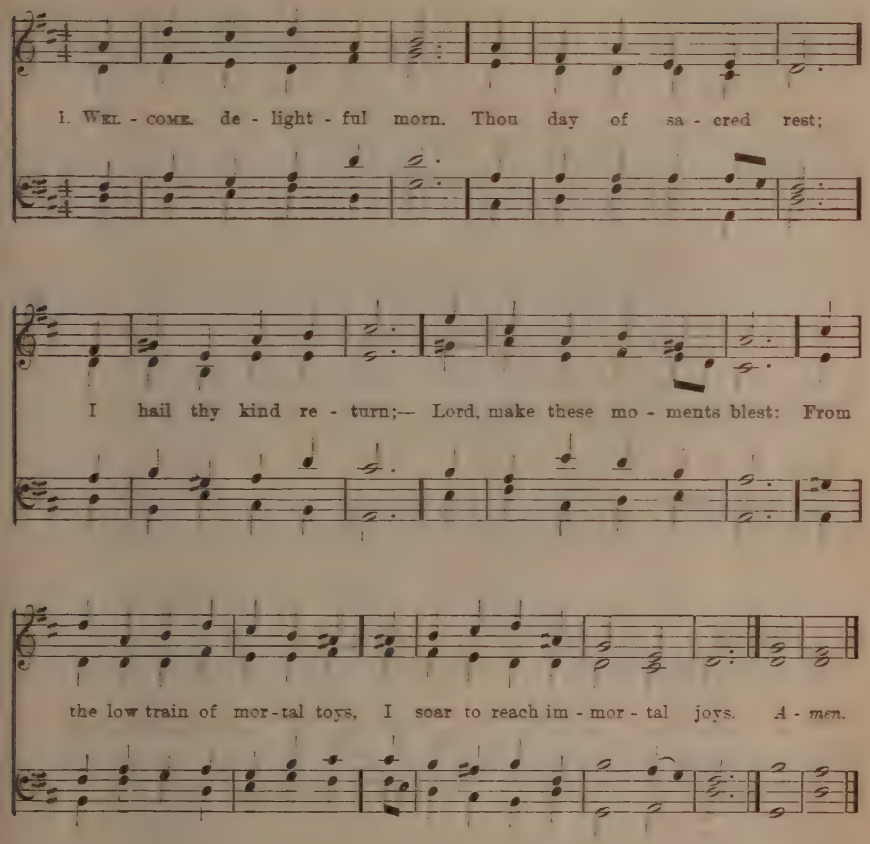
2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

I. Watts, 1709

69 CROFT'S 148TH 6. 6. 6. 6, 8. 8 W. Croft, 1700



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Collection, 1806

70 CREATION L. M. 81. Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

the - real sky And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their

great o - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' unwea-ried sun from day to day,

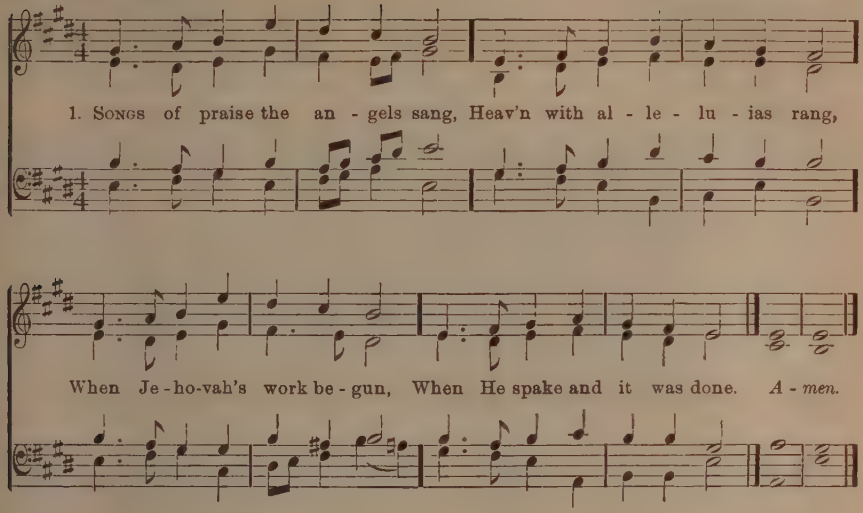
Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es.... to

Ped.

ev - ery land The work of an.... al-might - y hand. *A - men.*

71 INNOCENTS 7s.

Old French Melody



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery, 1819.

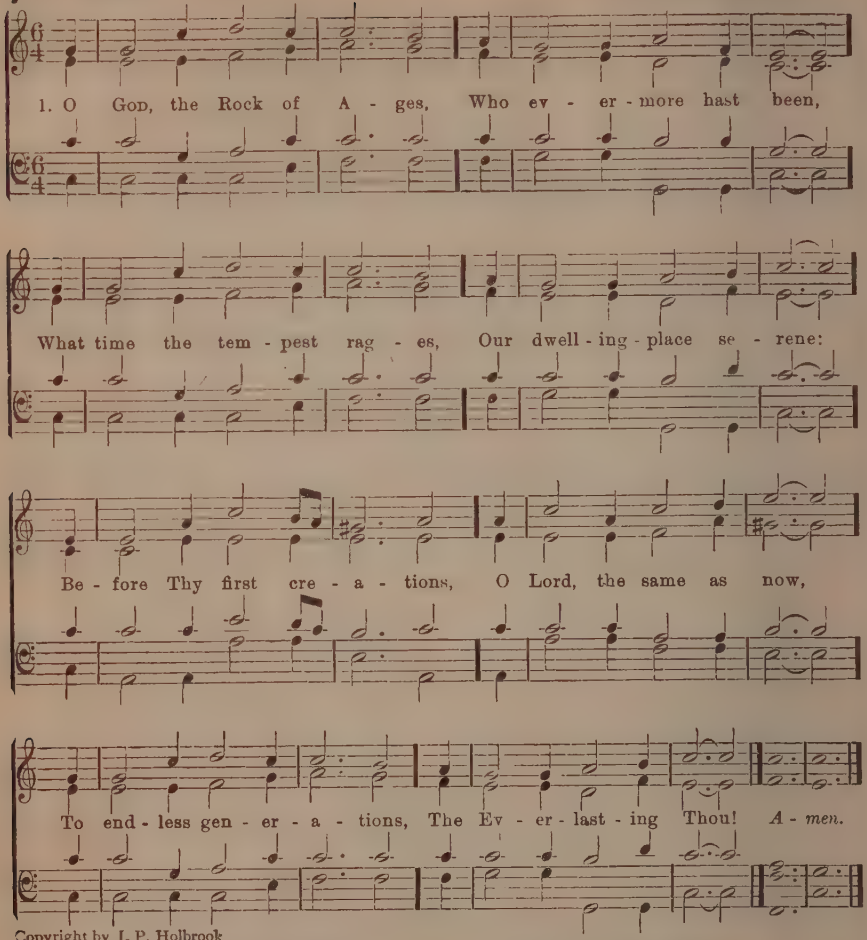
(CREATION) L. M. 81.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison, 1712.

72 MIRIAM 7s, 6s 8l. J. P. Holbrook (1822–1888)



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2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

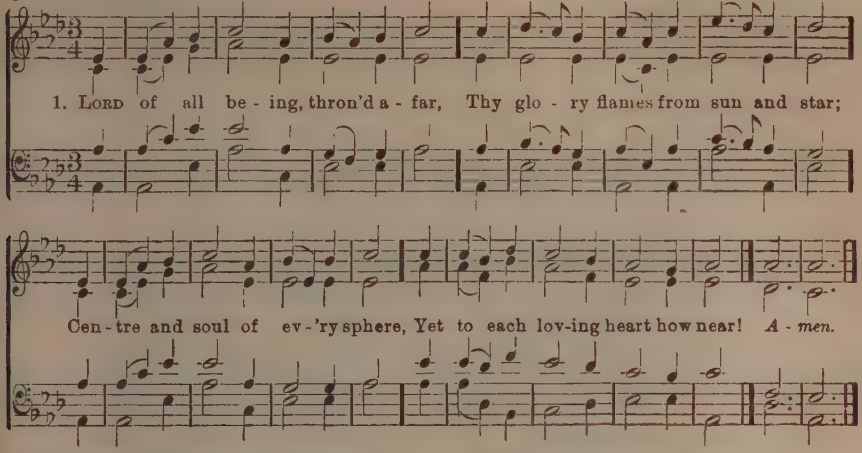
3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1866

73 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847



2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

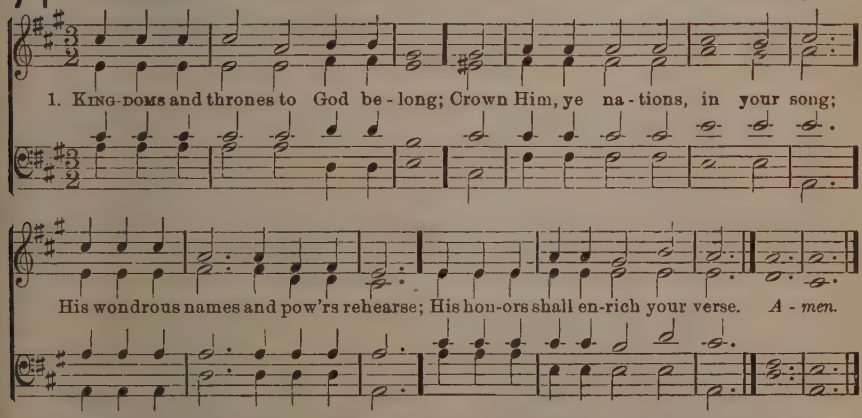
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes, 1848

74 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832



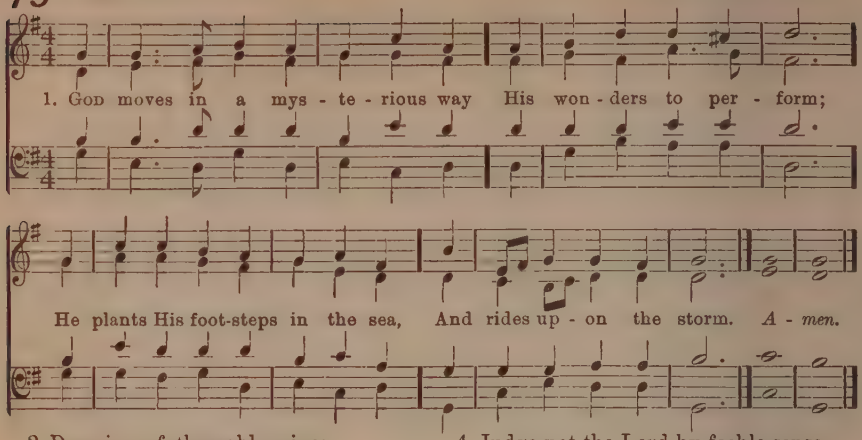
2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

I. Watts, 1719

75 FARRANT C. M.

R. Farrant (1530—1580)



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

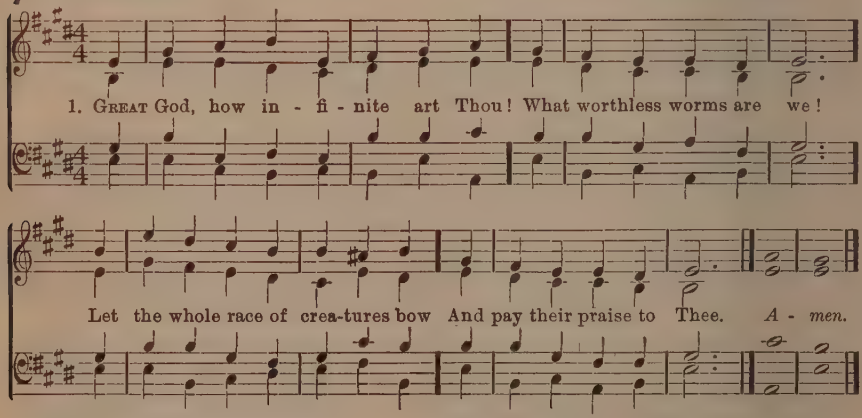
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772

76 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564



2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

I. Watts, 1707

77 CORINTH C. M.

L. Mason

1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy Maj - es - ty how bright,
How beau-ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light. *A - men.*

2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

F. W. Faber, 1849

78 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! *A - men.*

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

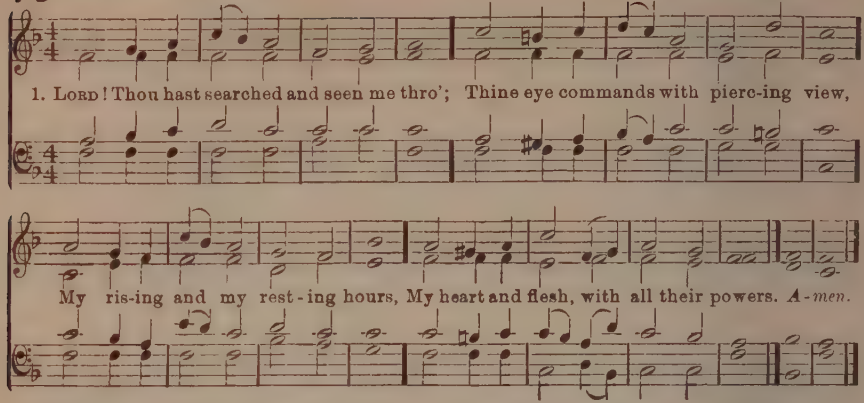
5 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts, 1719

79 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848



2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

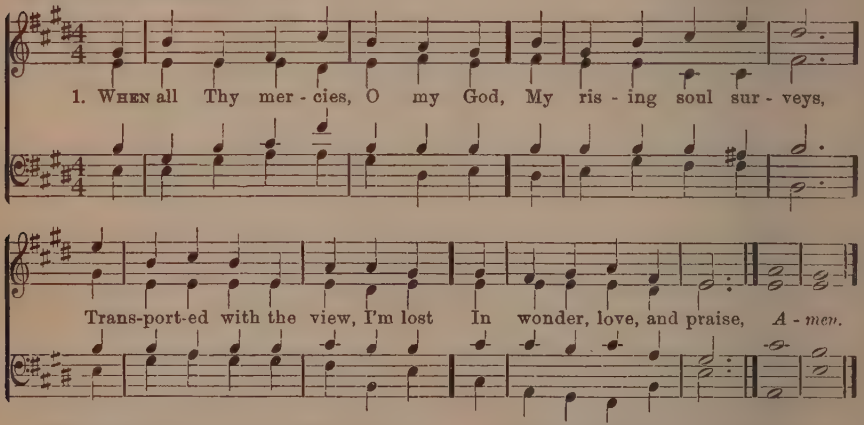
4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. Watts, 1719

80 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. Addison, 1712

81 MANOAH C. M.

F. J. Haydn

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,

The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. *A - men.*

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

I. Watts, 1707

82 RIVAULX L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Fa - ther of all, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,

Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex - tend. *A - men.*

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

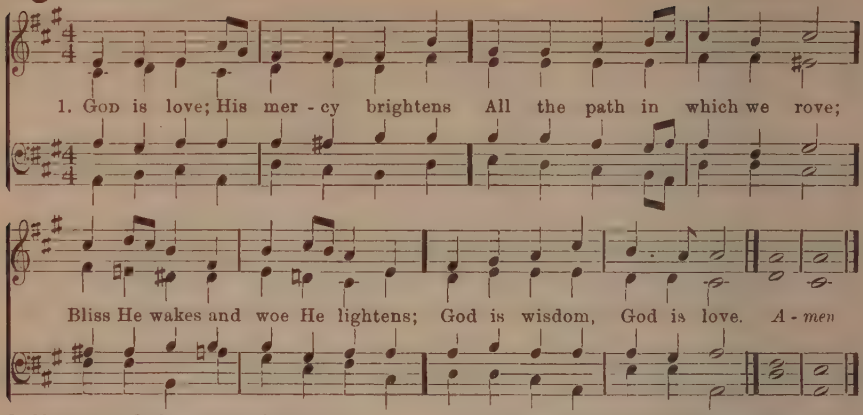
3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. Cooper, 1805

83 CARTER 8, 7, 8, 7

E. S. Carter



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

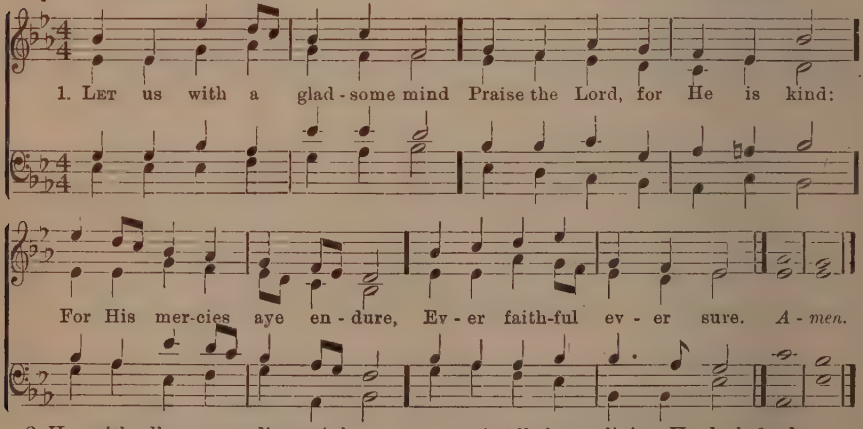
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring, 1825

84 THEODORA 7s.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749



2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton, 1623

85 ERIE 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

C. C. Converse, 1868

1. THERE'S a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal-ing in His blood. *A - men.*

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

86 AVISON 11, 11, 12, 11 With Refrain

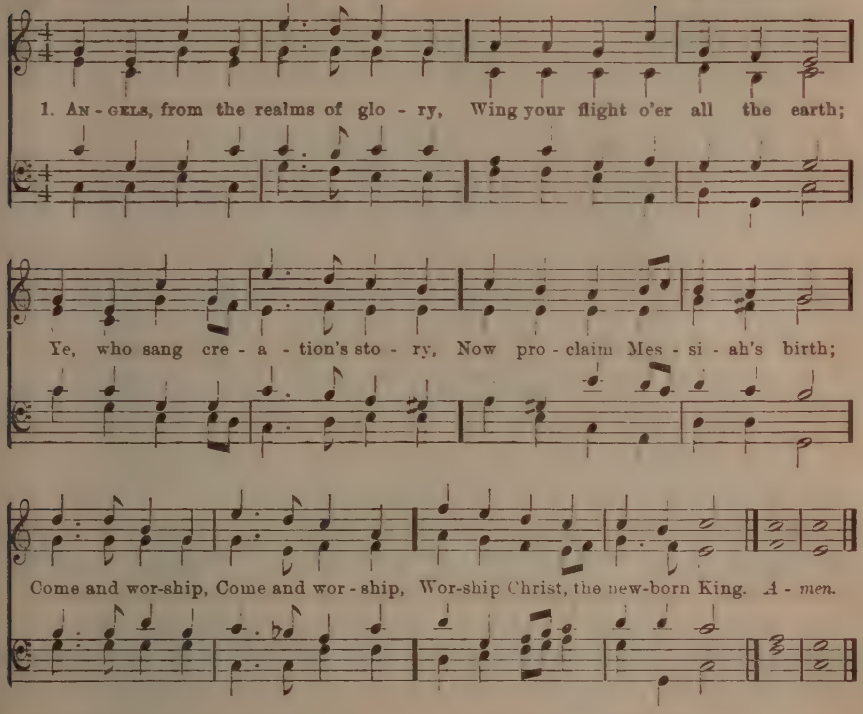
C. Avison (1710—1770)

Refrain.

SHOUT the glad ti-dings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing;.... Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King. 1. ZI-ON, the mar-vel-ous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth; The bright-est arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;.... Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King. *A-men.*

Repeat 1st Refrain. *After last verse.*

87 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l. H. Smart, 1867



2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing.
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery, 1819

(AVISON) 11, 11, 12, 11

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

88 MENDELSSOHN 7s. 81. Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840, by W. H. Cummings, 1855

1. HARK! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!" Joy - ful all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her- ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King." *A-men.*

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley, 1739; alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760, Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kempthorne, 1810.

89 ADESTE FIDELES P. M. Irregular

Anon. 1751 (?)

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, Oh come ye, oh
2. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
cit-i-zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

After each verse

An - gels;
high- est;
pear - ing;
Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him,

Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. *A - men.*

f

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) *Tr.* F. Oakeley, 1841

90 CAROL C. M. 81.

R. Storrs Willis, 1849

1. Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,
Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.
Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;
And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. *A-men.*

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
Light on Thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born: [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears, 1834

91 ATHENS C. M. 8 l.

F. de Giardini (1716—1796)

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old;
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King:"
The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. *A - men.*

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

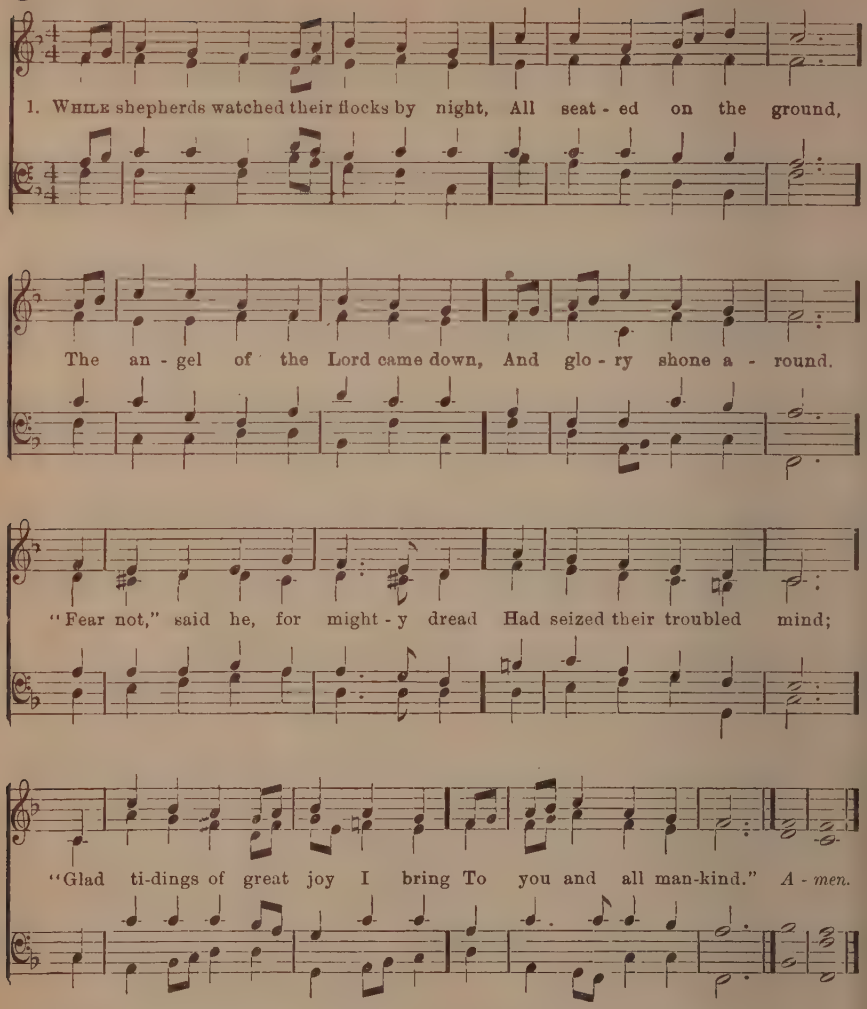
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears, 1850

92 NOEL C. M. 81.

Arr. Arthur Sullivan



2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

N. Tate, 1702

93 ST. LOUIS 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

L. H. Redner, 1868

1. O LIT - TLE town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. *A - men.*

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

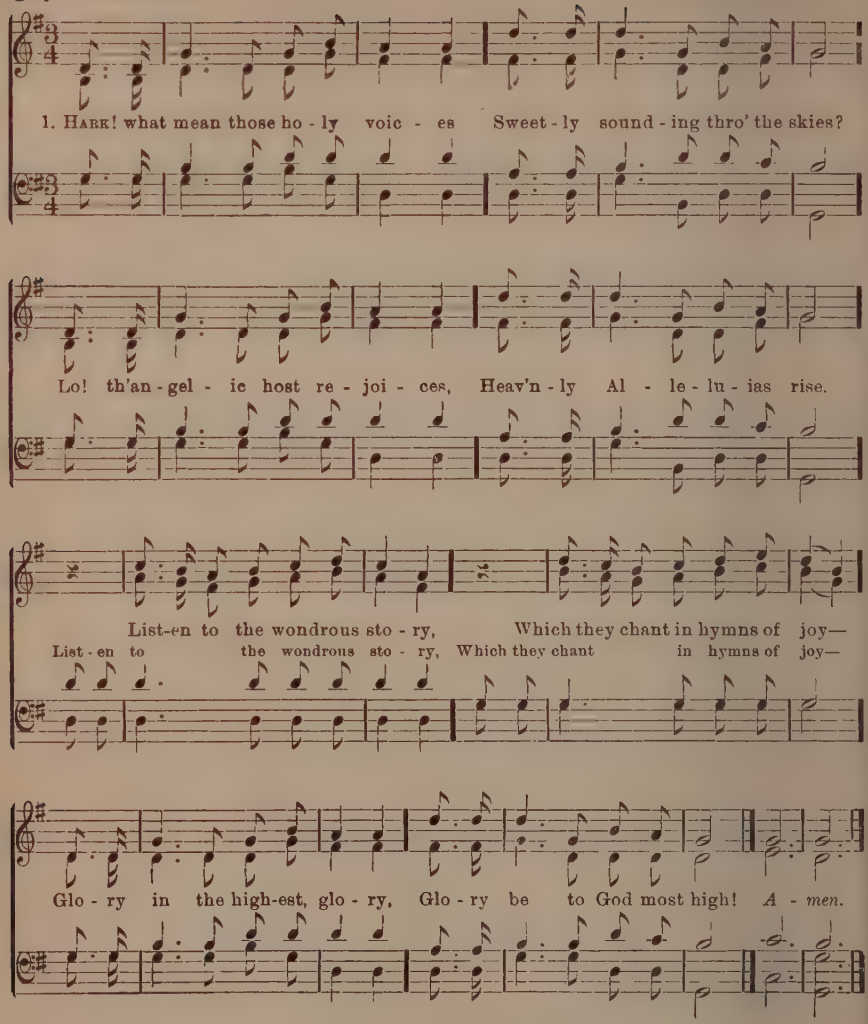
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

P. Brooks, 1868

94 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7

L. Mason (1792 – 1872)



2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

J. Cawood, 1819

95 IRBY 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. *A - men.*

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

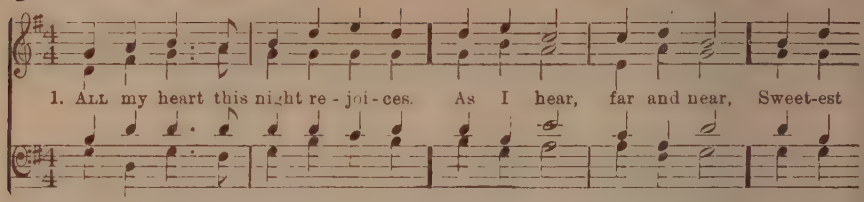
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

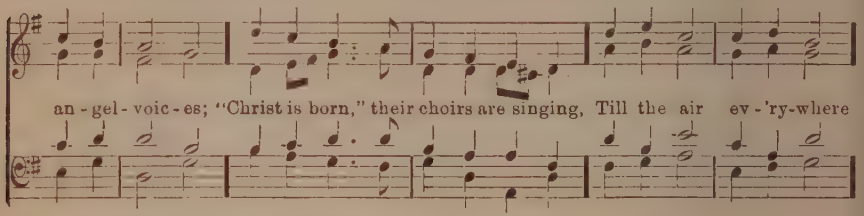
6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

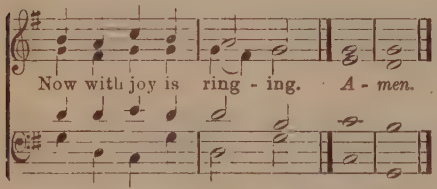
C. F. Alexander, 1848

96 BONN 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)







2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger! [you
Brethren, come! from all that grieves
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

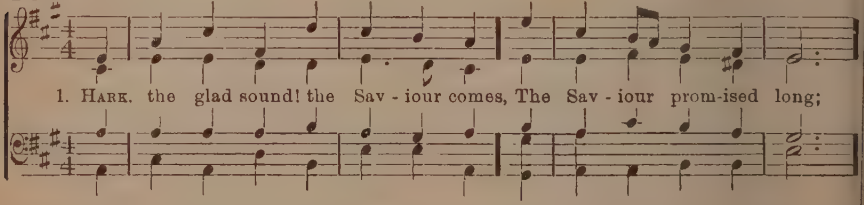
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

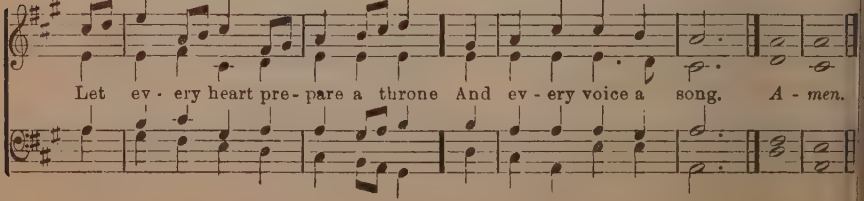
4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 *Tr.* C. Wordsworth, 1858

97 BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819





98 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742, by L. Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing. *A - men.*
sing,.....
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nation prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1719

(BRISTOL) C. M.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

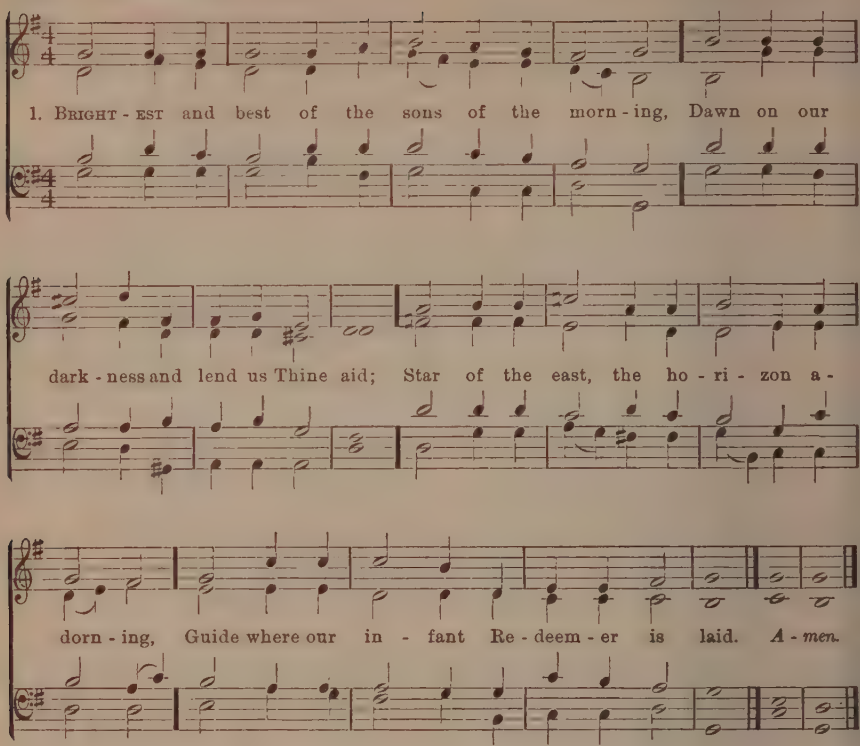
4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

P. Doddridge, 1735

99 ST. NINIAN 11s, 10s.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

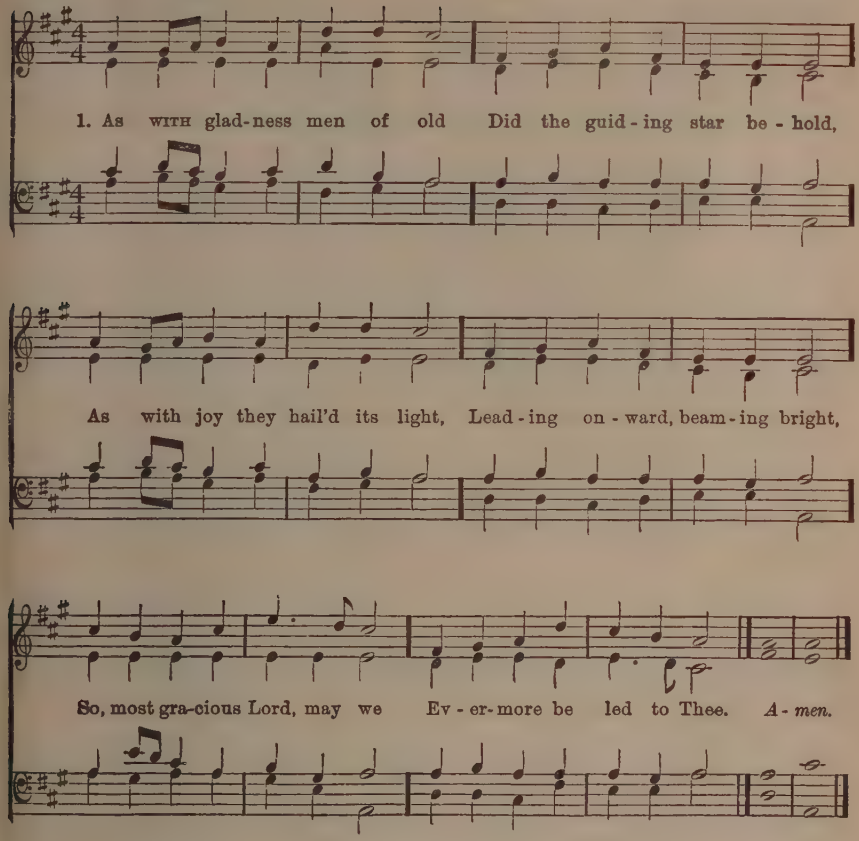
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber, 1811

100 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)



2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

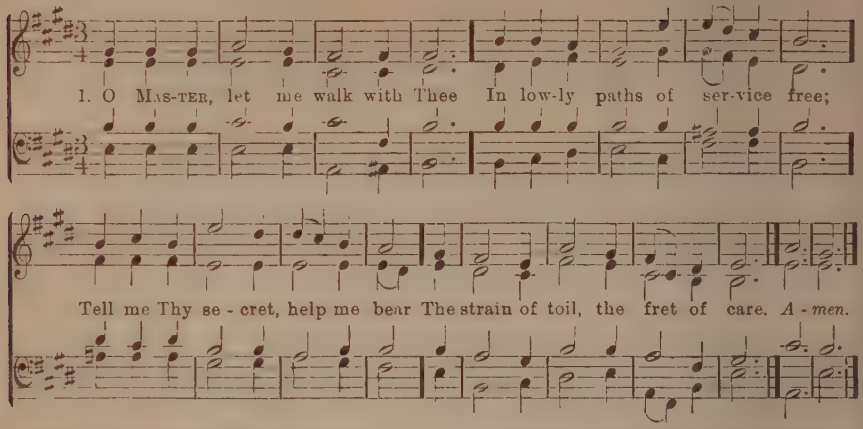
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

101 MARYTON L. M.

H. P. Smith, 1874



2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

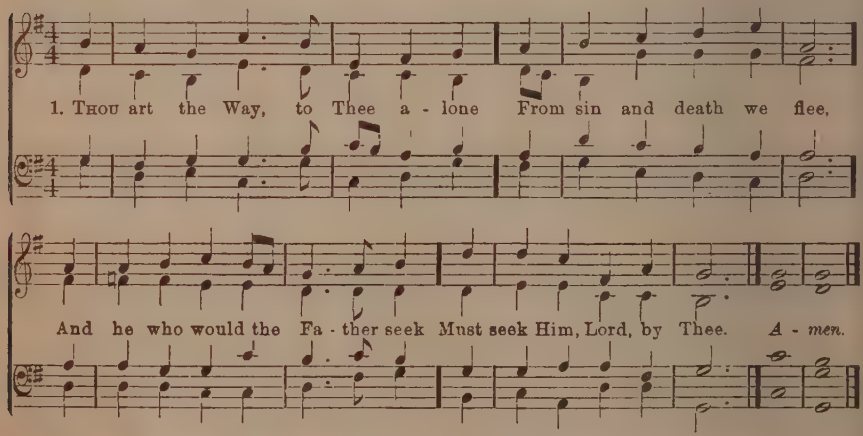
3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden, 1880

102 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867



2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824

103 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866

1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?

Nor from those bless-ed foot-steps swerve Which lead me to His seat a - bove? *A - men.*

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'T was thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

5 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

J. Conder, 1824

104 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847

1. How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,

When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place. *A - men.*

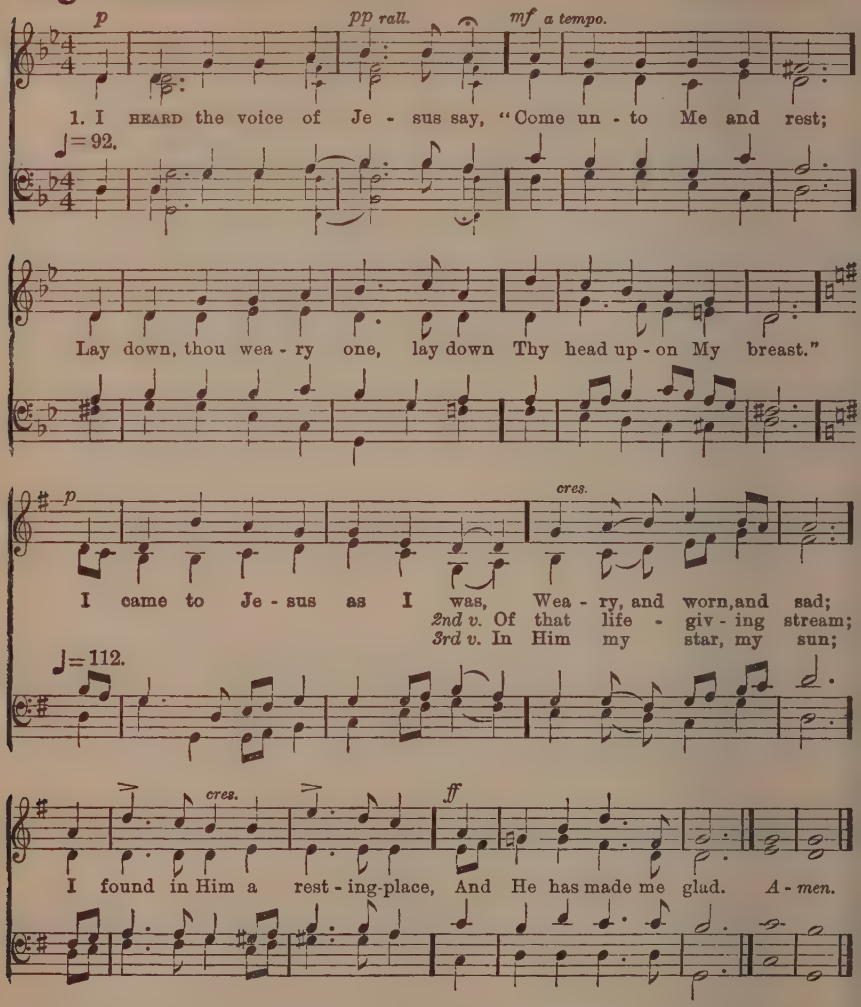
2 From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowring

105 VOX DILECTI C. M. 81. J. B. Dykes, 1868



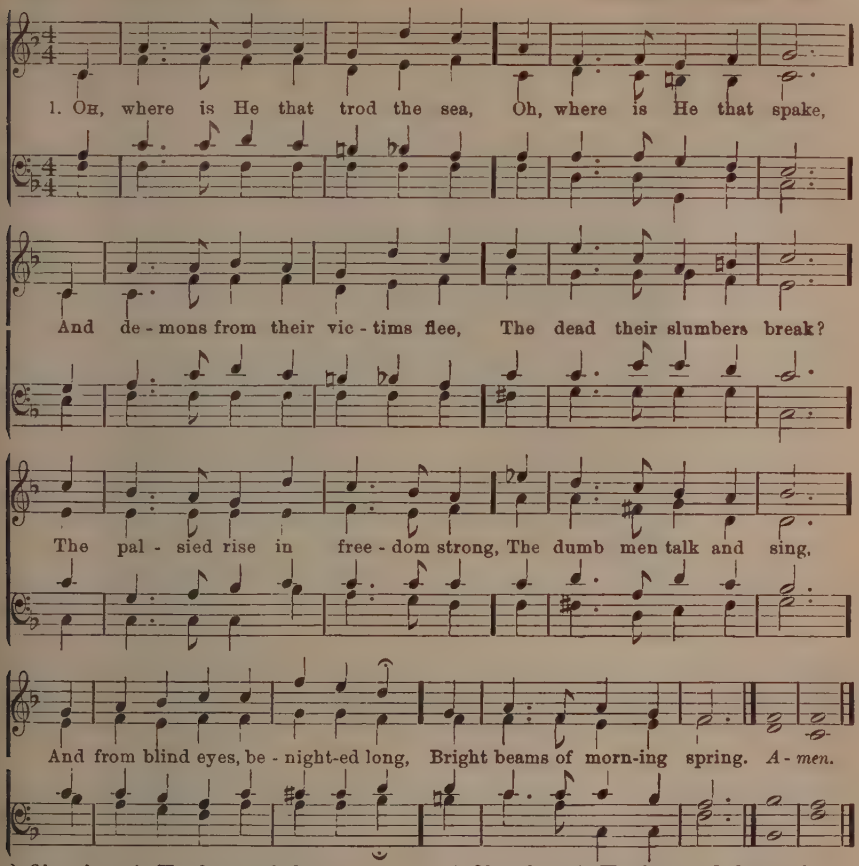
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar, 1846

106 LAND OF REST C. M. 81.

Richard S. Newman, 1879



2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 't is He can save.

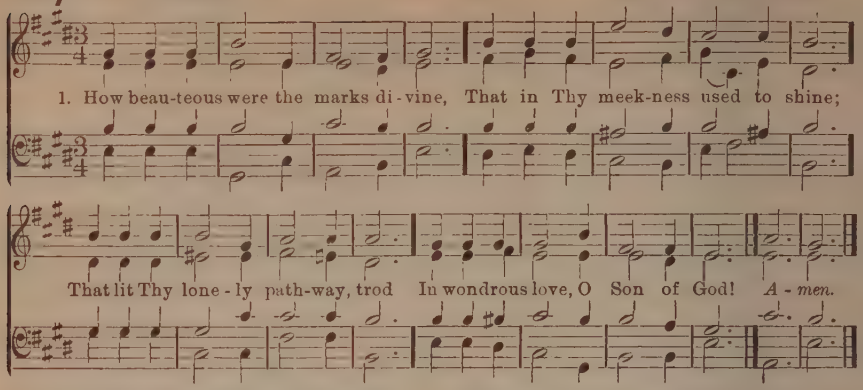
4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
'T is only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take; [bread
'T was springtide when He blest the
And harvest when He brake.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He 'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

T. T. Lynch, 1855

107 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)



2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

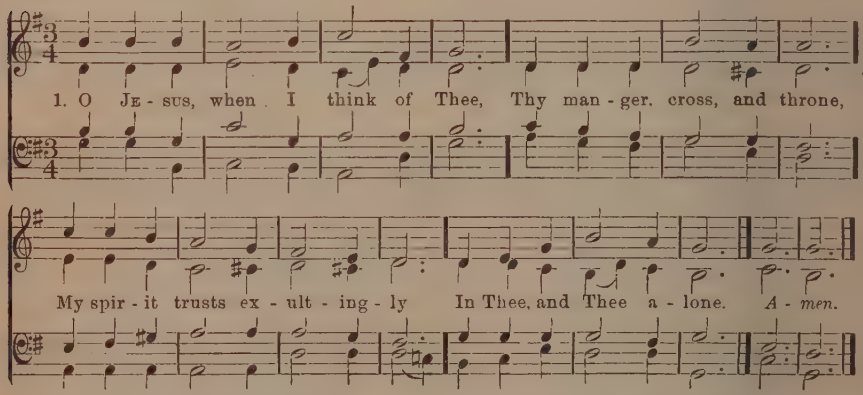
4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. Coxe, 1840

108 ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866



2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

G. W. Bethune, 1847

109 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis, 1560

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;
What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! *A - men.*

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. Denny, 1839

110 ROCKINGHAM, NEW L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My dear Re-deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word
But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac-ters. *A - men.*

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts, 1709

III EUROCLYDON 6s, 4s. 8l.

G. W. Torrance, 1870

1. Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night, Oars la - bored heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white, Trembled the ma - ri - ners, Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I! Peace! It is I!" A - men.

For 2d and 3d verses first two bars will be:

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the stormy wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril there none can be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius, 458 *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1862

112 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace (1814—1865)

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown. *A-men.*

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith hath still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier, 1866

113 ANGELUS L. M.

G. Josephi, 1657

1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way! *A-men.*

2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

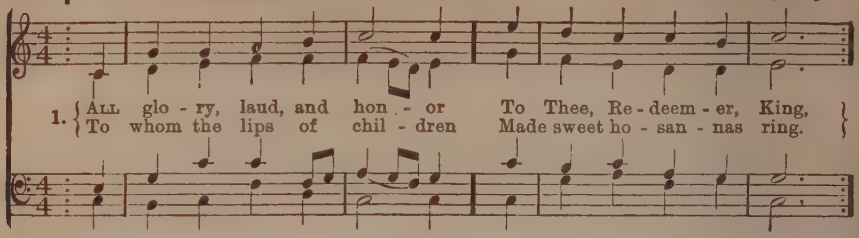
3 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

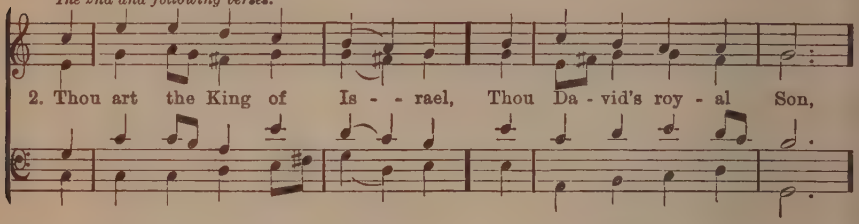
5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

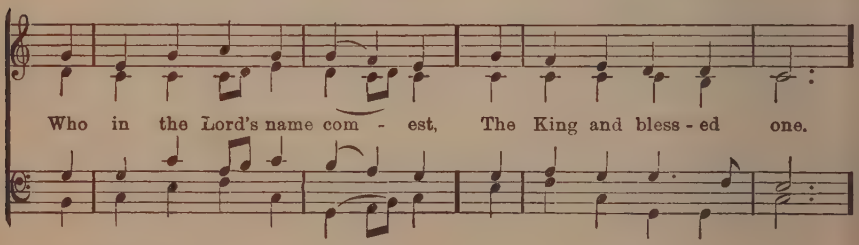
H. Twells, 1868

114 ST. THEODULPH 7s, 6s. With Refrain M. Teschner, 1615

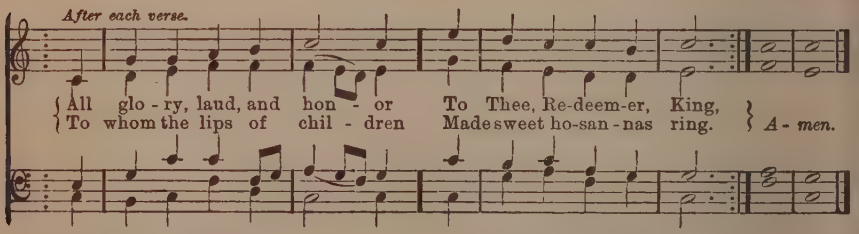


The 2nd and following verses.





After each verse.



3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Theodulph, 820. *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1854

115 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 81. J. Walch, 1875

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,
I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.
In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;
My shad - ow and my sun - shine The brightness of Thy face. *A - men.*

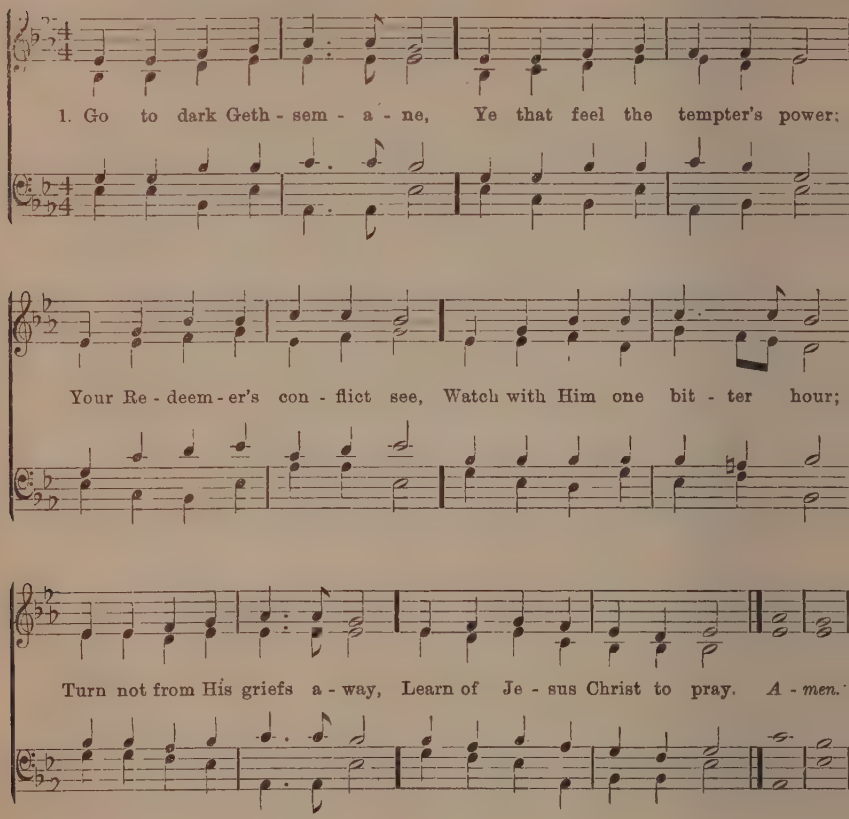
2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

116 GETHSEMANE (Redhead) 7s. 6l. R. Redhead, 1853



2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

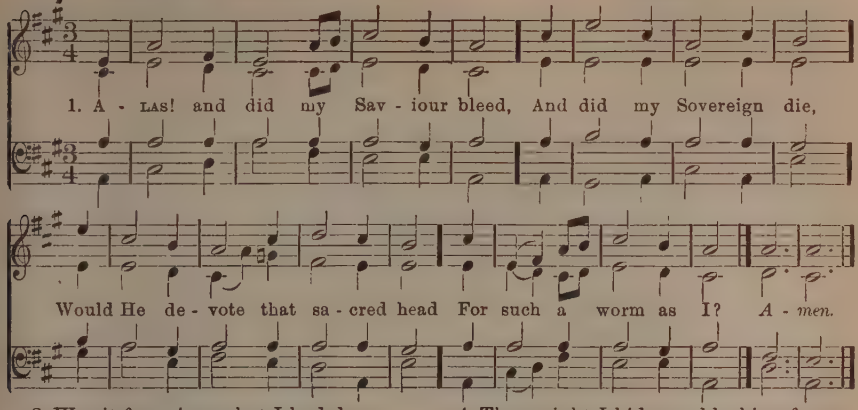
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear the cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

117 MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

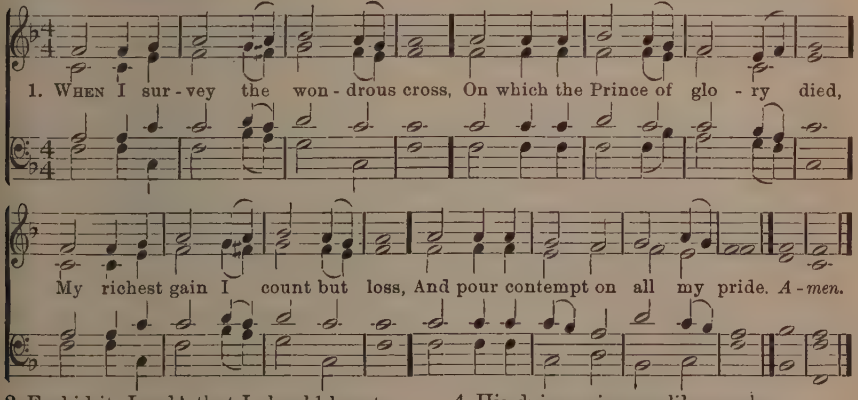
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

I. Watts, 1707

118 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1824



2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

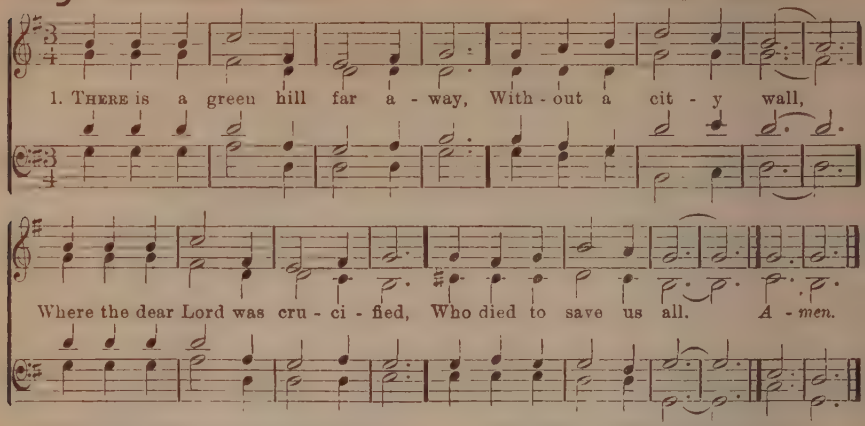
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

119 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

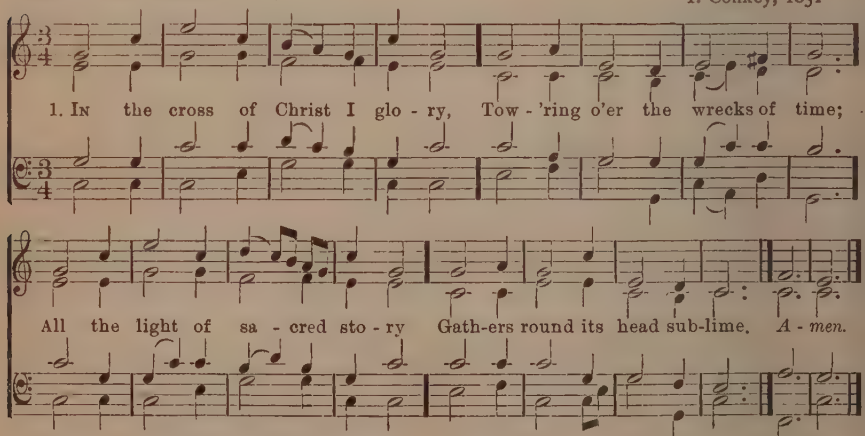
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander, 1848

120 RATHBUN 8s, 7s

I. Conkey, 1851



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

J. Bowring, 1825

121 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1853

1. 'T is midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:

'T is midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone. *A-men.*

2 'T is midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. Tappan, 1822

SOLITUDE L. M.

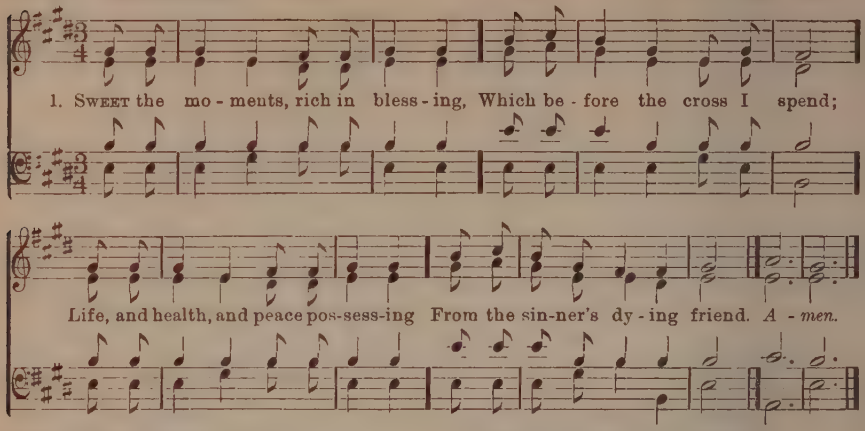
V. C. Taylor

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:

'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone. *A-men.*

122 DORRNANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848



2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

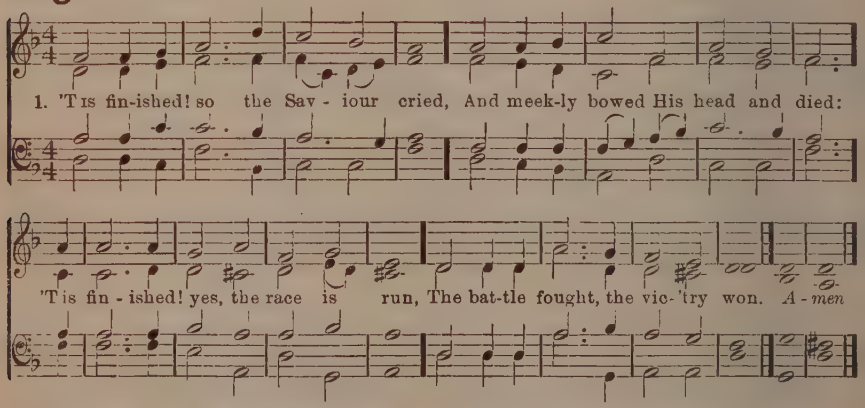
4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

W. Shirley, 1770 Verse 5, Cook and Webb, 1853

123 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 'T is finished! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

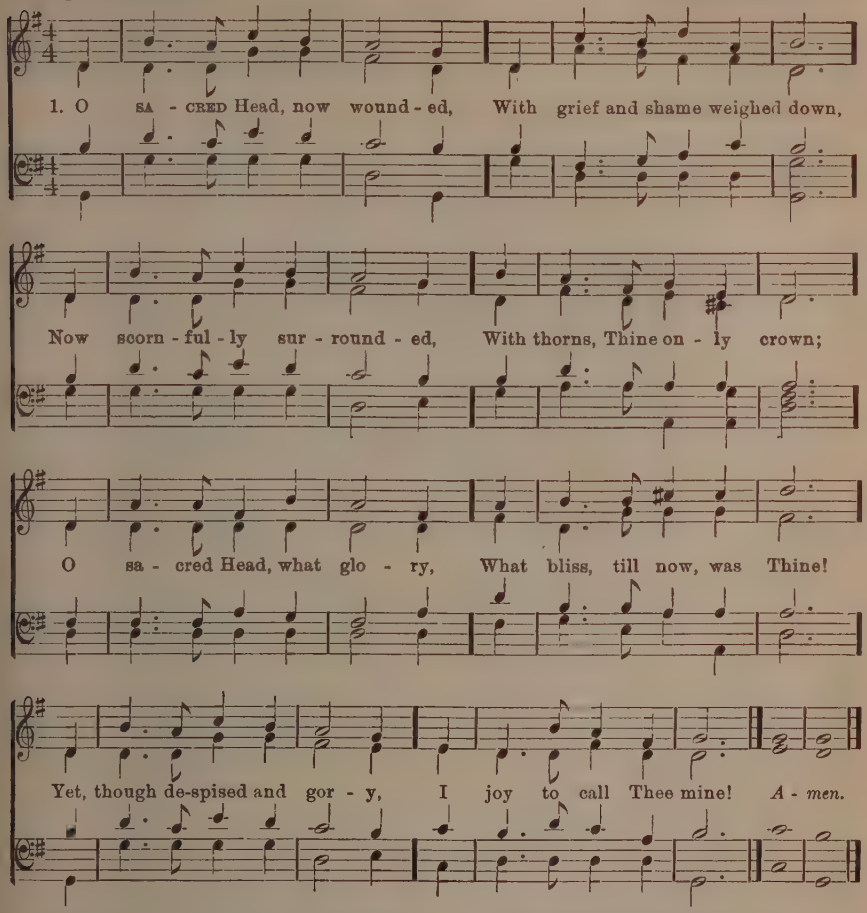
3 'T is finished! this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

4 'T is finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'T is finished! let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

S. Stennett, 1787

124 GERHARDT 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. P. Holbrook, 1862



2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the trangression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100 *Tr.* P. Gerhardt, 1666
J. W. Alexander, 1829 *Ab.*

125 WORGAN 7s. With Alleluia Lyra Davidica, 1708

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia! *A - men.*

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

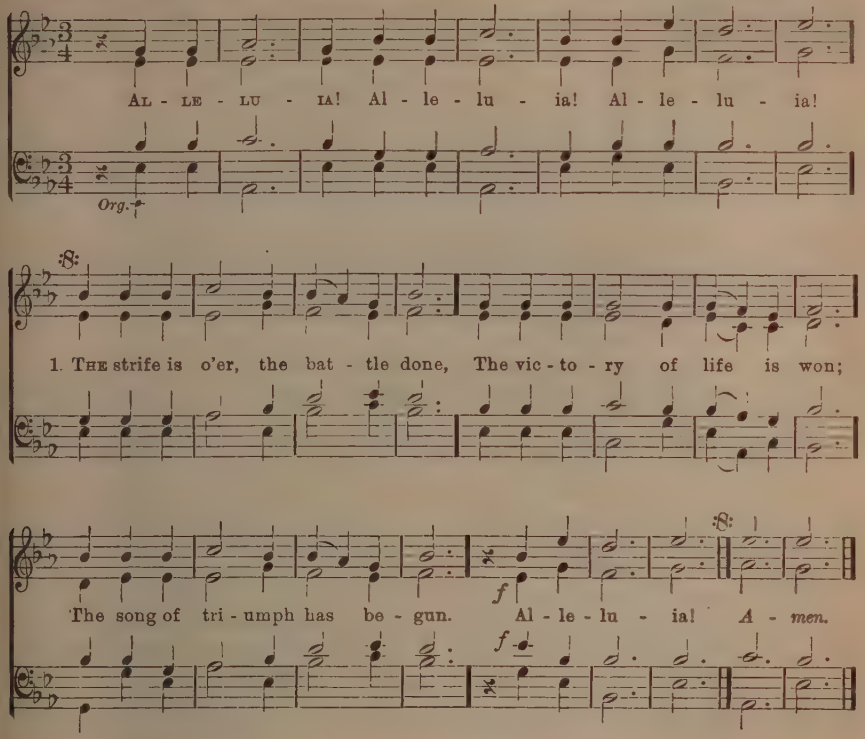
3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin, 14th Cent.). *Tr.* Tate and Brady

126 VICTORY 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Palestrina (1515—1594)



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin) *Tr.* F. Pott, 1861

127 ST. ALBINUS 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger, death, ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! *A - men.*

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757 *(Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich)*
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841 *Alt.*

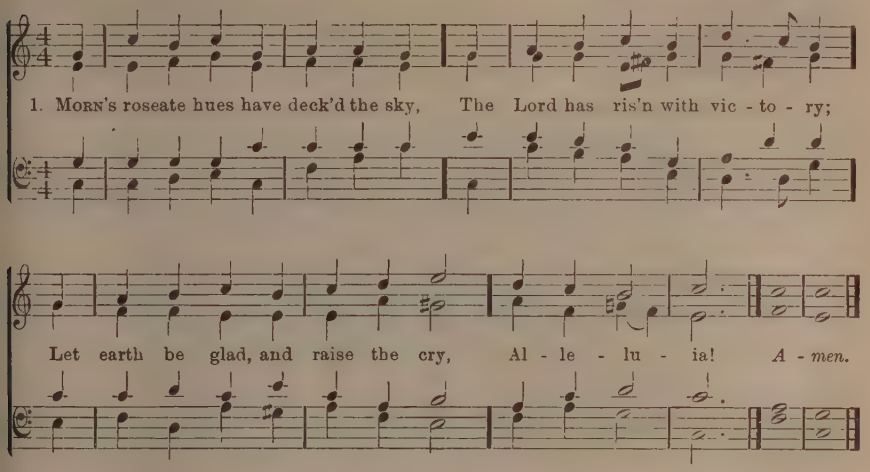
128 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 With Refrain

L. Mason (1792—1872)

1. {HARK! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove;
{Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne;
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Je-sus rules the world a - lone. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! *A - men.*
Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

129 REDCLIFF 8, 8, 8, 4

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



2 The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven.
Alleluia!

3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia.

4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way.
Alleluia!

5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body like to Thine shall rise.
Alleluia!

6 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky.
Alleluia!

7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One.
Alleluia!

Latin *Tr.* W. Cooke, 1872

(HARWELL) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

T. Kelly, 1804

130 LANCASHIRE 7s, 6s. 8l. H. Smart, 1836

1. The day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. *A - men.*

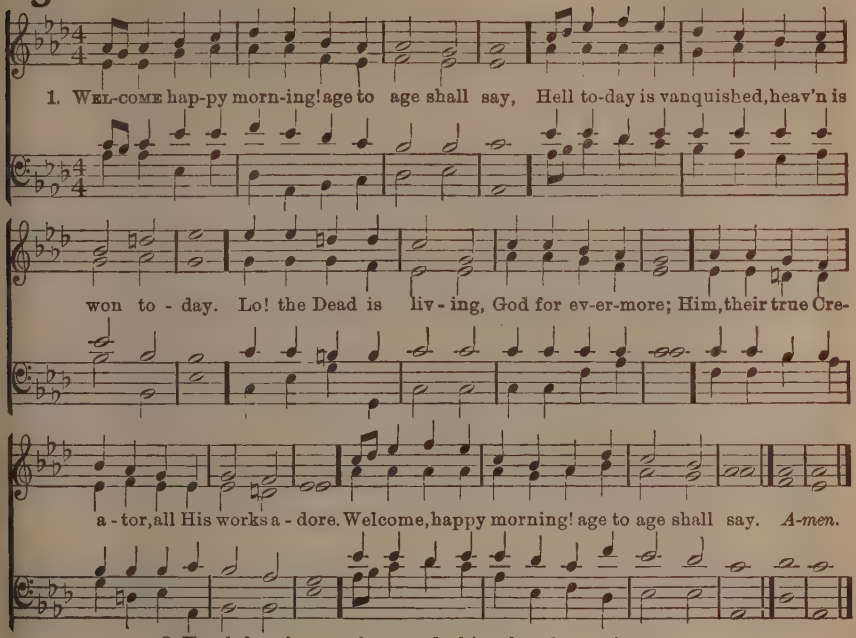
2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His Own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus (8th Cent.). *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 186

131 FORTUNATUS 11s.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872



2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough.
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea.
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

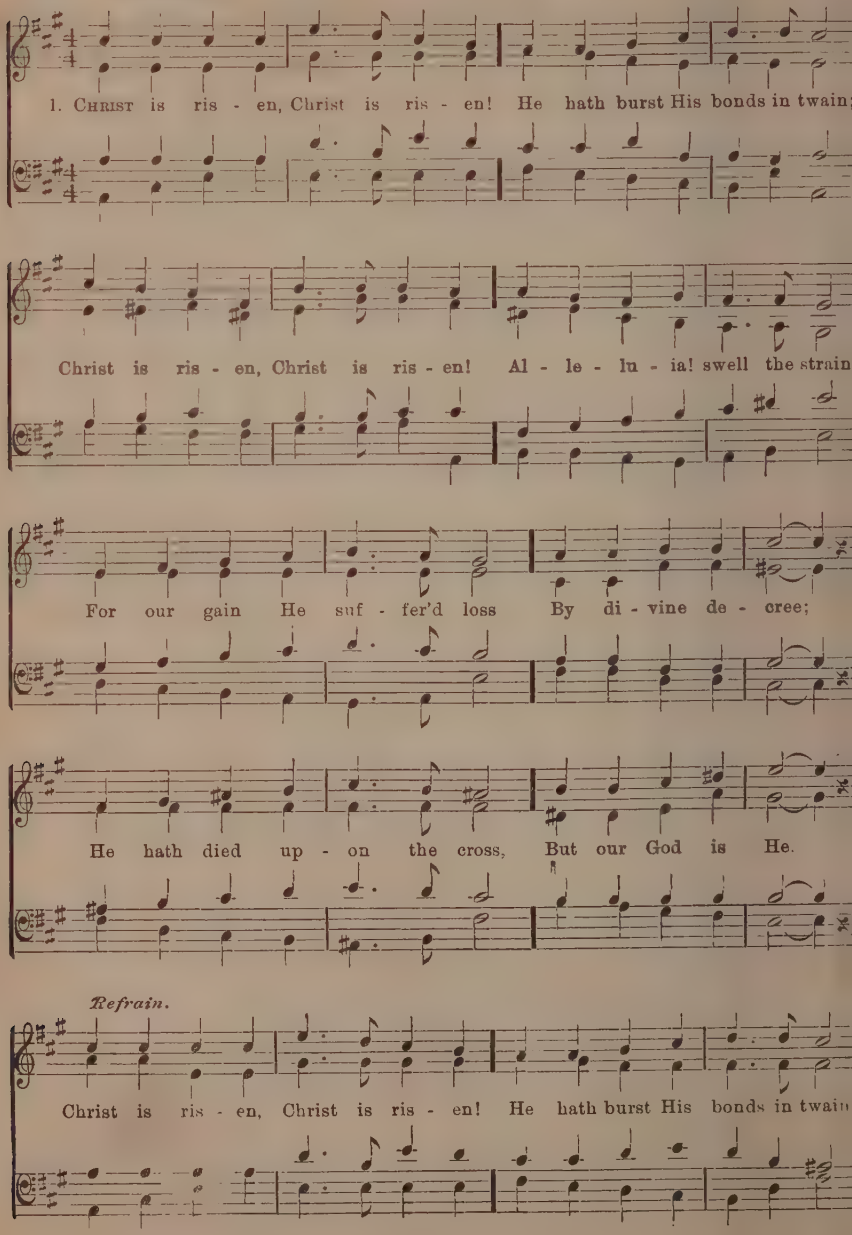
4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

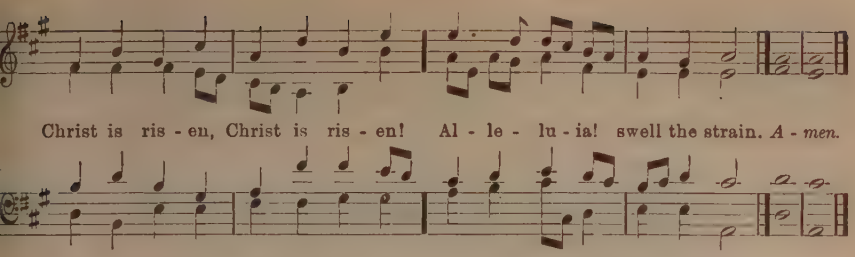
5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

V. H. C. Fortunatus (6th Cent.). *Tr.* J. Ellerton, 1868

132 RESURREXIT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5 With Refrain Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)





2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.—*Ref.*

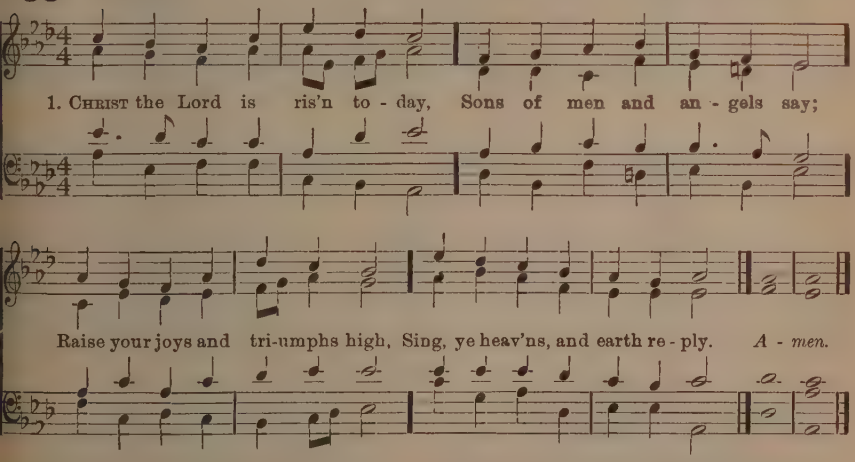
3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
Gleam, ye starry train;
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney, 1862 Recast in Church Hymns, 1871

133 VIENNA 7s.

J. H. Knecht, 1797



2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

3 Live again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley, 1739

134 ST. KEVIN 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph-ant glad - ness,
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
Led them with un - moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. *A - men.*

2 'T is the spring of souls to-day,
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

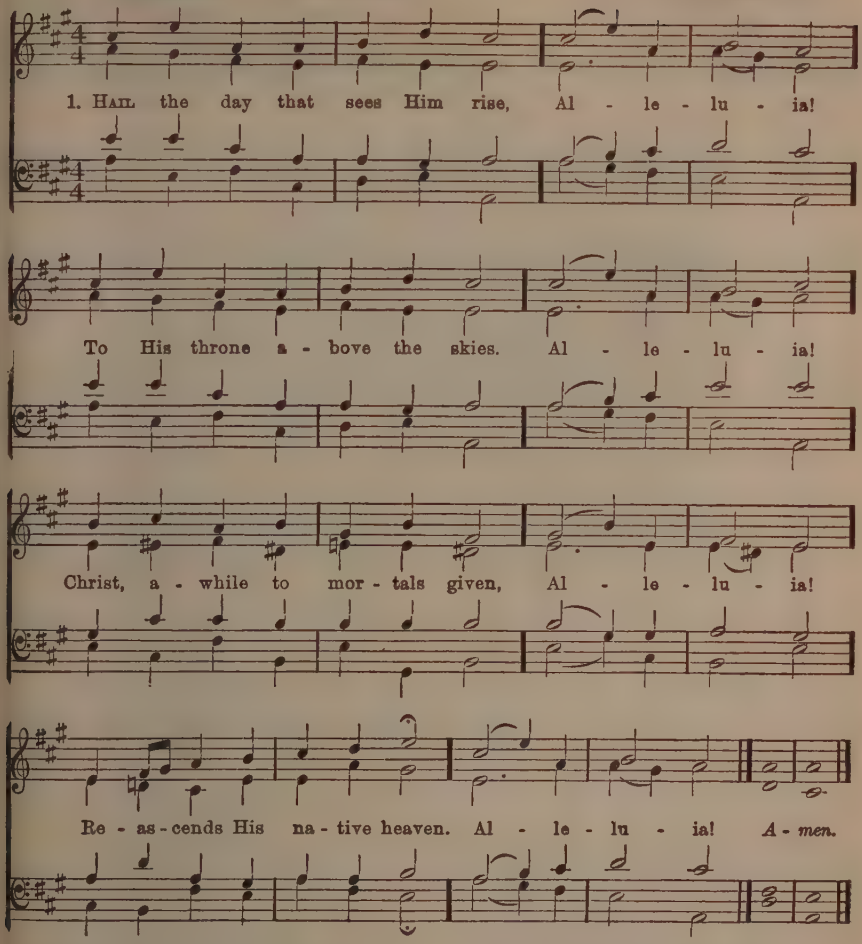
3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus (8th Cent.) *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1850

135 ASCENSION 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk, 1861



2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

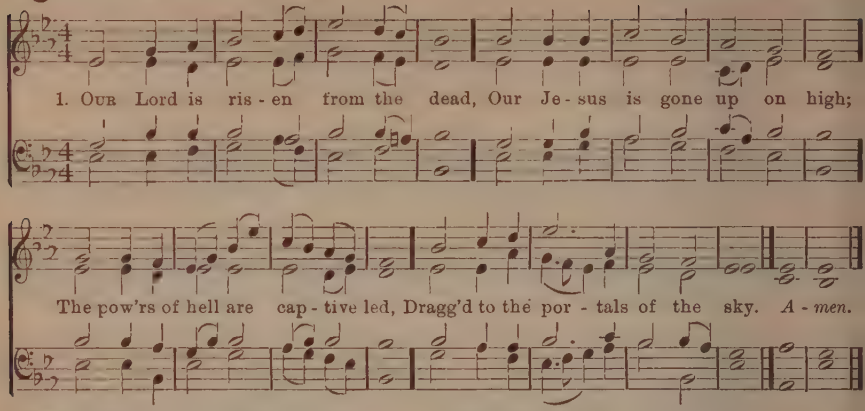
5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

C. Wesley, 1739 *Alt.* v. 1, l. 2; v. 2, l. 1; v. 6, l.

136 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton, c. 1790



2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

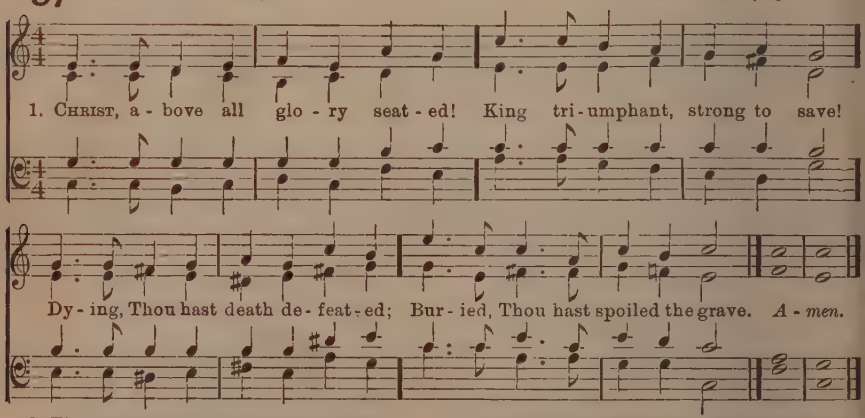
4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God, over all, for ever blest.

C. Wesley, 1741

137 ANDREW 8s, 7s.

E. H. Thorne (1834—)



2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain;
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

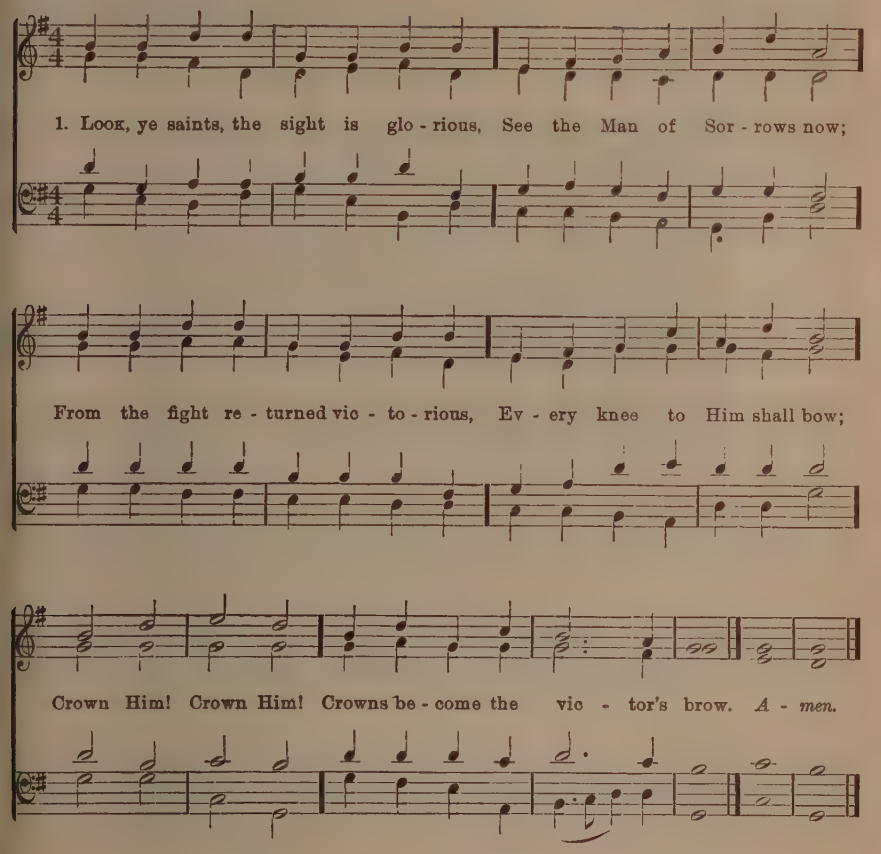
3 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

4 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

Tr. J. R. Woodford, 1852

138 CORONÆ 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. H. Monk, 1871



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords.
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. Kelly, 1809

139 HERMAS 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

F. R. Havergal, 1872

1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gel-voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

Refrain.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed;

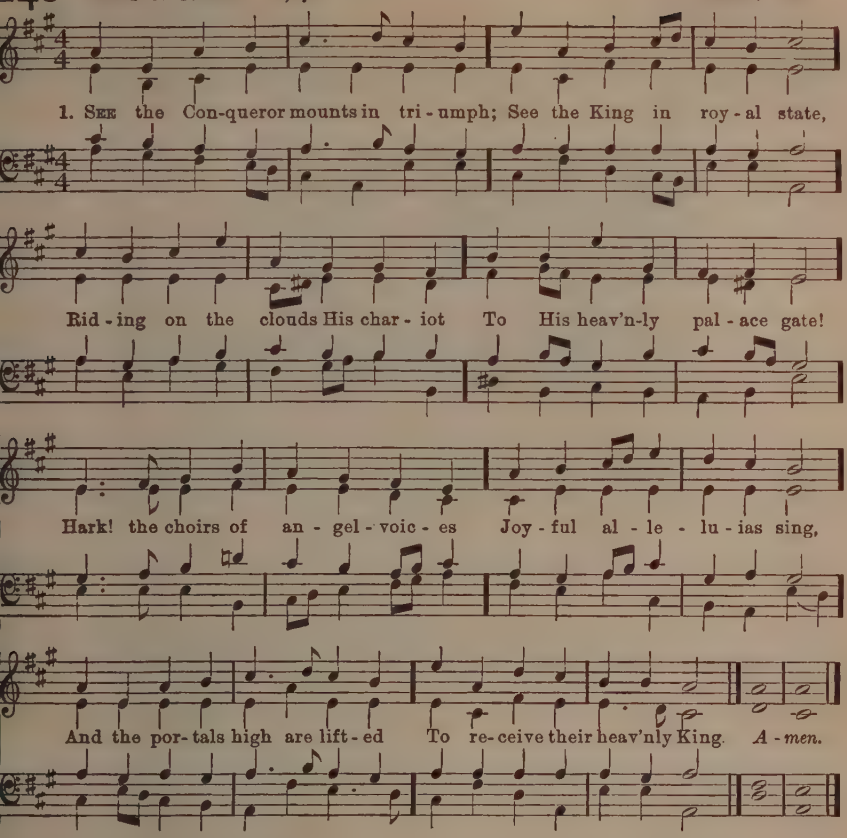
Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King! *A-men.*

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

F. R. Havergal, 187

140 REX GLORIÆ 8s, 7s. 8l. H. Smart, 1868



2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends,
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

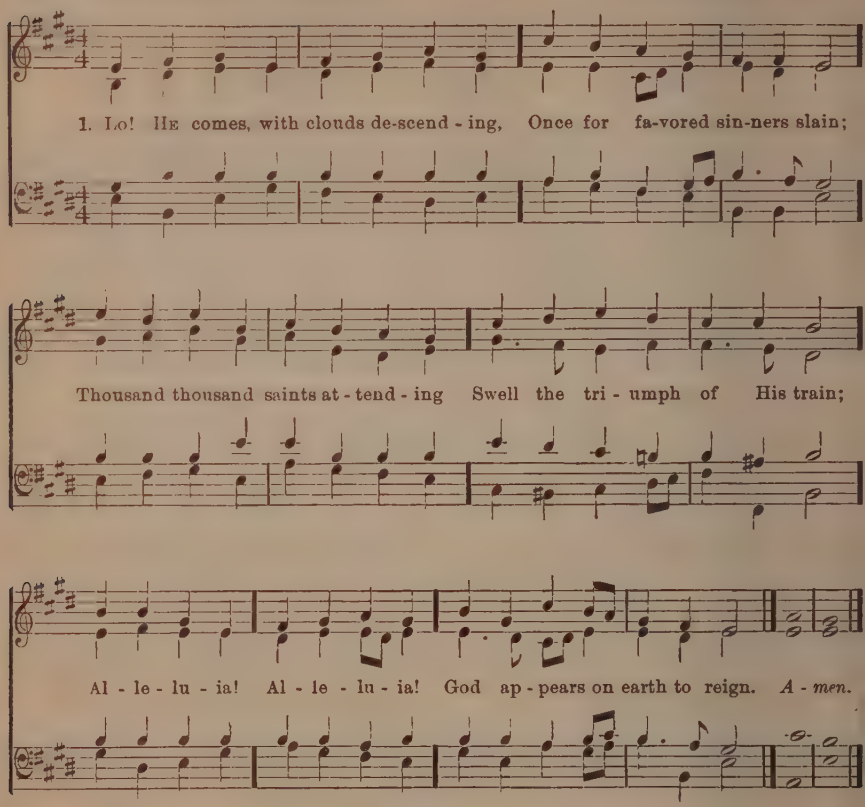
4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

141 HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

S. Webbe (1740—1816)



2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

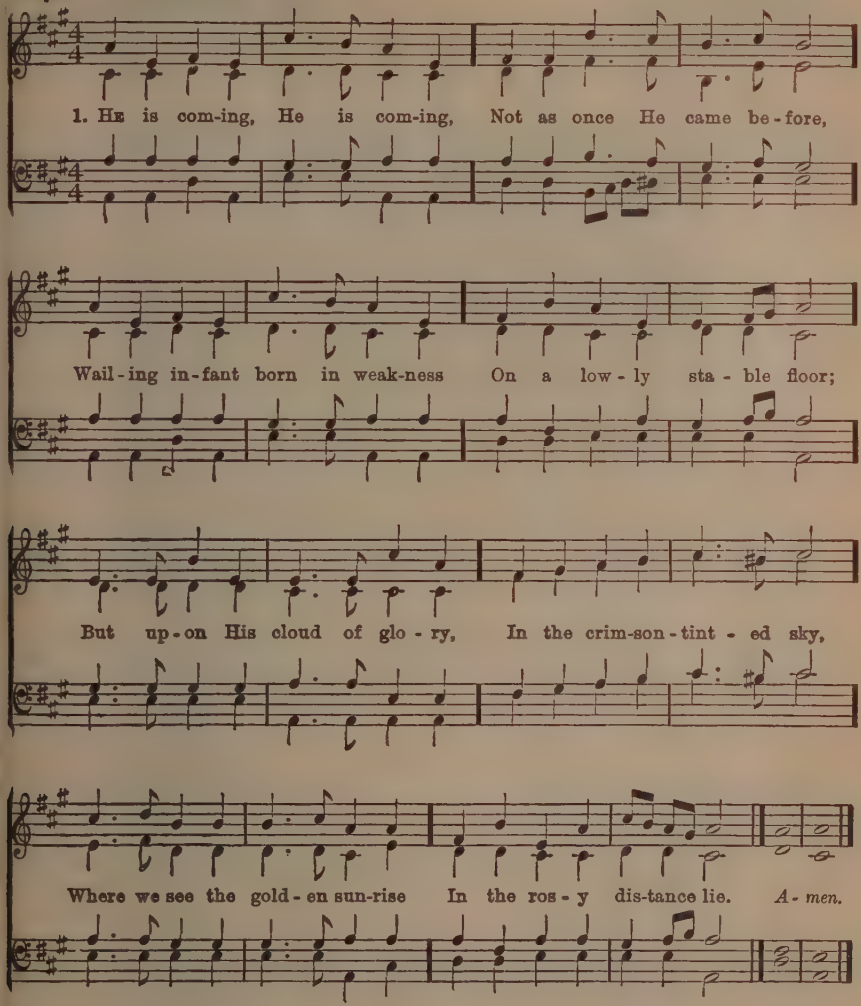
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

V. 1, 2, 4, C. Wesley, 1758; v. 3, J. Cennick, 1759;
Arr. Alt. M. Madan, 1760

142 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. F. Hemy (1818—)



2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

C. F. Alexander, 1848 *Ab.*

143 HOLYROOD S. M.

J. Watson (1816—1880)

1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long-looked - for day.

O why these years of wait - ing here,—These a - ges of de - lay? *A - men.*

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come:"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

6 Come and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

7 Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

H. Bonar, 1846

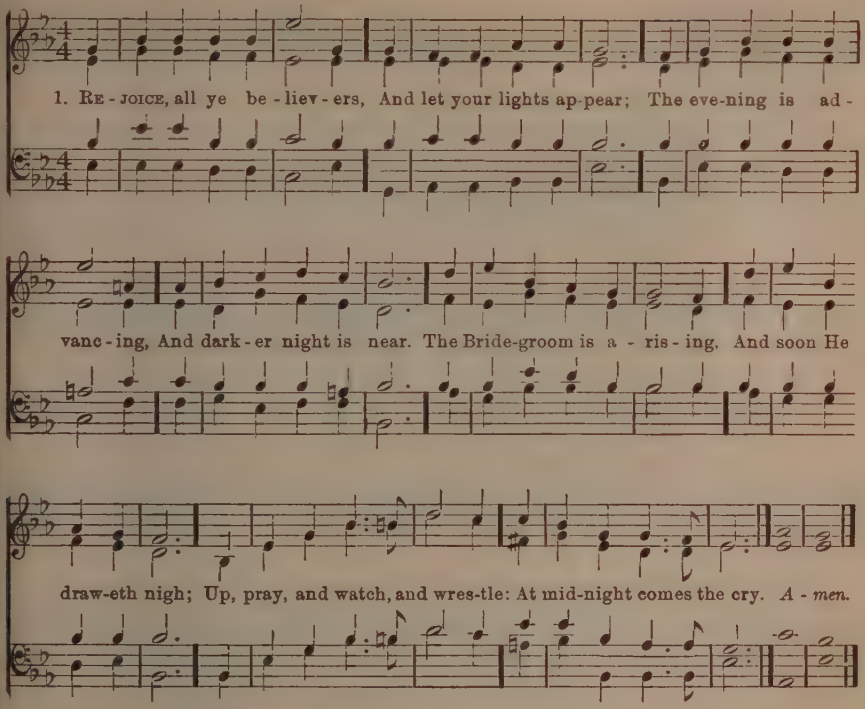
144 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

C. A. Barnard (1830—1869)

1. Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,

Come, and by Thy love's re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath. *A - men.*

145 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 8l. Lausanne Psalter



2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear:
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

L. Laureati, 1700 *Tr.* S. B. Findlater, 1853

(BROCKLESBURY) 8s, 7s.

2 Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

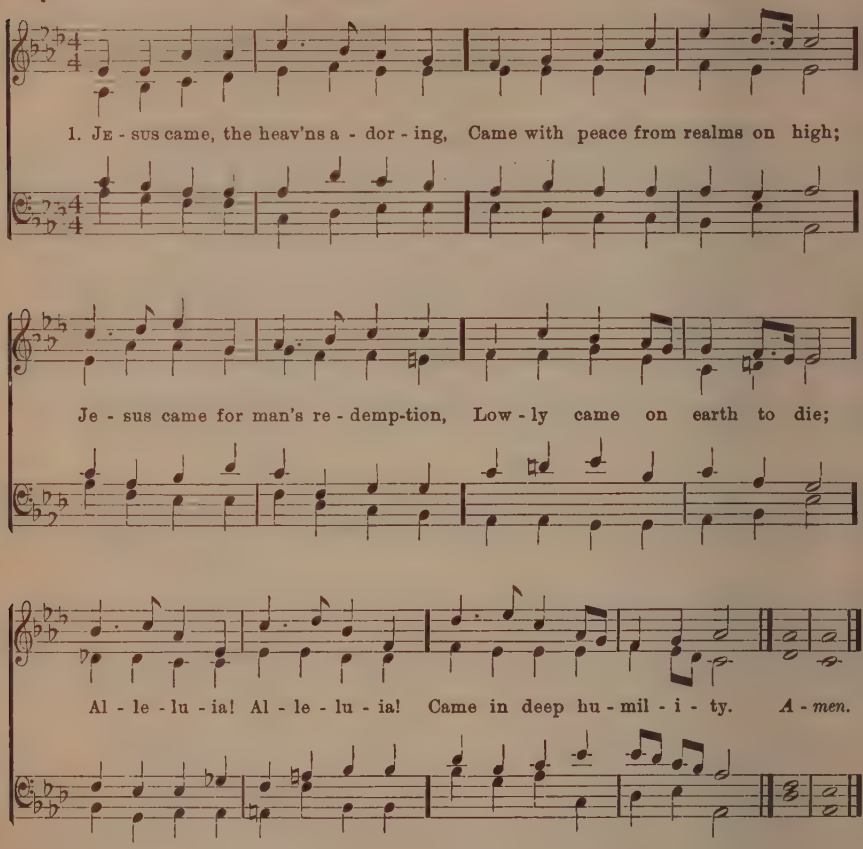
3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

4 By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. Wesley, 1744

146 FENITON COURT 8s, 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

G. Thring, 1864

147 CORONATION C. M.

O. Holden, 1793

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! *A - men.*

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet, 1779-80; J. Rippon, 1787

148 AUTUMN 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. H. Barthelemon

1. Mighty God, while angels bless Thee, May a mortal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels, Thou art every crea-ture's theme.
Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days,
Sound-ed thro' the wide crea-tion Be Thy just and end-less praise. *A-men.*

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

R. Robinson (1735—1790)

149 GOPSAL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

G. F. Händel, 1745

1. Re-joice, the Lord is King!.... Your Lord and King a - dore!

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

Unison (optional.)

Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re-joice! a-gain I say, re-joice! *A-men.*

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

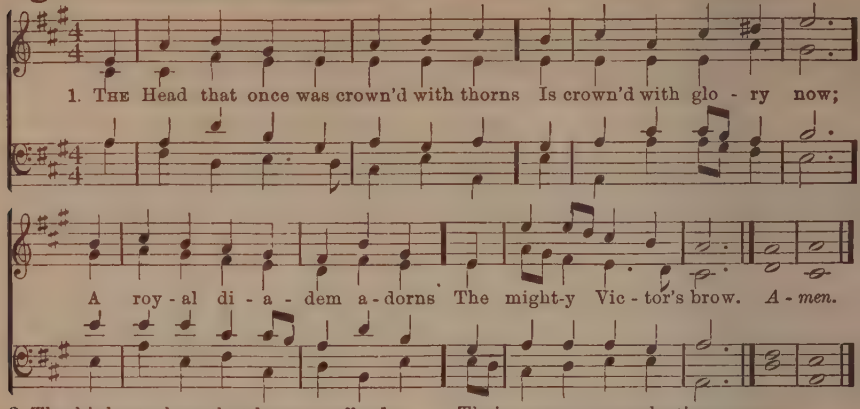
3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet,
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope.
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

C. Wesley, 1744. J. Taylor, 1795

(Composed by Händel for this hymn; and in the form here given)

150 ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham) C. M. J. Clarke (1670—1707)



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

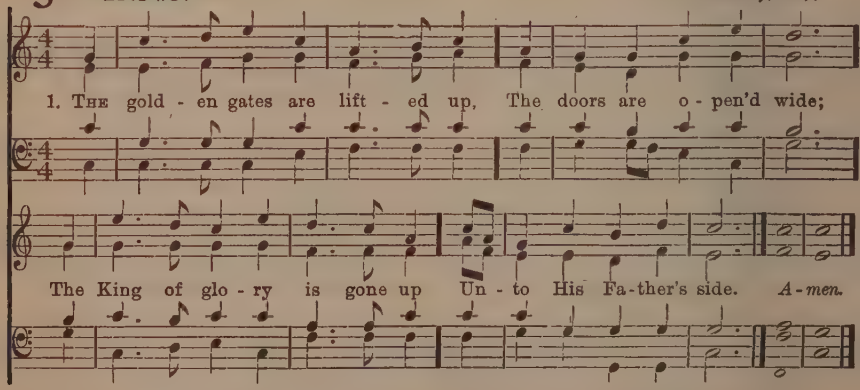
4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1820

151 BROWN C. M. W. B. Bradbury, 1844



2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

4 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

C. F. Alexander, 1859, 1858

152 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. Come, ev - ery pi - ous heart That loves the Sav - iour's name,
Your no - blest pow'r ex - ert To cel - e - brate His fame: Tell all a -
bove, and all be - low, The debt of love to Him you owe. *A - men.*

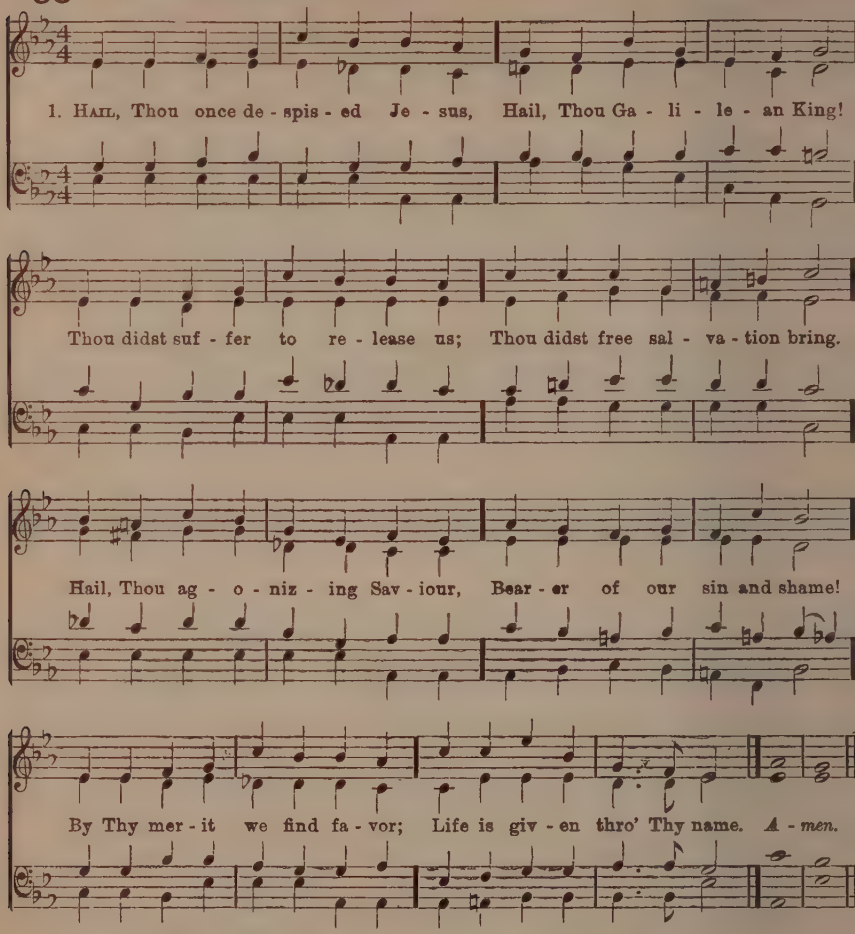
2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, oh who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

S. Stennett, 1787

153 PARKHURST (St. Hilda) 8s, 7s. 8l. J. Barnby, 1861



2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee are laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

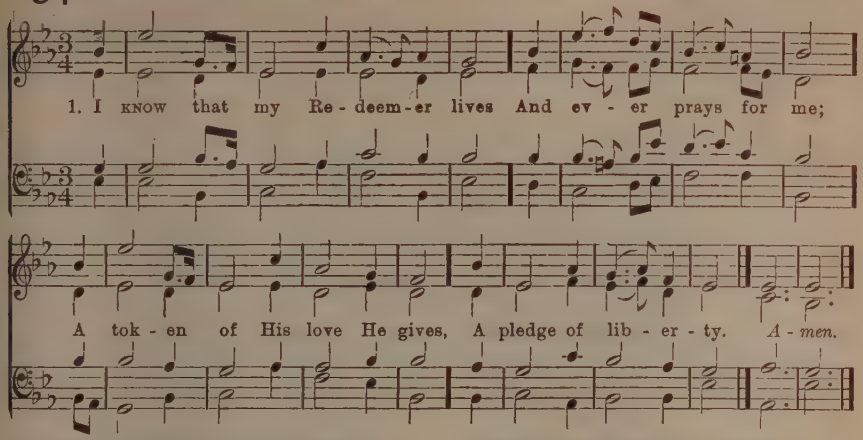
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell, 1757—M. Madan—A. M. Toplady

154 BRADFORD (Messiah) C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741



2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

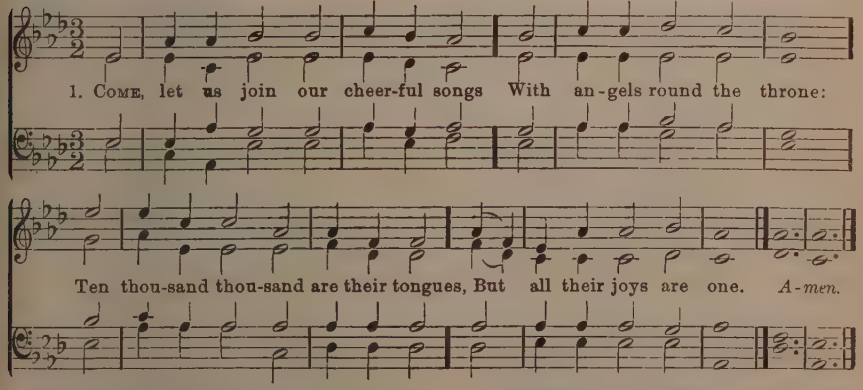
4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1742 *Ab.*

155 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, 1828, by L. Mason, 1839



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

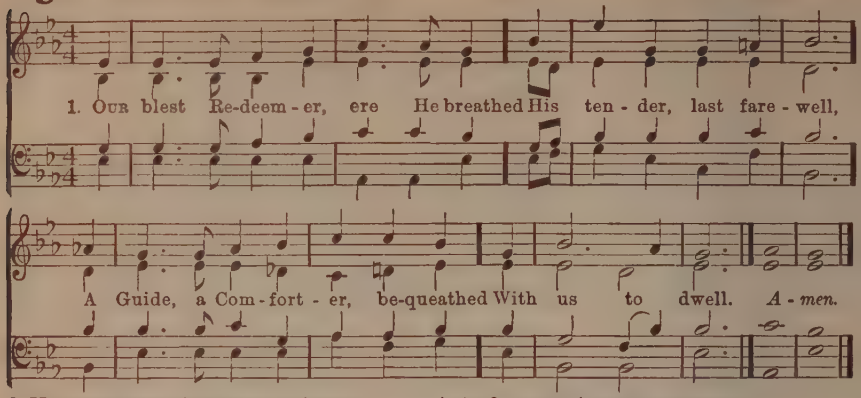
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707

156 ST. CUTHBERT 8, 6, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms [each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

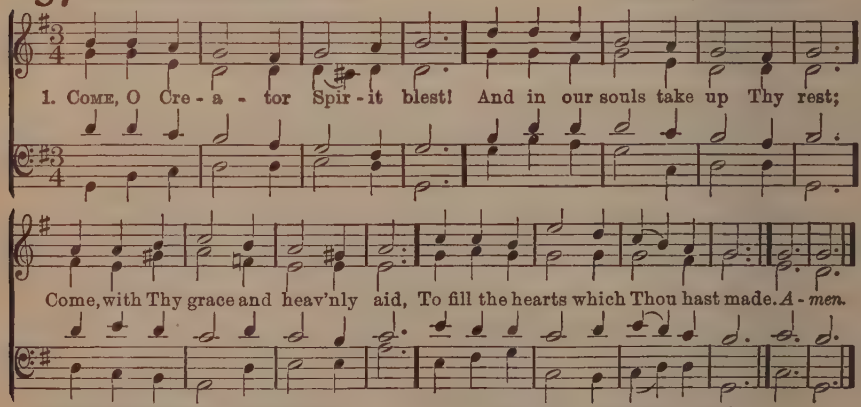
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber, 1829

157 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800



2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

5 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

Anon. (Latin) 10th Cent.). *Tr.* E. Caswall, 1849

158 NEW HAVEN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Thos. Hastings

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart; Oh come to - day! *A - men.*

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Latin (13th Cent.) *Tr.* R. Palmer, 1858

159 ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. de Giardini, 1769

1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! *A - men.*

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

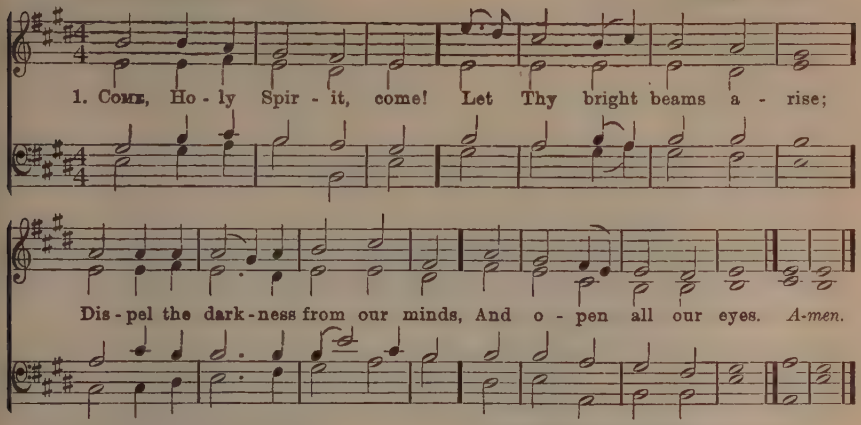
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face
Spreading the beams of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

J. Marriott, c. 1813

160 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

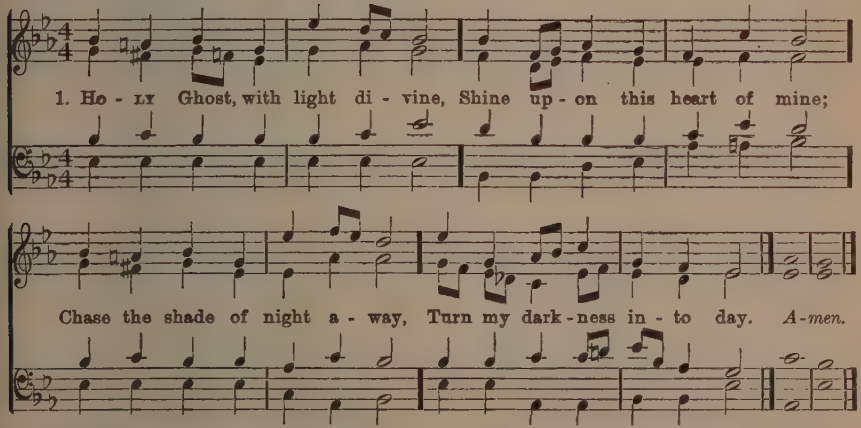
4 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. Hart, 1759 *Alt.* A. M. Toplady, 1776

161 DOWNES 7s.

L. T. Downes, 1851



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

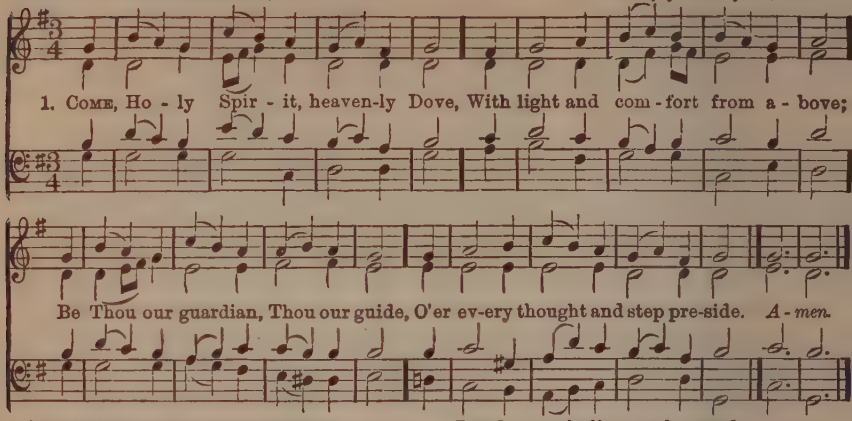
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

A. Reed, 1817

162 INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Arr. by J. B. Dykes, 1862



2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose our way;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

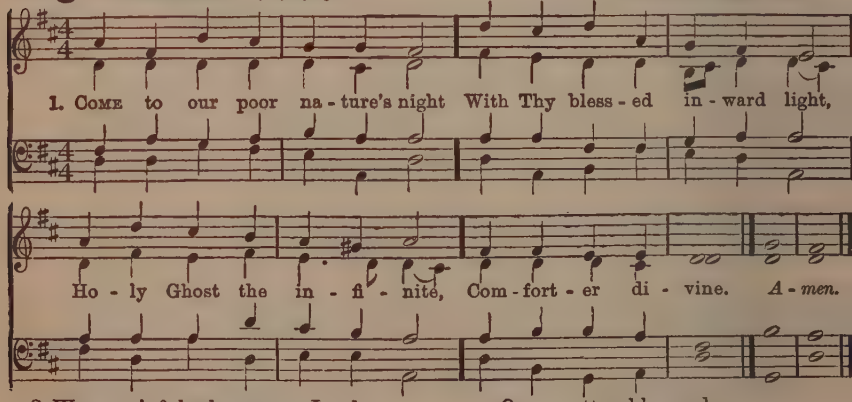
3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to God; our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

S. Browne, 1720 *Alt.*

163 CAPETOWN 7, 7, 7, 5

F. Filitz (1804—1876)



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

G. Rawson, 1853

164 STEPHENS C. M.

Wm. Jones

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. *A - men.*

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. Watts, 1707

165 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875

1. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
De - scend with all Thy gra-cious pow'rs, Oh come, great Spir - it, come! *A - men.*

2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

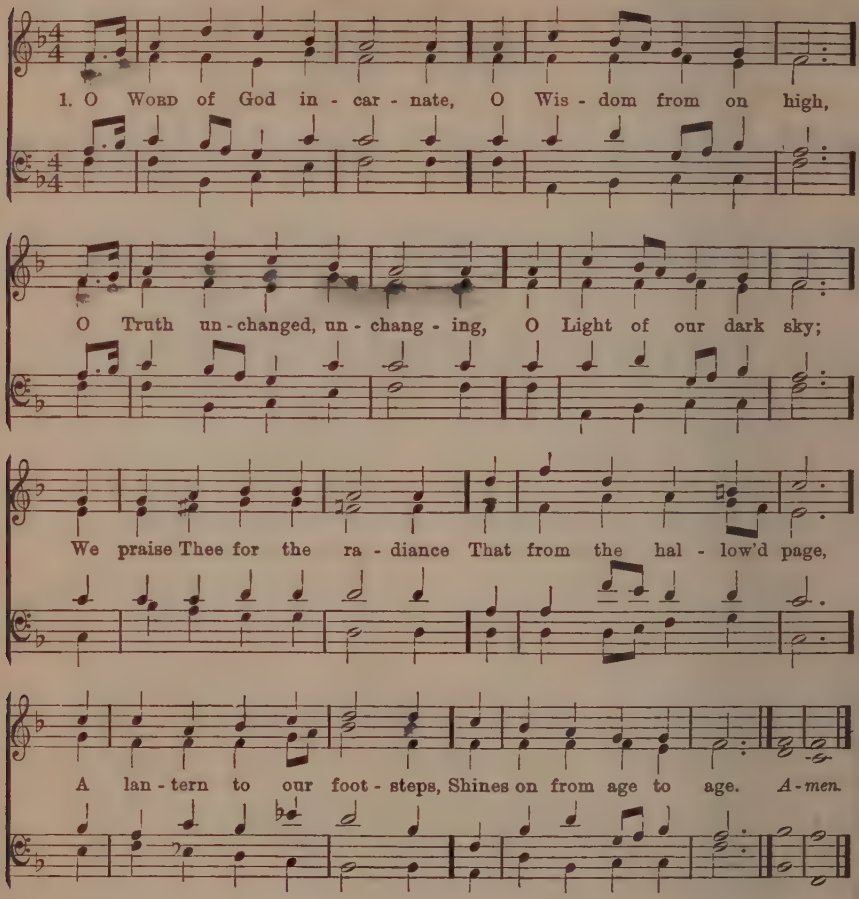
3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

A. Reed, 1829

166 MUNICH 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710



2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

W. W. How, 1867

167 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis (1733—1820)

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines! For ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. *A-men.*

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

A. Steele, 1760

168 ORTONVILLE C. M.

T. Hastings, 1837

1. The Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and prom-is-es af-ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light, A sanc-ti-fy-ing light. *A-men.*

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

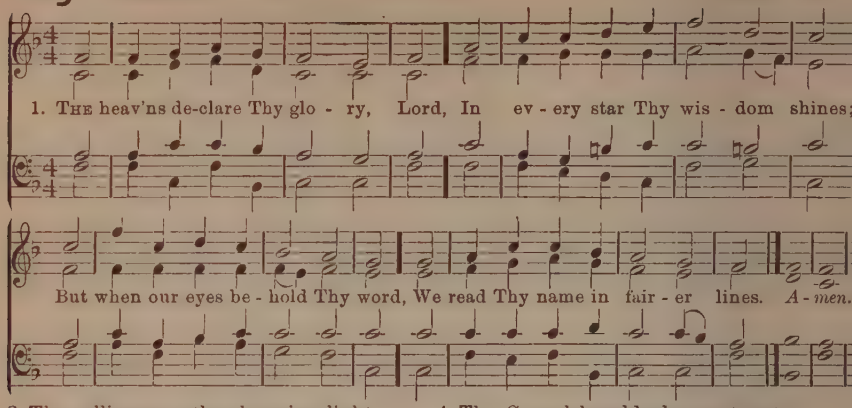
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper, 1772

169 UXBRIDGE L. M.

L. Mason, 1830



2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

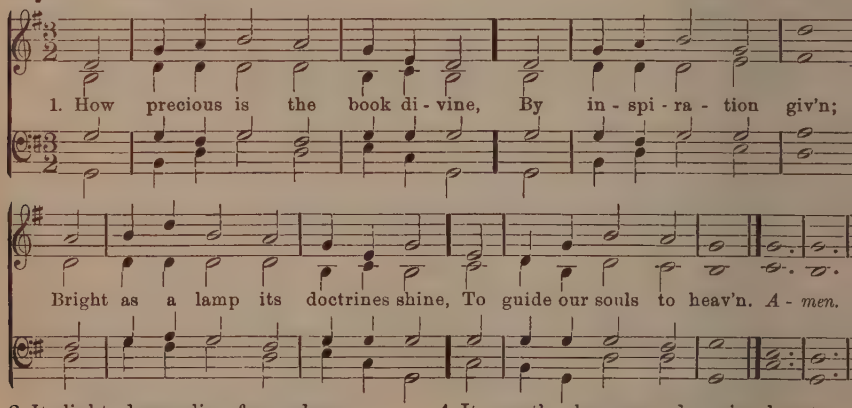
4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right

I. Watts, 1719

170 KNOX C. M.

Temple Melodies



2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett, 1782 *Ab.*

171 WILLINGTON L. M.

F. W. Williams

1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known:
'Tis here His rich-est mer - cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. *A - men.*

2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome, 1787 *Alt.* T. Cotterill, 1819

172 ST. CYPRIAN 6s.

R. R. Chope, 1862

1. Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth,
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. *A - men.*

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

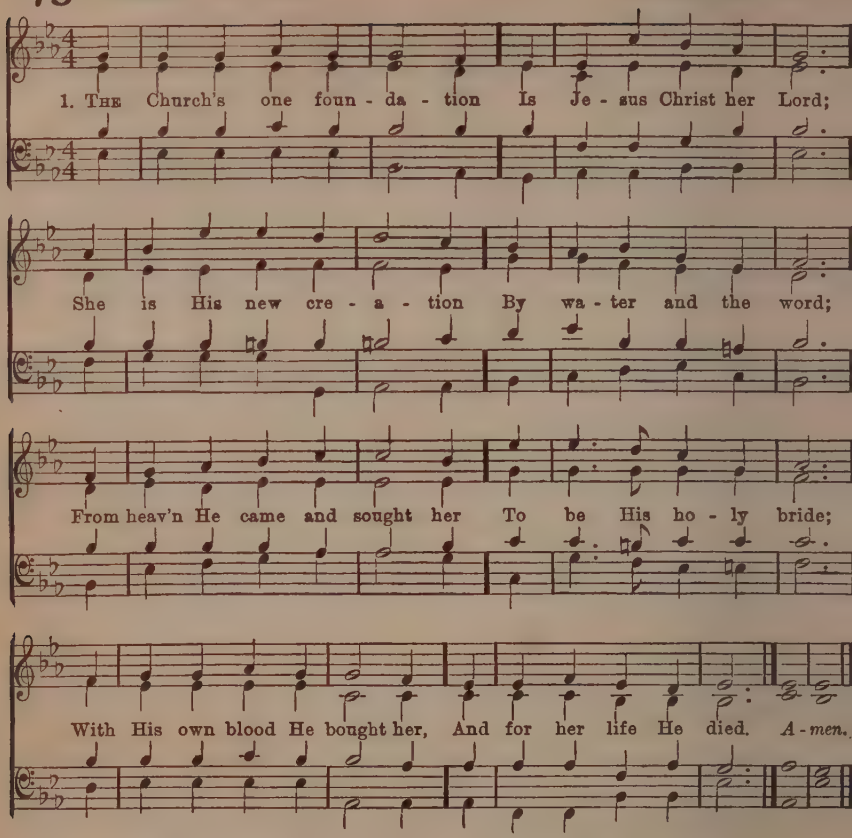
3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

5 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

H. W. Baker, 1861

173 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l. S. S. Wesley, 1864



2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone, 1866

174 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. *A-men.*

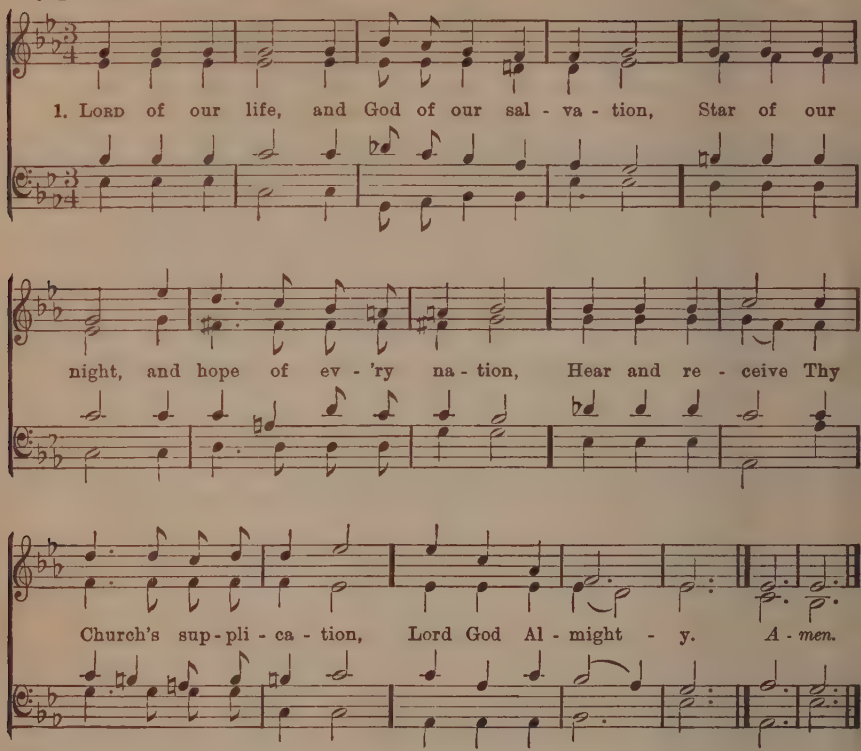
2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'T is His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

J. Newton, 1779

175 CLOISTERS 11, 11, 11, 5 J. Barnby, 1868



2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

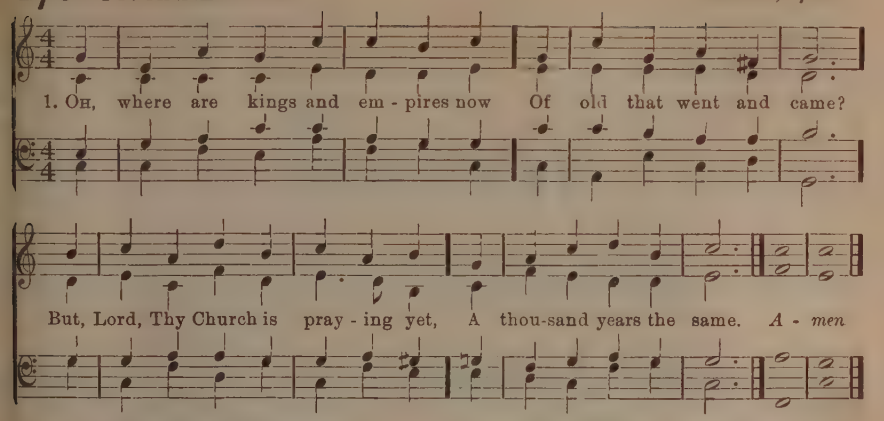
4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

128 M. A. von Löwenstern, 1644. *Tr.* P. Pusey, 1840

176 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

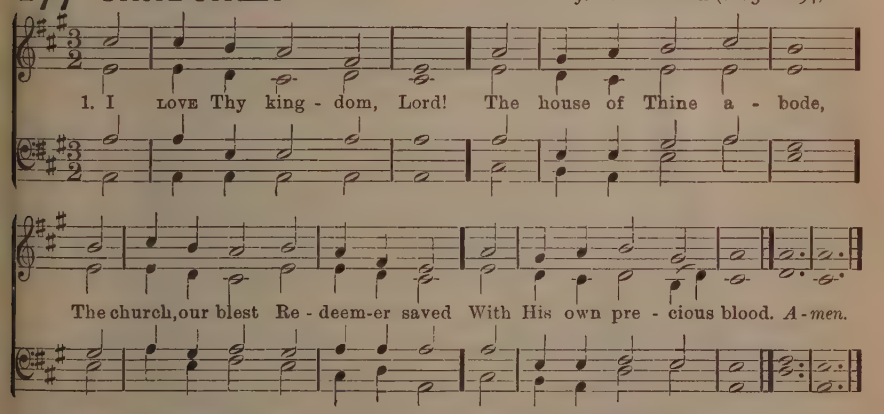
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. C. Coxe, 1839

177 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman (1813—1894)



2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

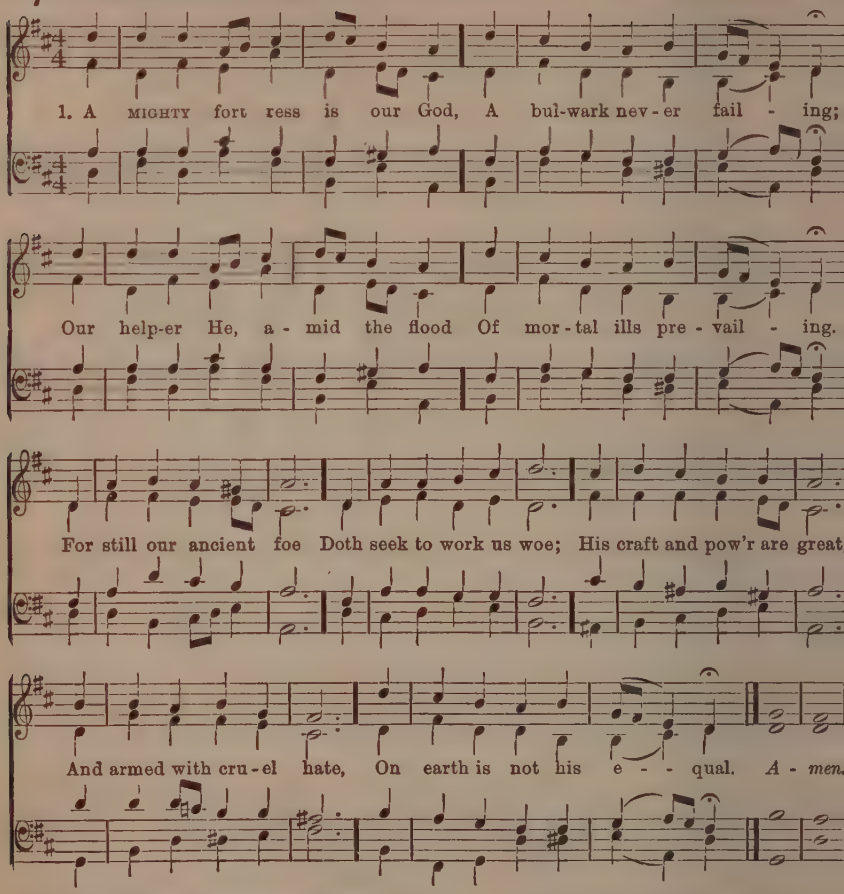
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight

178 EIN' FESTE BURG 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529



2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

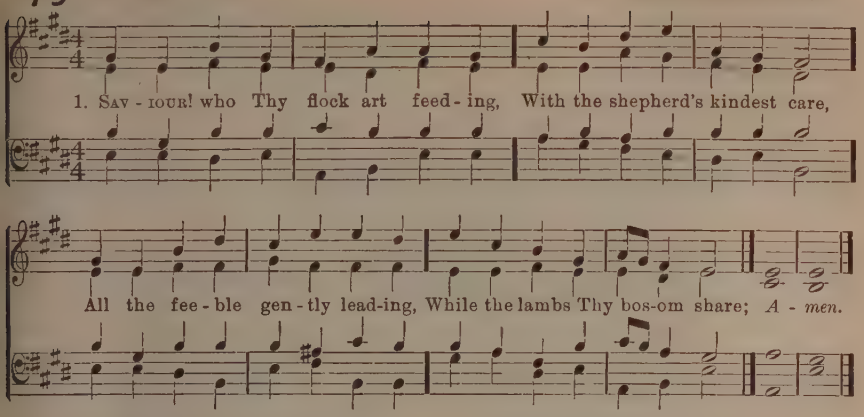
3 And though this world, with demons filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, 1527 *Tr.* F. H. Hedge, 18

179 SHARON 8s, 7s.

W. Boyce (1710—1779)



2 Now, these little ones receiving
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

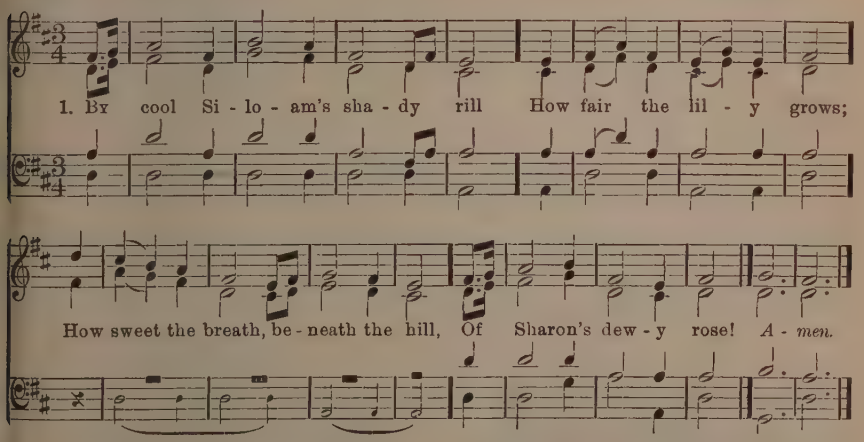
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

180 SILOAM C. M.

I. B. Woodbury



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

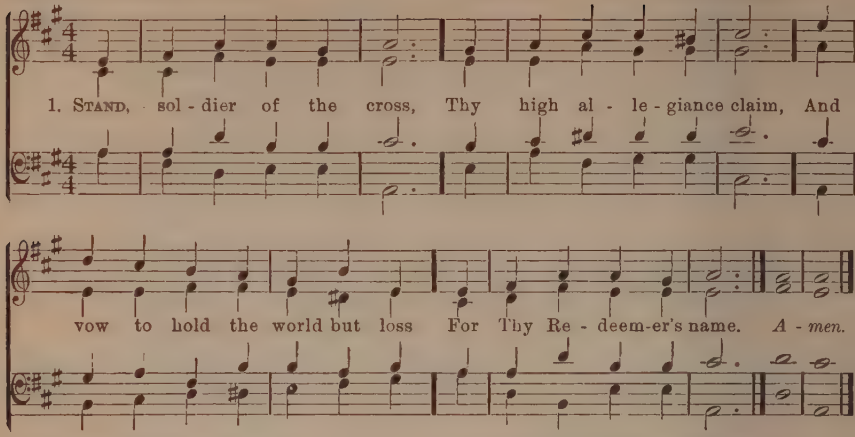
3 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue [crowned,
Were all alike divine:

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

R. Heber, 1827

181 CRUCIS S. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872



2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

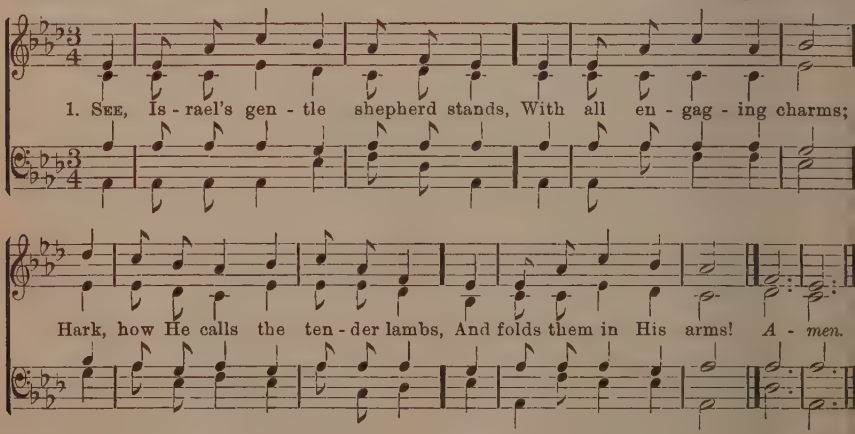
4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great captain's feet.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1870

182 EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal, 1846



2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge, 1740

183 VICTORY L. M. 81.

H. Lahee (1826—)

1. Arm these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;
Forth to the bat-tle may they go And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,
With ban-ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver-come the world;
And so at last re-ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. *A - men.*

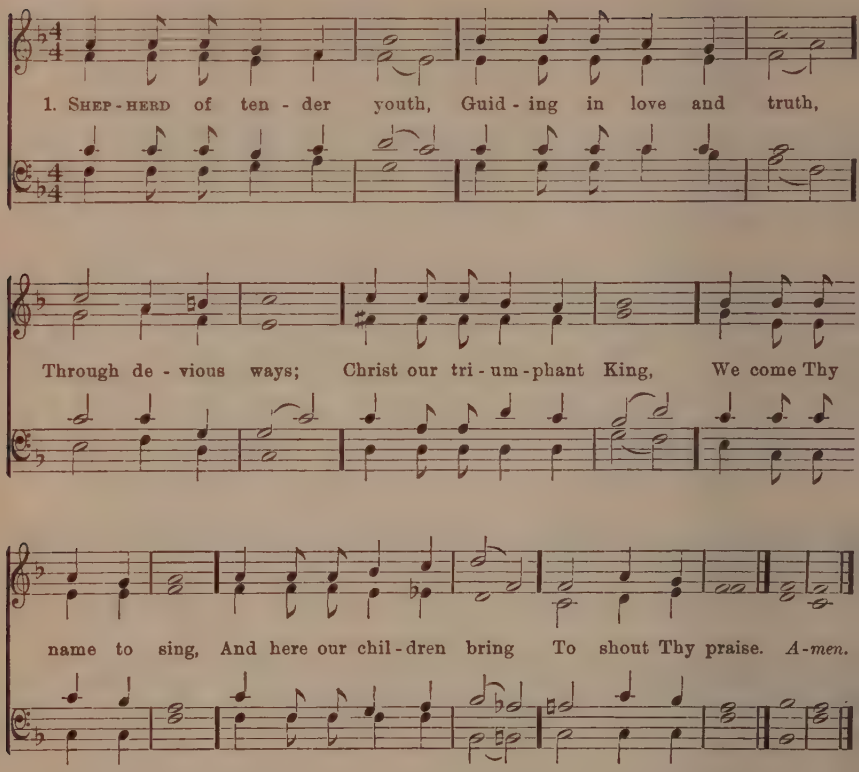
2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God and Persons Three;
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

184 KIRBY BEDON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

E. Bunnett, 1887



2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou didst not disdain,
Help from above.

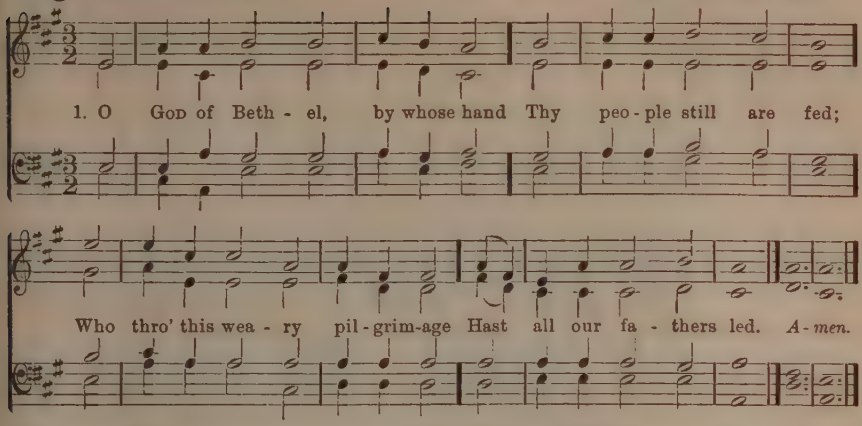
4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church (about 200) *Tr.* H. M. Dexter, 1846

185 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, by L. Mason, 1839



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

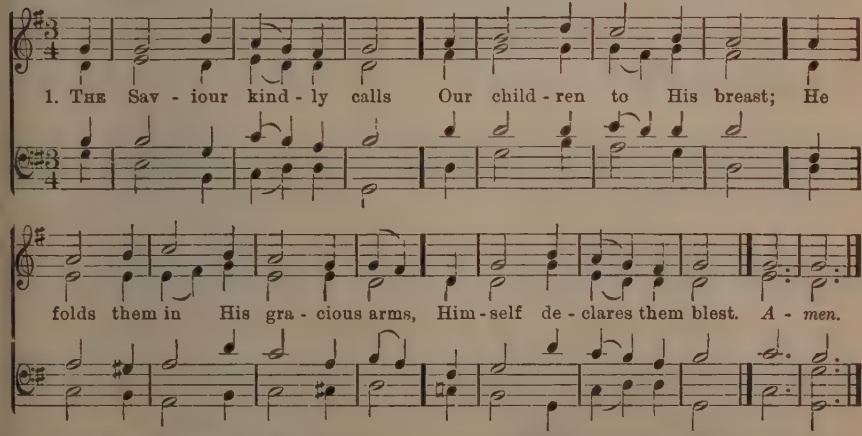
4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

P. Doddridge (1702—1751

186 OSLER S. M.

Ancient Melody



2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring, that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

H. U. Onderdonk (1789—1858)

187 HANFORD 8, 8, 8, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. By Christ redeem'd, in Christ re - stored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,
And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come! *A - men.*

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory,—by this rite,
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson, 1857

188 HENLEY 10s.

L. Mason

1. Here, O my Lord; I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un-seen;
Here grasp with firmer hand e-ter-nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. *A - men.*

189 ST. SEBASTIAN 7s. 6l. S. S. Wesley, 1872

1. "Till He come," oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come." *A-men.*

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth, 1861

(HENLEY) 10s.

1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. Bonar, 1857

190 HAPPY DAY L. M.

From E. F. Rimbault

Chorus.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day; }

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! *A-men.*

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*

3 'T is done; the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—*Cho.*

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.—*Cho.*

P. Doddridge, 1755

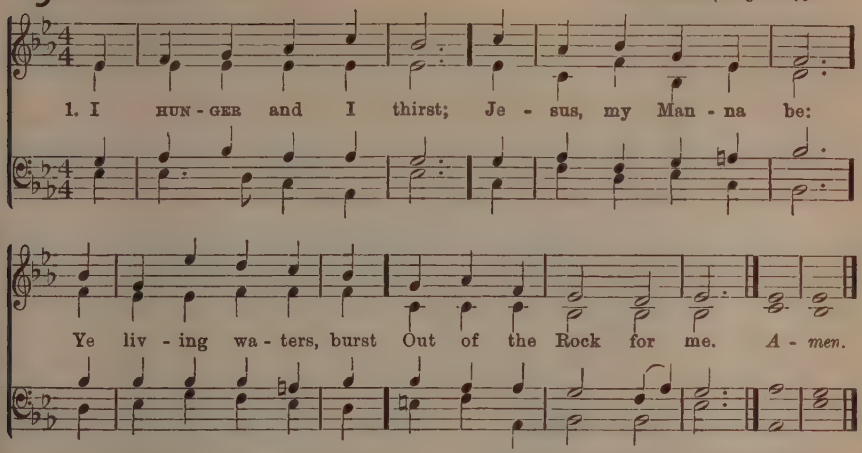
191 CŒNA DOMINI 10s. 2 l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. Draw nigh and take the bod-y of the Lord, And drink the holy blood for you outpour'd. *A-men.*

192 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)



2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1873

(CŒNA DOMINI) 10s. 2l.

2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.

5 He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,

8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Latin, c. 680 *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1851

193 MORECAMBE 10s.

Anon

1. Not wor-thy, Lord, to gath-er up the crumbs With trem-bling hand, that from Thy ta-ble fall, A wea-ry, heav-y-la-den sin-ner comes To plead Thy prom-ise and o-bey Thy call. *A-men.*

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.

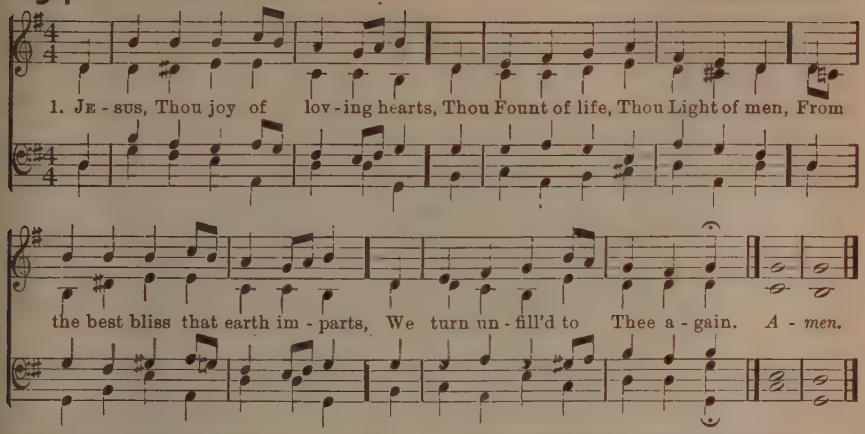
5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1872.

194 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

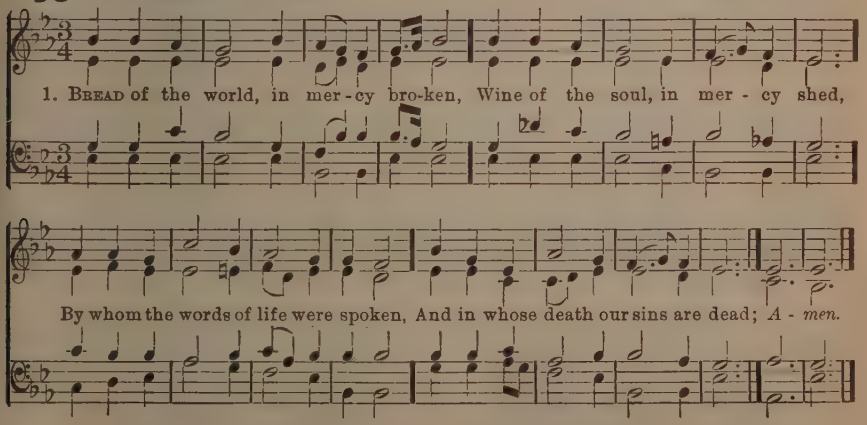
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, arr. *Tr.* R. Palmer, 1858

195 EUCHARIST 9s, 8s.

J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

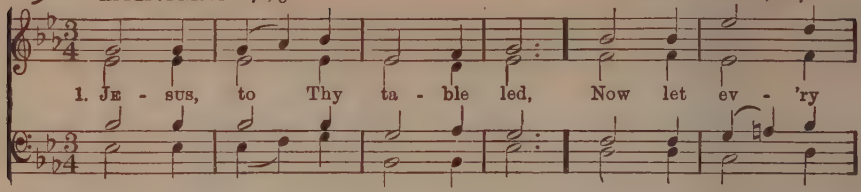


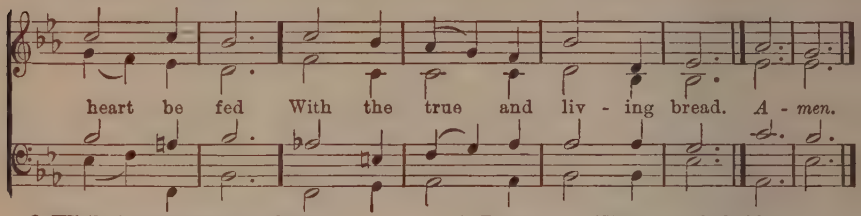
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber, 1826

196 LACRYMÆ 7s, 3!

Arthur Sullivan, 1872





2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

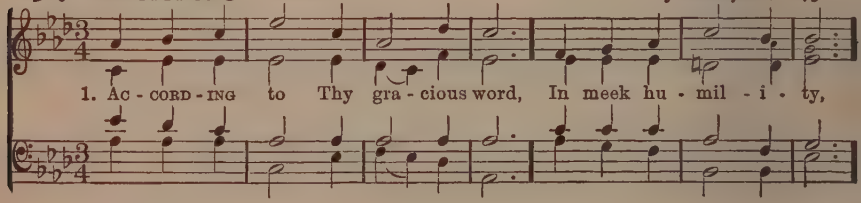
6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

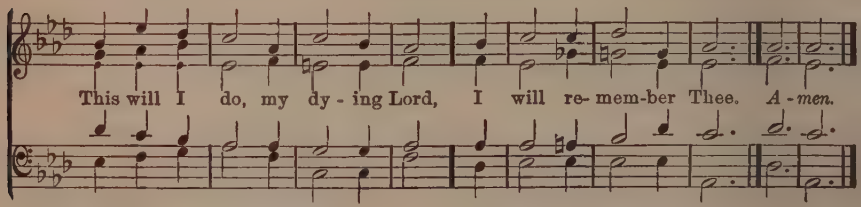
7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes, 1864

197 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875





2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

J. Montgomery, 1825

198 GREENPORT (Hodnet) 7s, 6s. 8 l. S. Thalberg, 1850

1. O BREAD to pil - grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,

O man - na sent from heav - en, For heav'n - born na - tures meet,

Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly fill'd,

Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is still'd. *A - men.*

2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th Cent.) *Tr.* R. Palmer, 1858

199 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. A PART - ING hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol-emn vows re - cord. *A - men.*

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe, 1858

200 DORRNANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. FROM the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread, May our souls, re-freshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head. *A - men.*

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day

J. Rowe, 181

201 BREAD OF LIFE 10s.

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

1. BREAK Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves be - side the sea.

Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! *A - men.*

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. Lathbury, 1880

202 DEIPNON 10s.

Anon.

1. TOO soon we rise; the symbols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho' not the love, is past and gone;

The bread and wine re - move, but Thou art here—Near-er than ev - er— still my Shield and Sun. *A - men.*

2 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm but Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

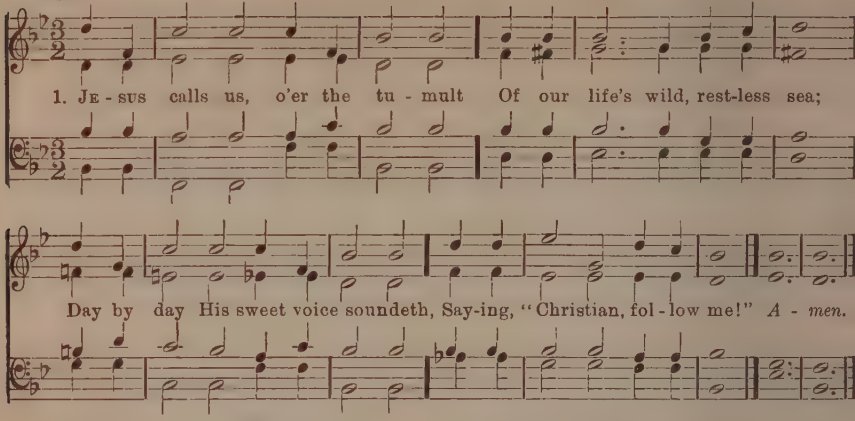
3 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H Bonar, 1846

203 GALILEE 8s, 7s.

W. H. Jude (1851—)



2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

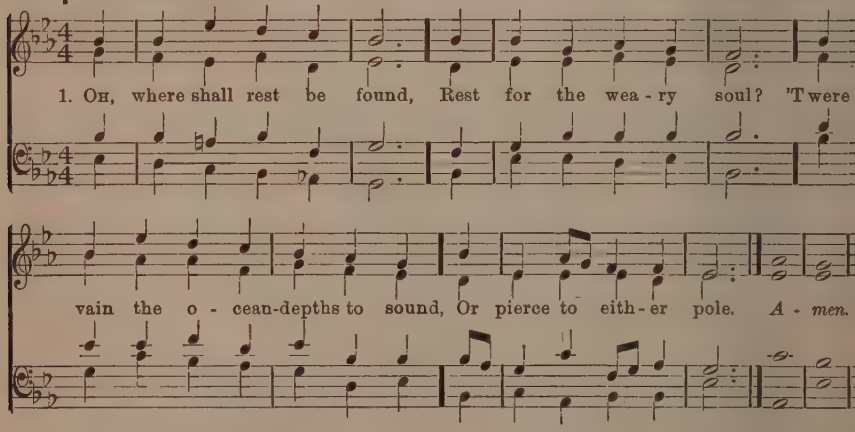
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

204 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

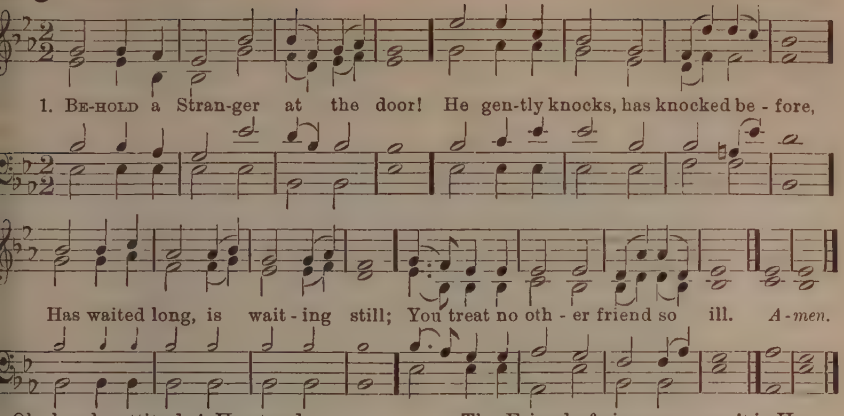
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

J. Montgomery, 1818

205 BERA L. M.

J. E. Gould



Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

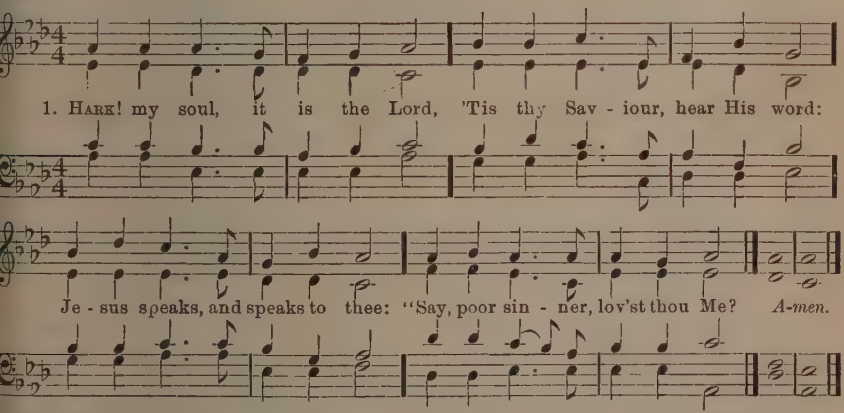
3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. Grigg, 1765

206 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874



2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

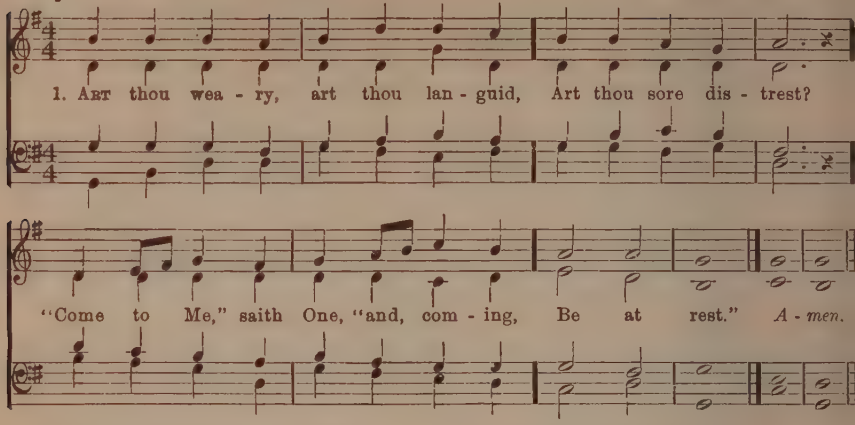
5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

W. Cowper, 1768

207 STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3

H. W. Baker, 1861



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

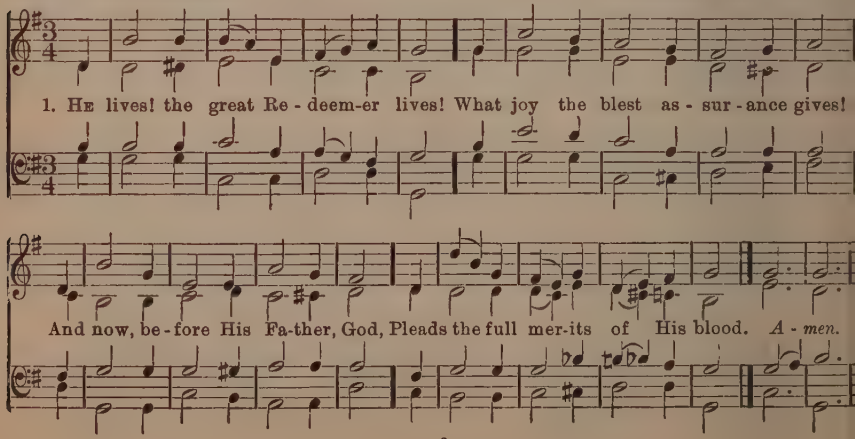
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

J. M. Neale, 1862

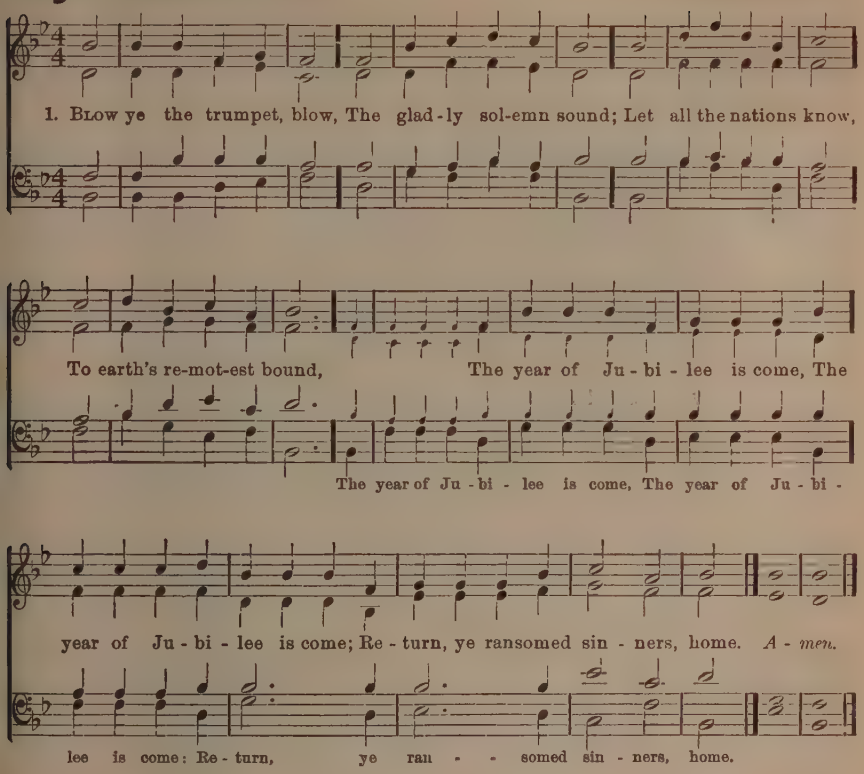
208 BROOKFIELD L. M.

T. B. Southgate (1814—1868)



Salvation Offered.

209 LENOX 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 L. Edson, 1782



2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1750

(BROOKFIELD) L. M.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

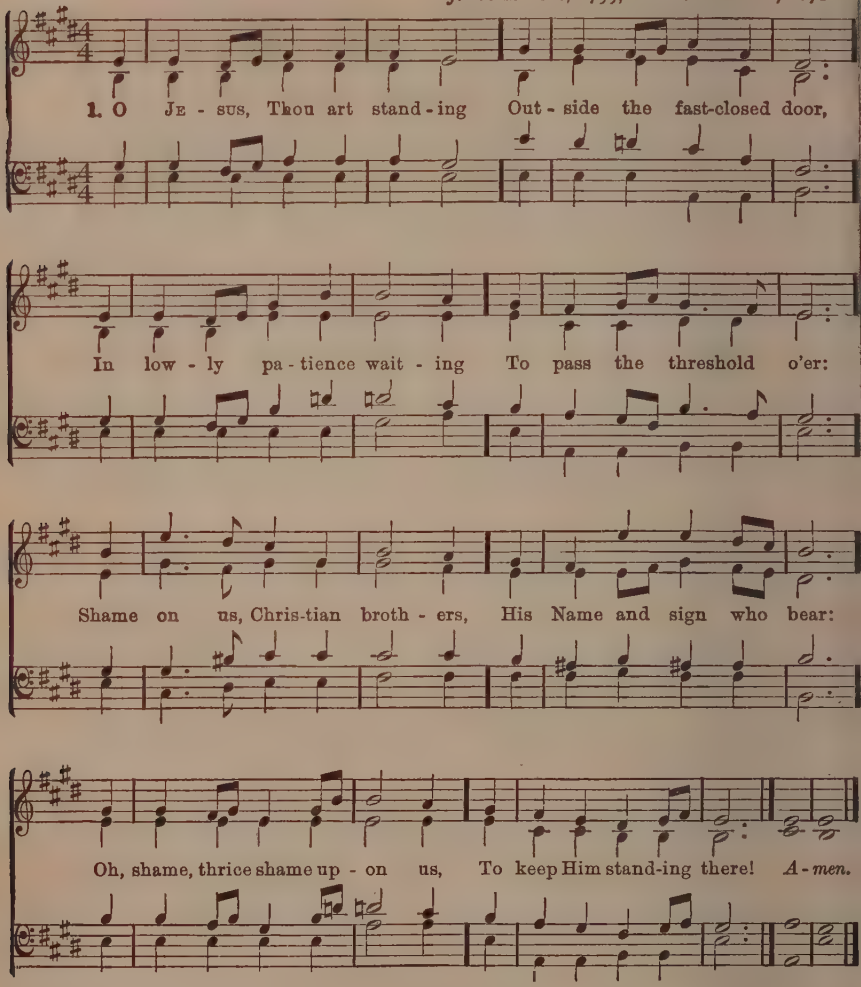
3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele

210 ST. HILDA 7s, 6s -81.

Arr. by W. H. Walter, from
J. H. Knecht, 1799, and E. Husband, 1871

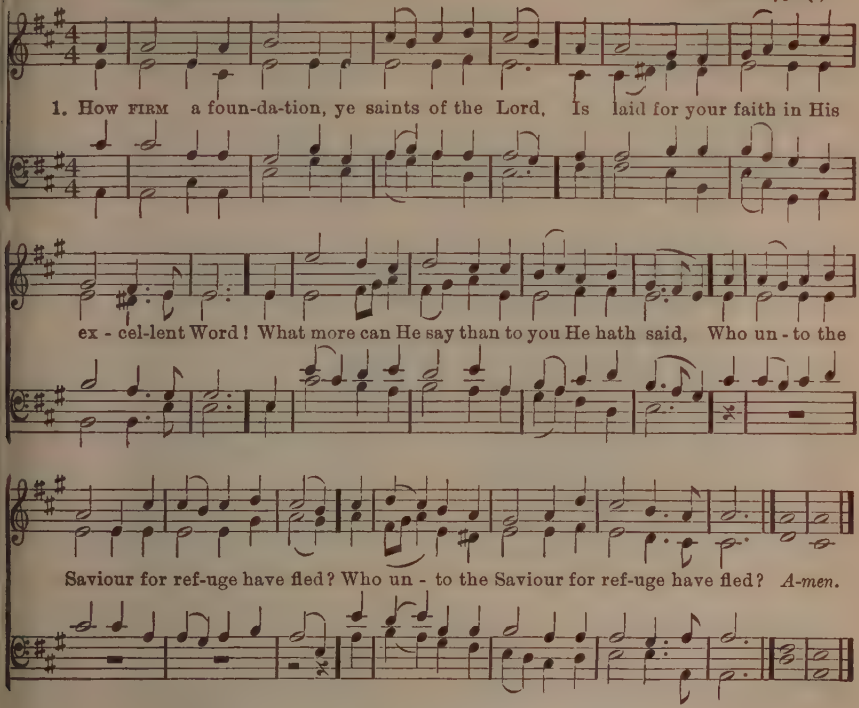


2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How, 1867

211 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s. Anon. 1751 (?)



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

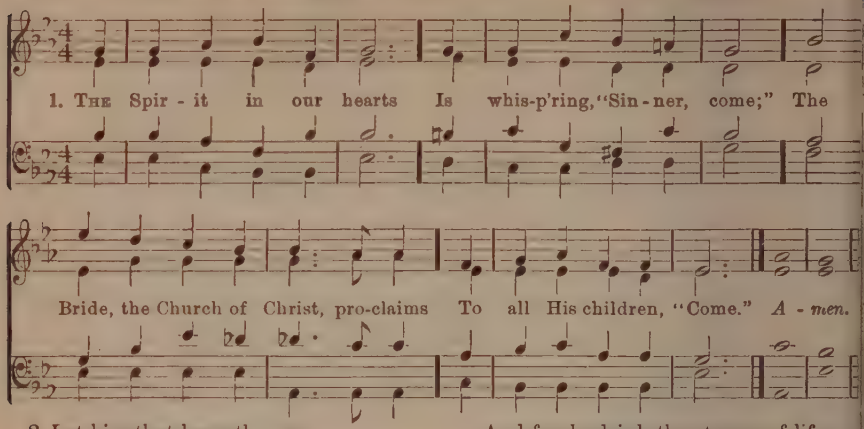
5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

R. Keene, 1787

212 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866



2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

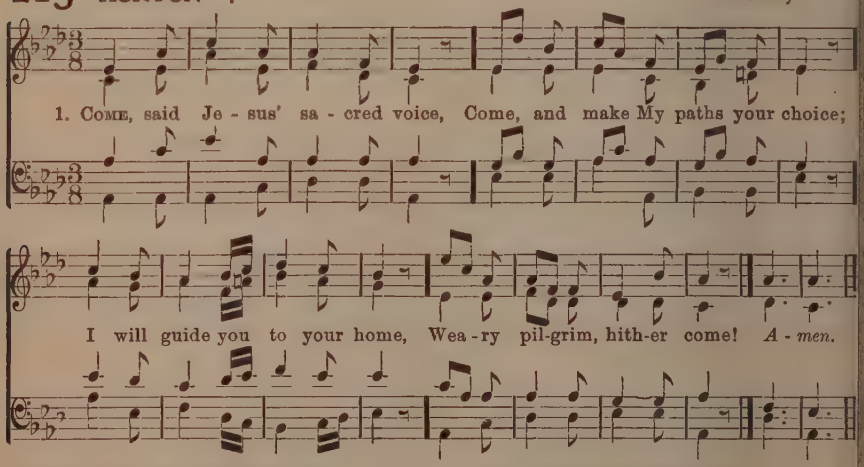
3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

E. U. Onderdonk, 1826

213 HORTON 7s.

Xavier Schnyder



2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

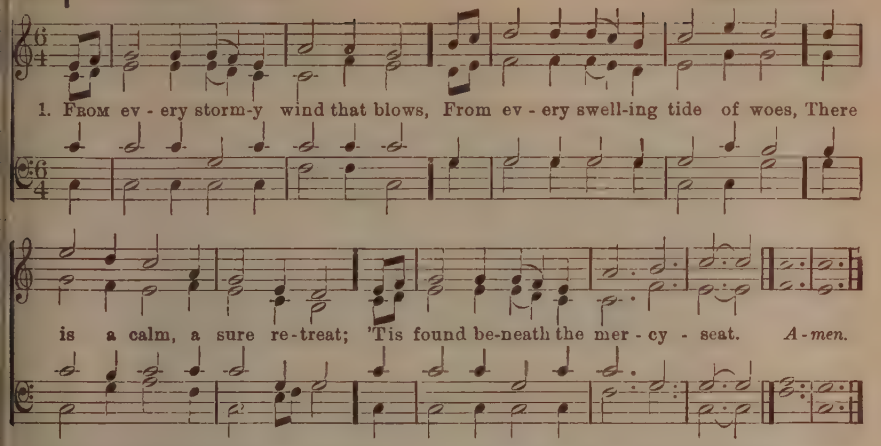
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

A. L. Barbauld, 1792

214 RETREAT L. M.

T. Hastings, 1842



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

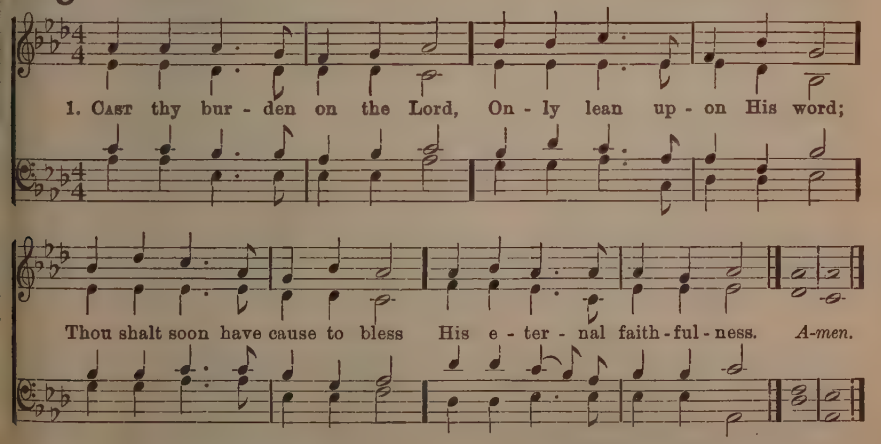
3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell, 182

215 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874



2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Anon.

216 MESSIAH 7s. 8l.

Arr. by Geo. Kingsley (1811 –1884)

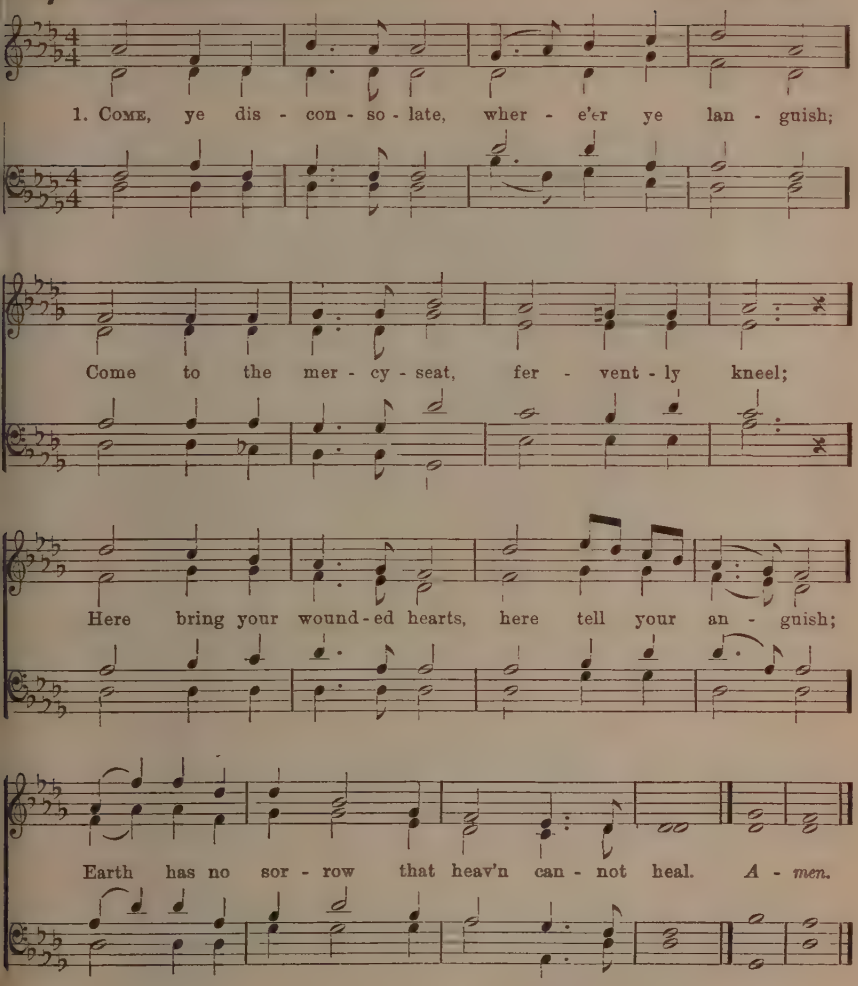
1. Sin - ners, turn! Why will ye die? God your Mak - er asks you why,
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live.
He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye cross His love and die? *A - men.*

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why,
God, who did your souls retrieve,
God, who died that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify the Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why,
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love.
Will ye not the grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

C. Wesley, 17

217 CONSOLATOR (Alma) 11, 10s. S. Webbe, 1792



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore, 1816 *Alt.* V. 3, T. Hastings, 1832

218 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley

1. E - TER - NAL Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,
When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with
calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee! *A - men.*

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

T. Binney, 1826

219 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad - ness to this heart; They tell me all is done; They bid my fear de - part, To whom, save Thee, who canst a - lone For sin a - tone, Lord, shall I flee! *A - men.*

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

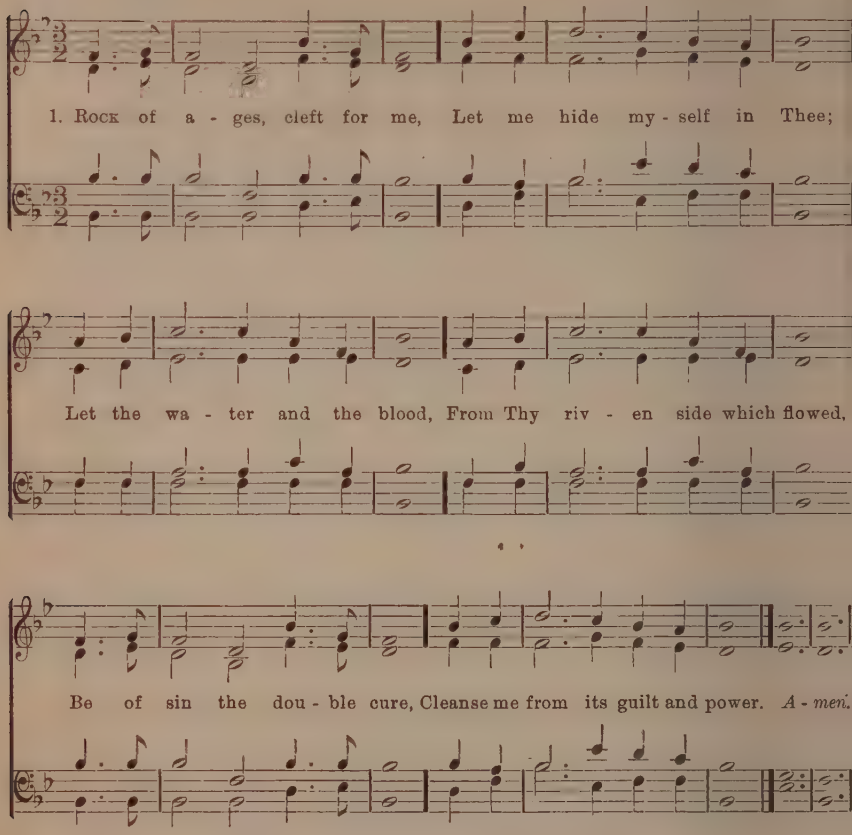
3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857

220 TOPLADY 7s. 61.

T. Hastings, 1830



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

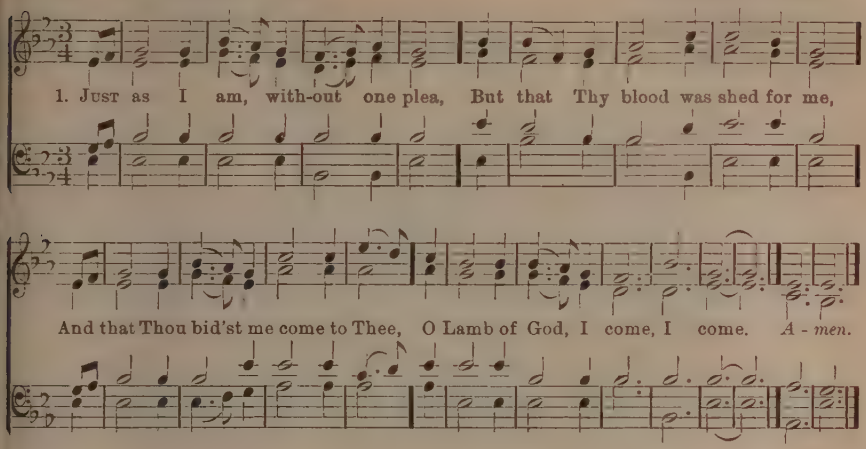
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776

221 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

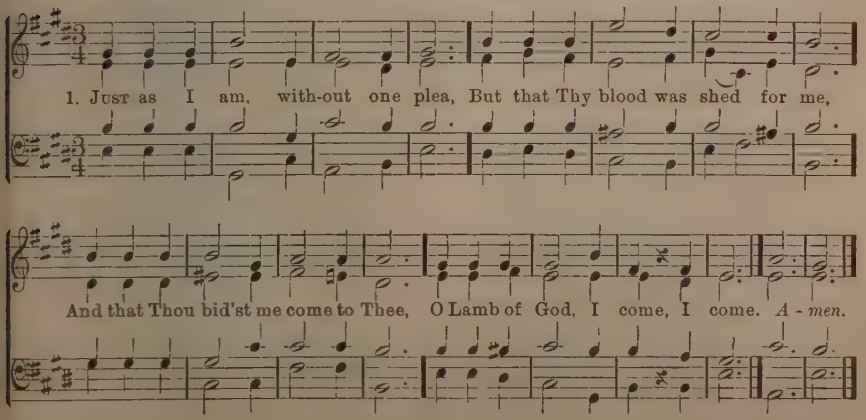
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

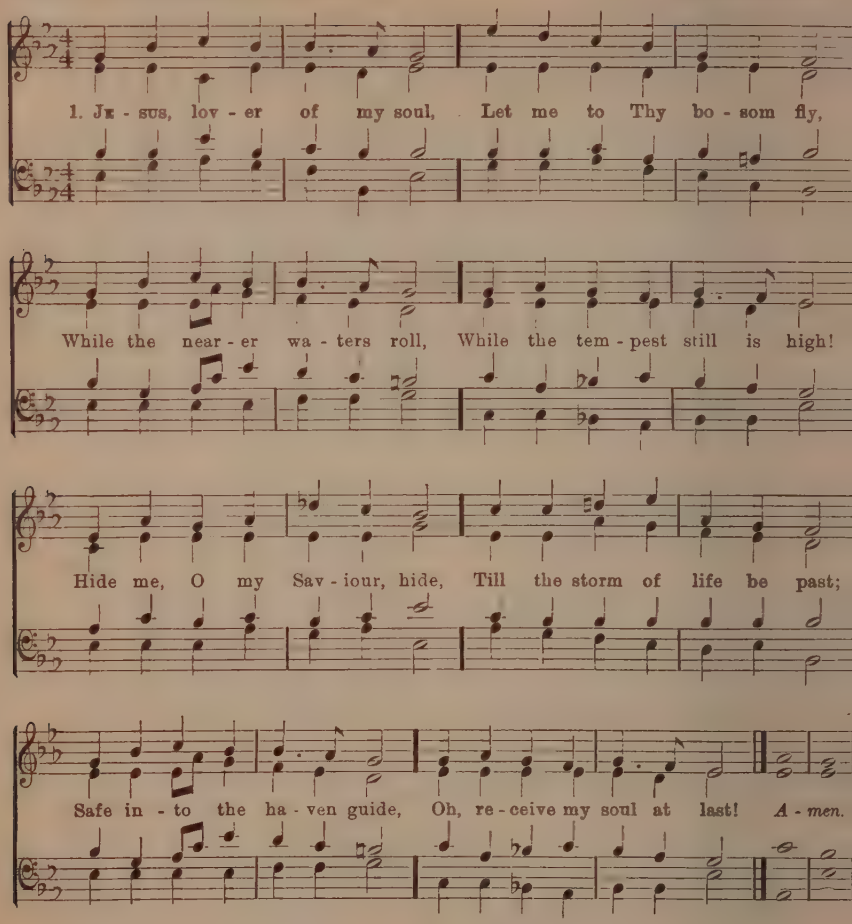
C. Elliott, 1836

ST. CRISPIN L. M. *(Second Tune)*

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)



222 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l. J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

C. Wesley, 1740

MARTYN 7s. 8l. *(Second Tune)* S. B. Marsh, 1834

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
{ While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last! *A - men.*

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

223 COWPER C. M. L. Mason, 1830

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sin-ners, plung'd be -

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. *A - men.*

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

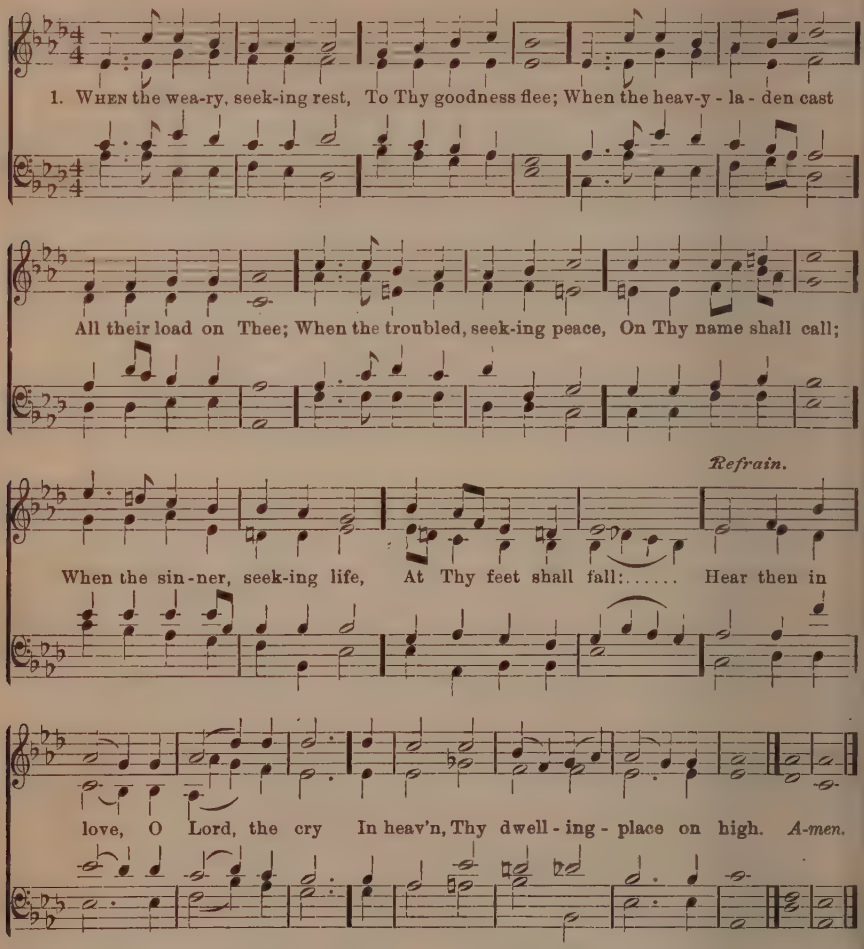
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1772

224 INTERCESSION, NEW 7s, 5s. 8 l. With Refrain

W. H. Callcott, 1867
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846



2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:

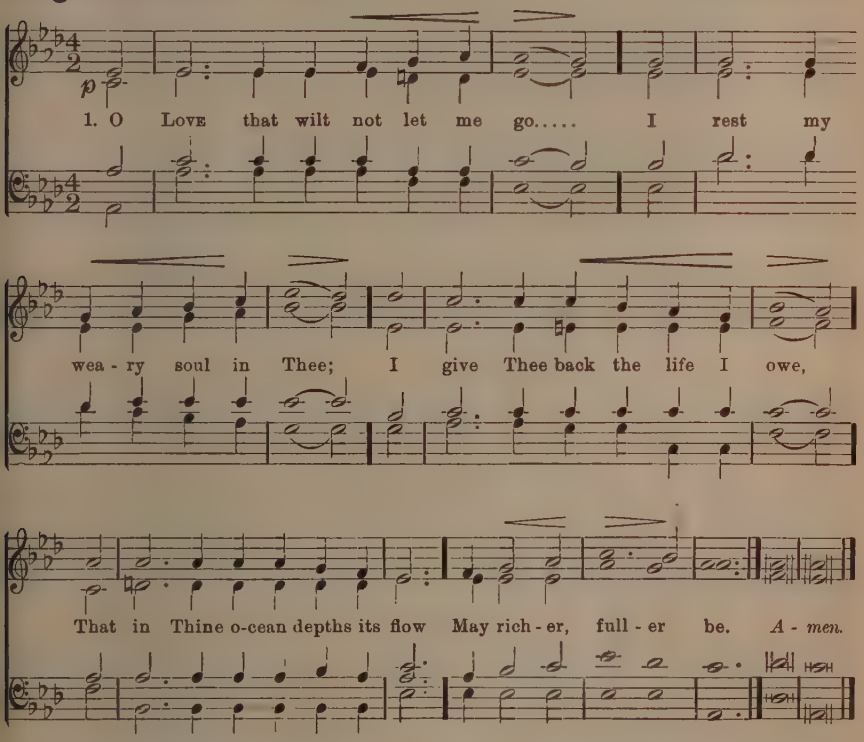
(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar, 1866 *Ab.*

225 MARGARET 8, 8, 8, 8, 6

A. L. Peace, 1885



2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

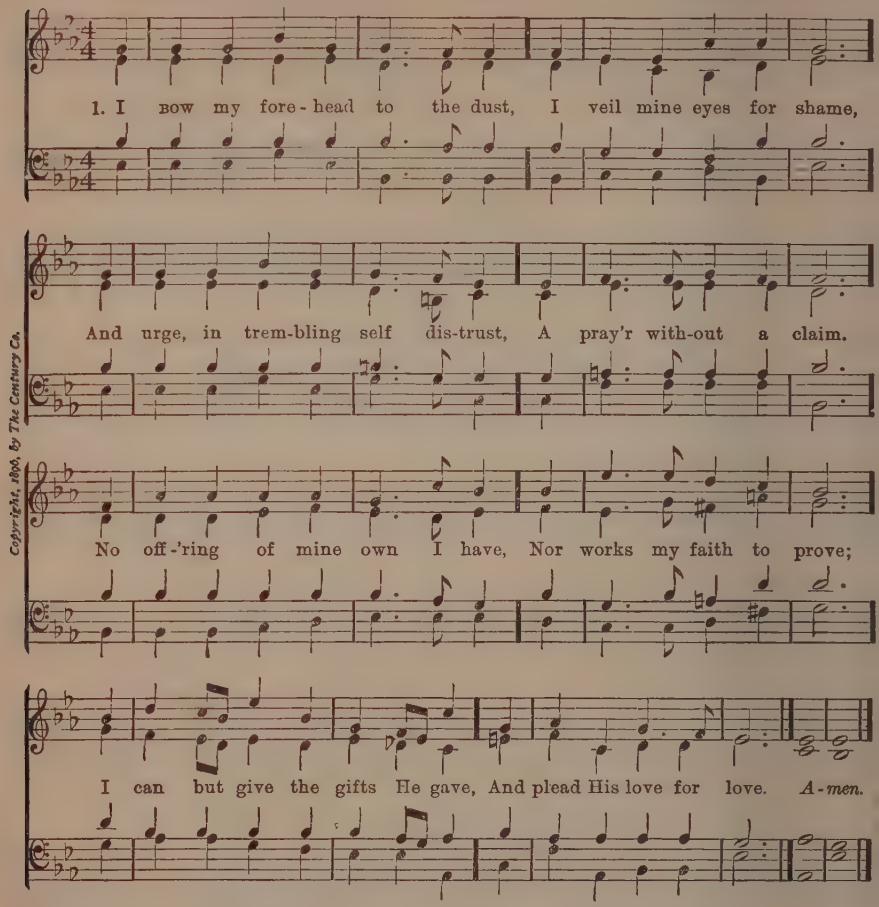
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson, 1882

Salvation Accepted

226 DENVER C. M. 81. H. Houseley, 1896



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2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

J. G. Whittier, 1867 *Arr.*

227 PRINCE St. Catherine) L. M. 6 l.

Arr. fr. F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847) Attrib. to F. H. Hemy, 1865 Alt by J. G. Walton, 1871 (?)

1. Je - sus, Thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee And reign with-out a ri - val there.

Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am, Be Thou a - lone my constant flame. *A - men.*

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
What wondrous things Thy love hath [wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt, 1653. *Tr.* J. Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 7, alt

228 EVEN ME

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3 With Refrain — W. B. Bradbury, 1862

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free,—
{ Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me,

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some por - tion fall on me. *A - men.*

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me,
even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me, even me!

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me, even me!

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'T is but one more, Lord, for Thee;
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh bless me, even me!

E. Codner, 1860

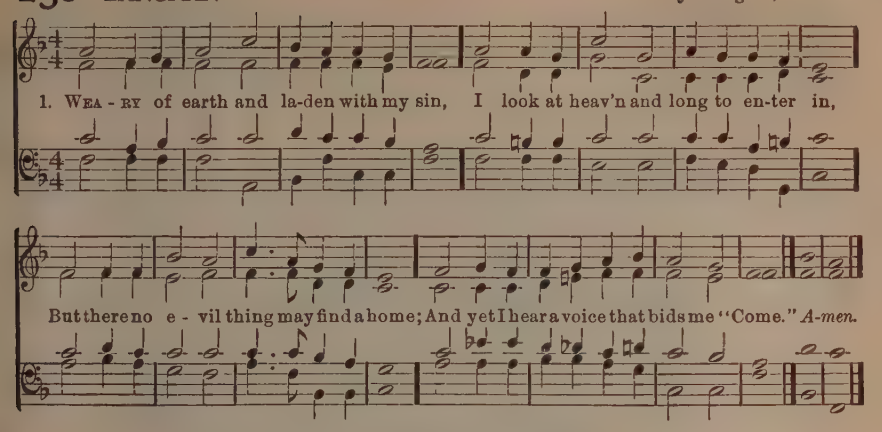
229 RAPHAEL

C. M. — Arr. fr. Donizetti (1797—1848)

1. I've found the Pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy. *A - men.*

230 LANGRAN 10s. J. Langran, 1862



2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'T was He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

S. J. Stone, 1866

(RAPHAEL) C. M.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the Throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

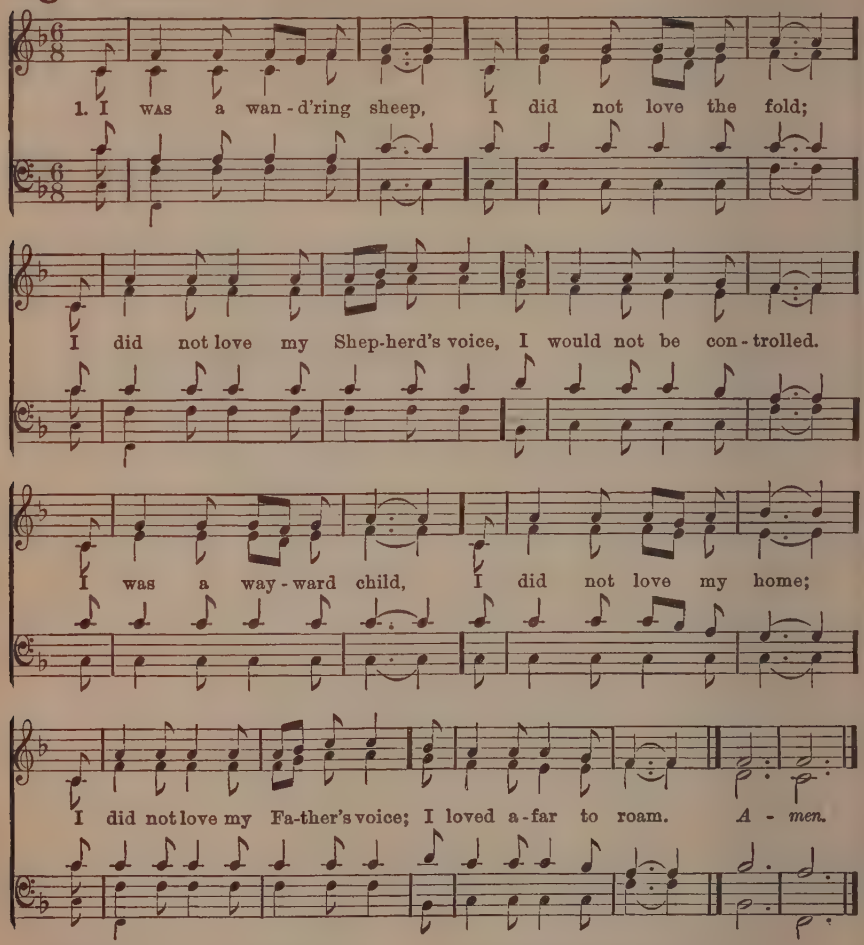
4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

J. Mason, 1683

231 LEBANON S. M. 81.

J. Zundel, 1855



2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole;
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold;
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

H. Bonar, 1844

232 LUX MUNDI 7s, 6s. 8l. Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Not too fast.

1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance Be - fore Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;
Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee,
And, all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. *A - men.*

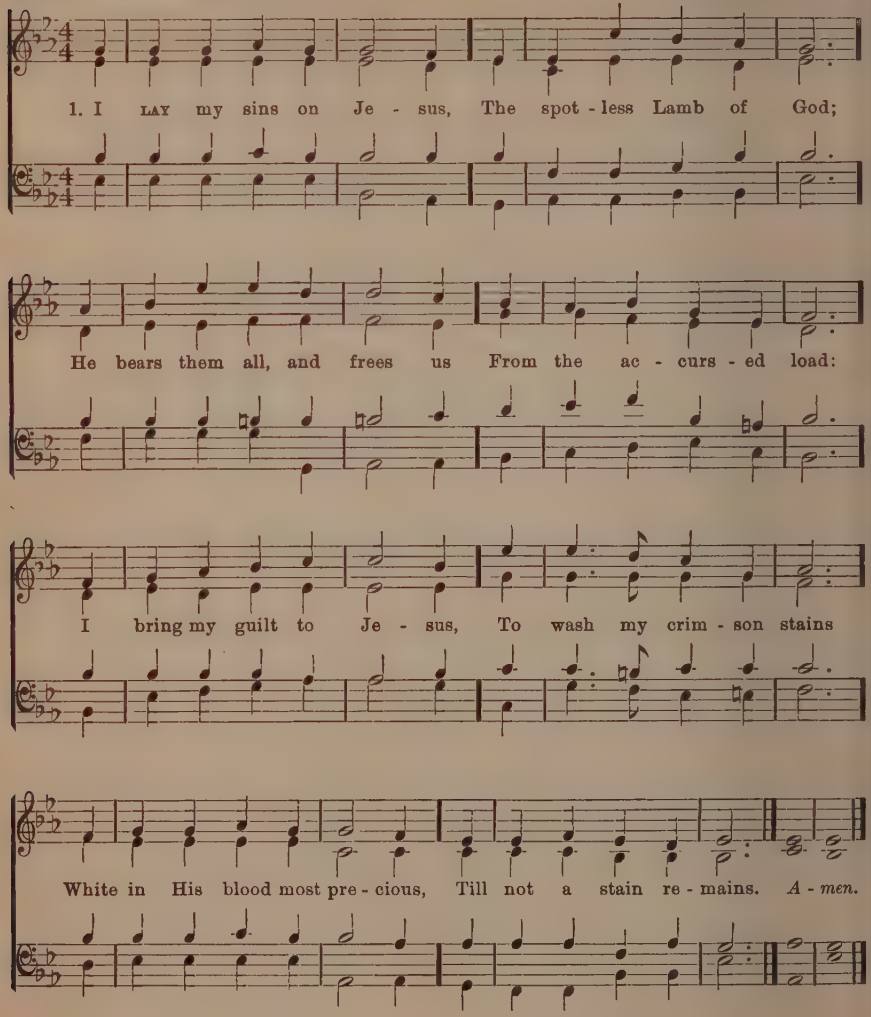
2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee,
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. R. Palmer, 1834

Salvation Accepted

233 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l. S. S. Wesley, 1864



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song,

H. Bonar, 1843

234 CONSTANCE 8s, 7s. 8l. Irregular

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
For I am His and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. *A - men.*

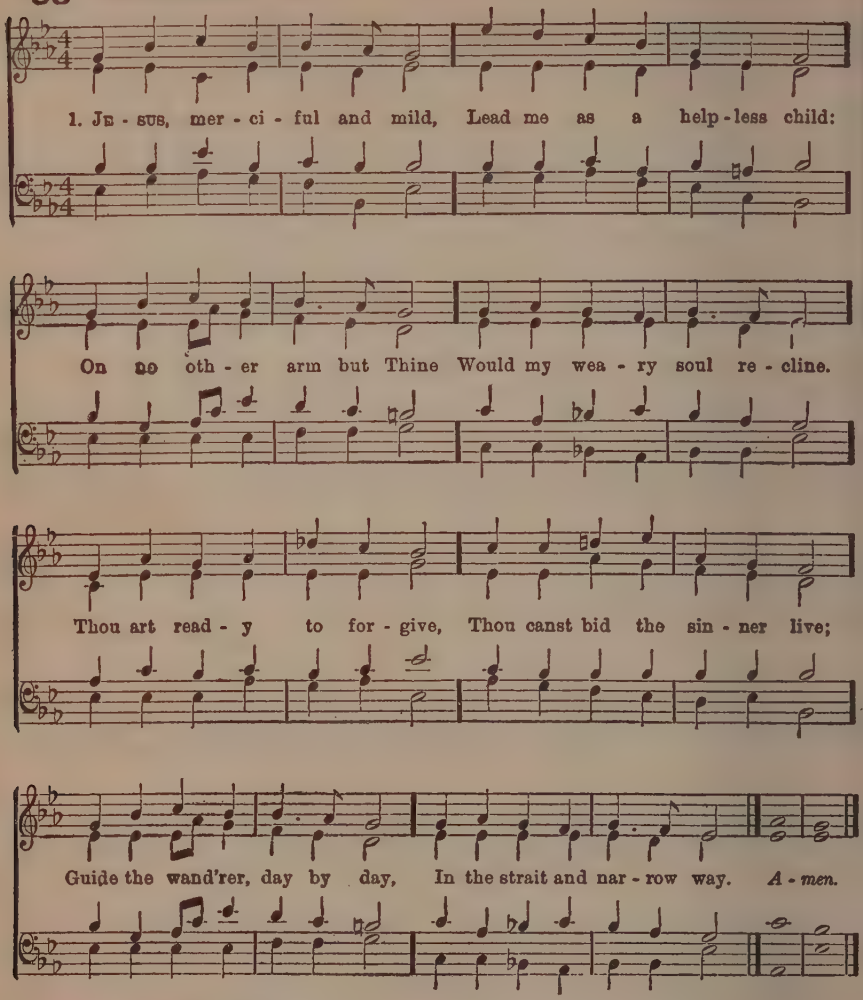
2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

J. G. Small, 1866

235 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l. J. B. Dykes, 1861



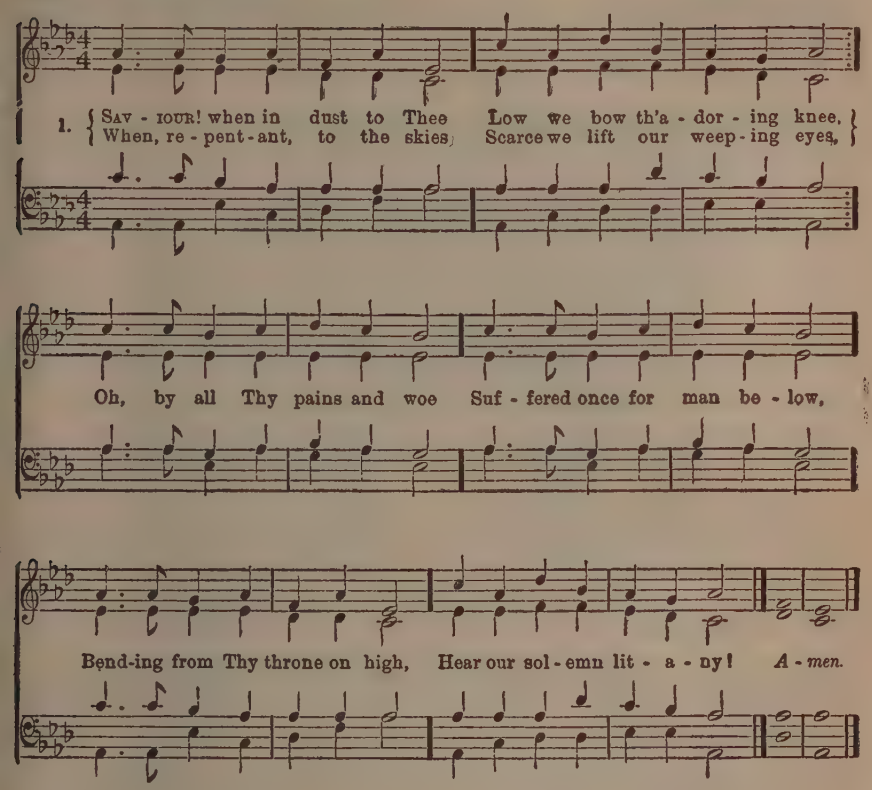
2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more can I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. Hastings, 1858

Salvation Accepted

236 SPANISH HYMN 7s. 8l. Spanish Melody



2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power:
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that swept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told;
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

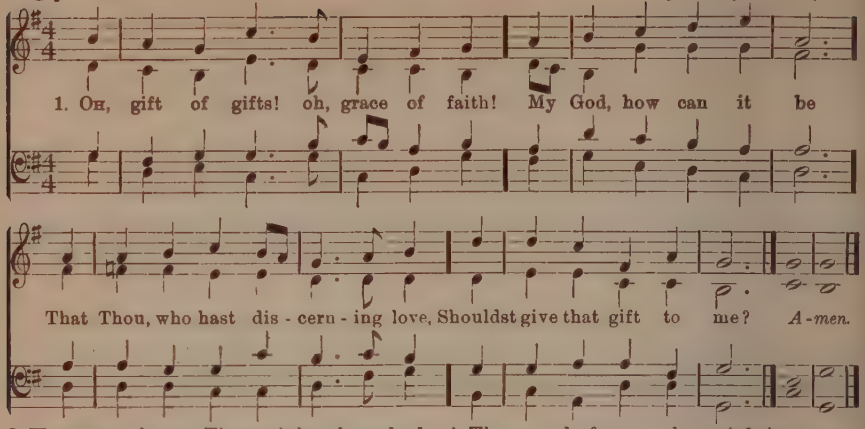
4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

R. Grant, 1815

237 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867



2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts,
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

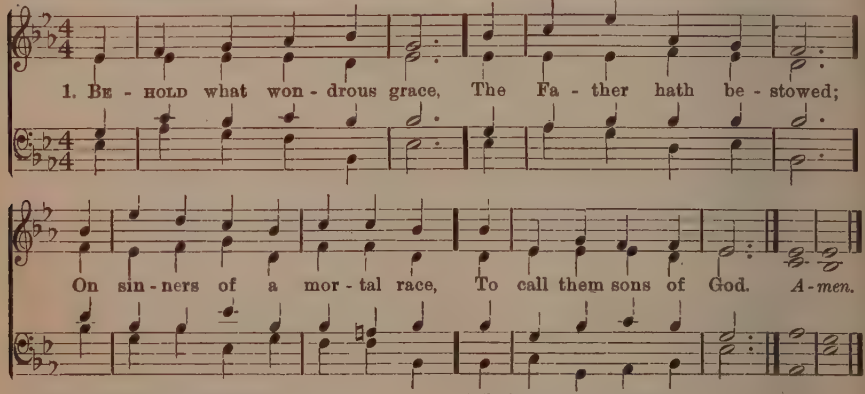
4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright!

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

F. W. Faber, 1849

238 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)



2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

I. Watts, 1709 *Ab.*

239 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? *A - men.*

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His [hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

C. Wesley, 1740

240 DORRNANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone. *A - men.*

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

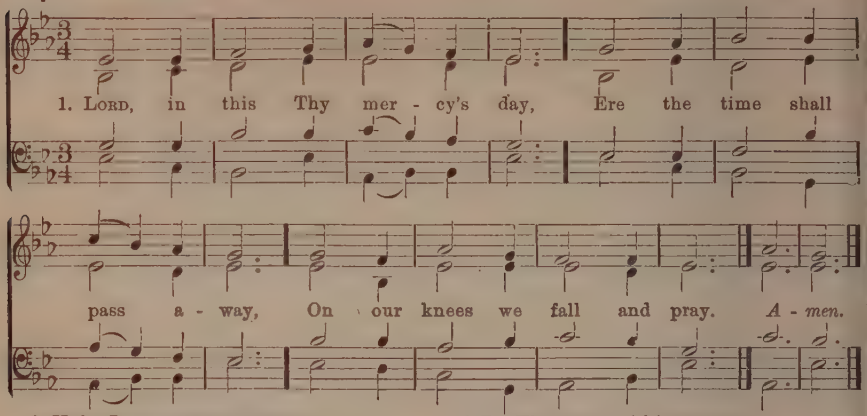
3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path of heaven.

Anon., 1849

242 ST. PHILIP 7s. 3 l.

W. H. Monk, 1861



2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

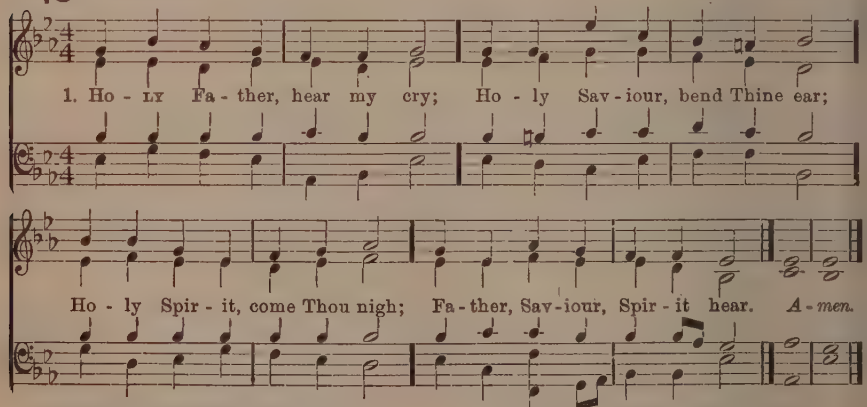
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams, 1844

243 BARTLETT 7s.

John I. Romig



2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

H. Bonar, 1843

244 SOLID ROCK L. M. 61.

W. B. Bradbury (1816—1868)

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name:
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. *A - men.*

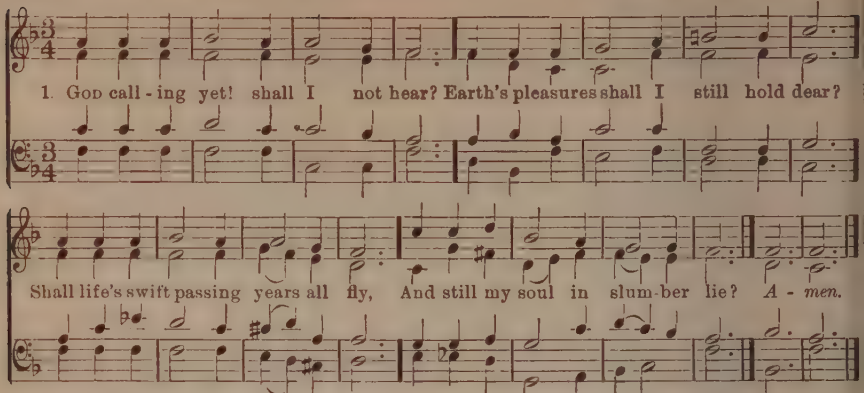
2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

E. Mote

245 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865



2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

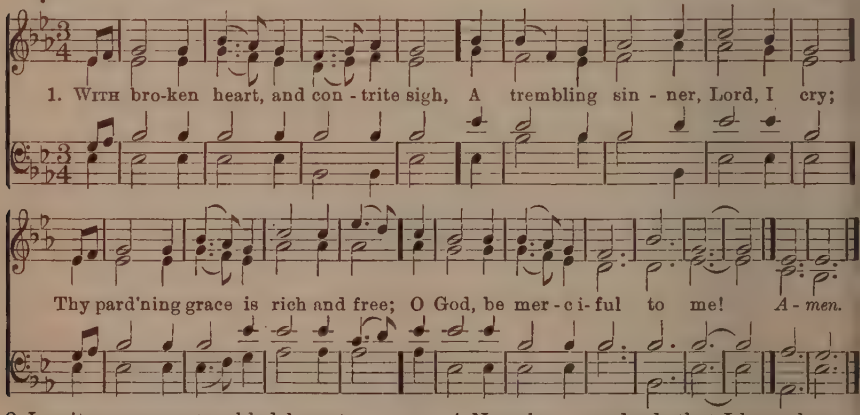
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. Tersteegen, 1735. *Tr.* S. B. Findlater, 1855

246 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849



2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

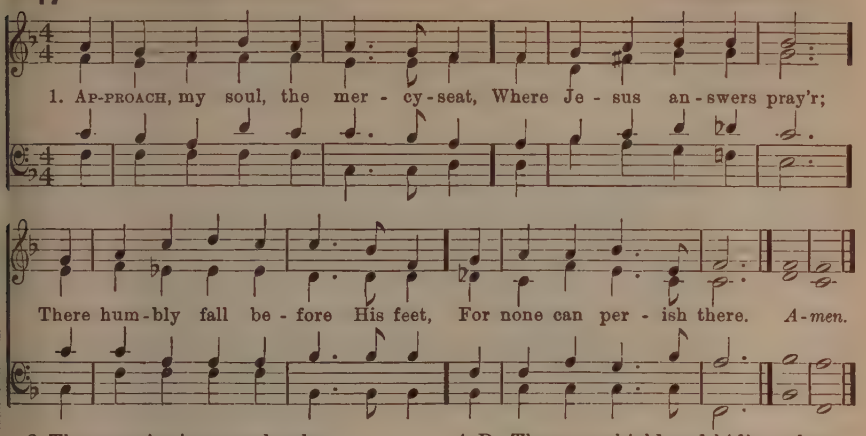
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

C. Elven, 1852

247 DALEHURST C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

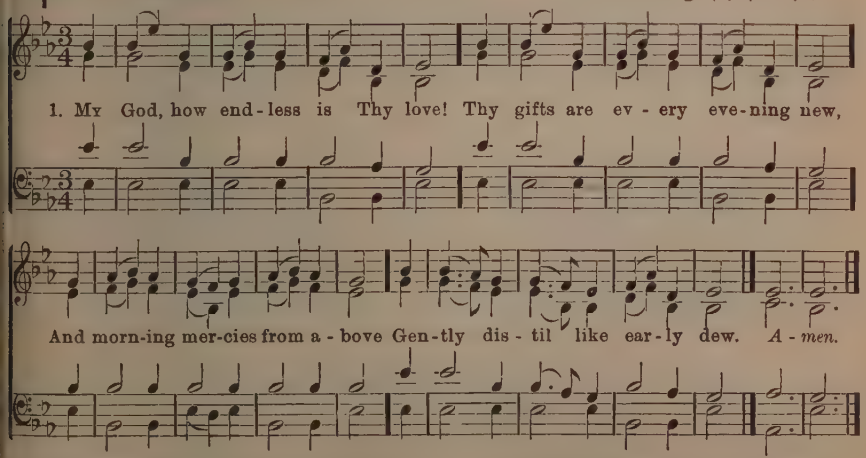
4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy precious name.

J. Newton, 1779

248 GRATITUDE L. M.

Thos. Hastings (1784—1872)



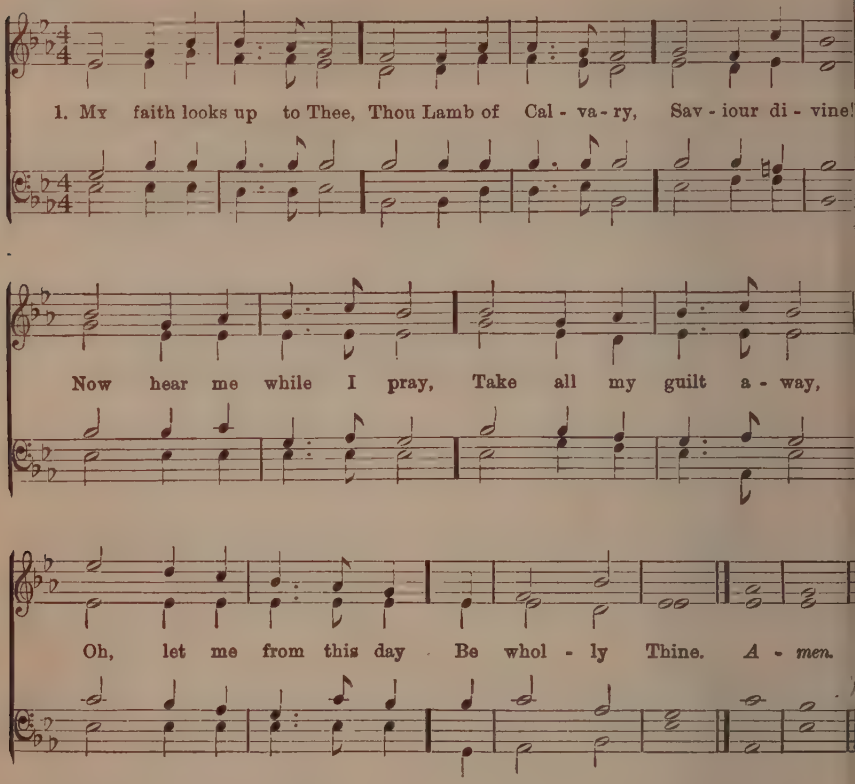
2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts, 1709

249 OLIVET 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1832



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

R. Palmer, 1860

250 HOLY OFFERINGS 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8 R. Redhead (1820—)

1. Ho - ly of - f'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and prayer,
Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp-ed hands, up - lift - ed eye, Low - ly
acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion— On His
al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, pre-sent them! God, re - ceive them! *A-men.*

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

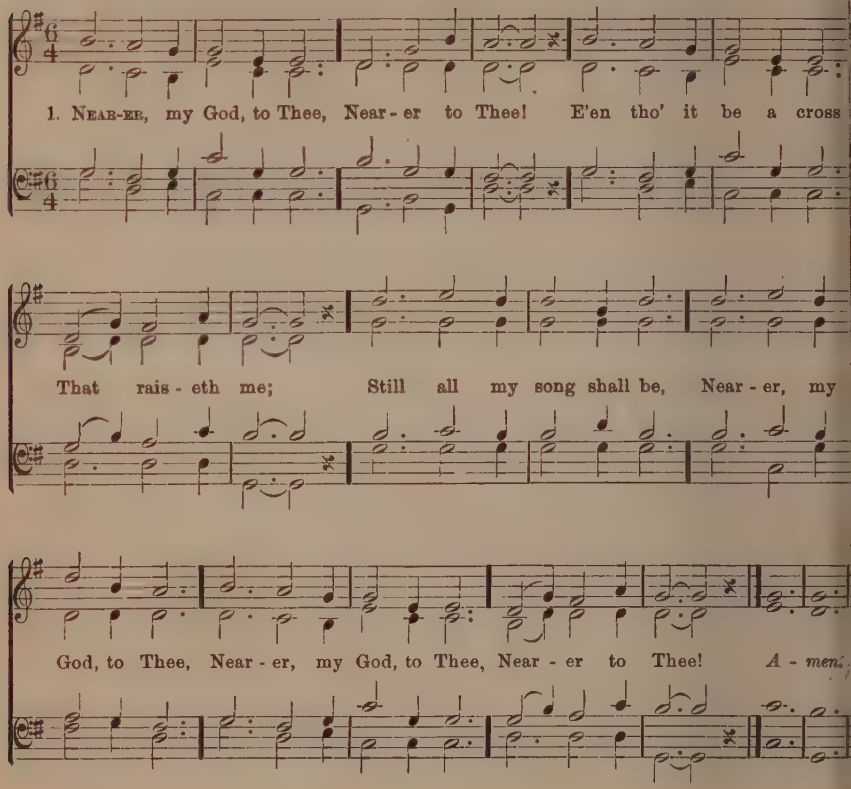
4 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstacy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

5 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, holy! holy! holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1867

251 BETHANY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1856



2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. Adams, 1841

HORBURY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 *(Second Tune)* J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! *A - men.*

252 NETTLETON 8s, 7s. 81. J. Wyeth, 1812

FINE.

1. { COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

D. C. Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love! *A - men.*

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson, 1758

253 DISCIPLE (Ellesdie) 8s, 7s. 8 l.

Arr. fr. W. A. Mozart, by H. P. Main

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. *A-men*

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gathe
All must work for good to me.

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1825

54 PROPIOR DEO 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make
On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea, More love, O
Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! *A - men.*

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry,
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

E. P. Prentiss, 1869

255 SOMETHING FOR THEE 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

T. E. Perkins

1. Sav-iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-ho

Dear Lord, from Thee, In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vo

Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. *A - men*

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

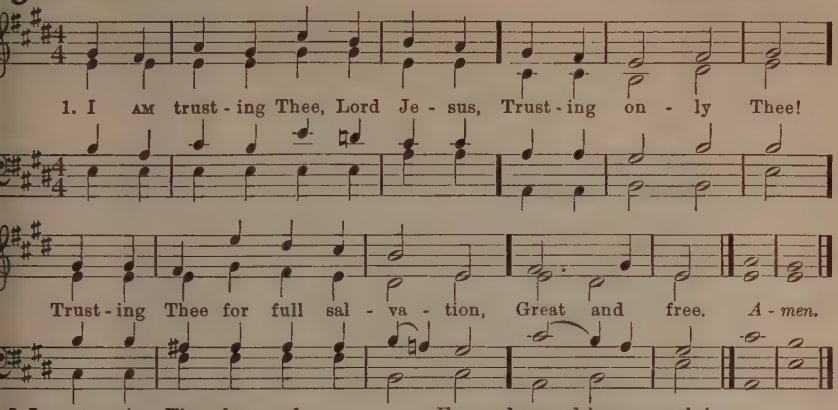
3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps, 1867

256 ST. HELEN'S P. M. 8, 5, 8, 3

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)



2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

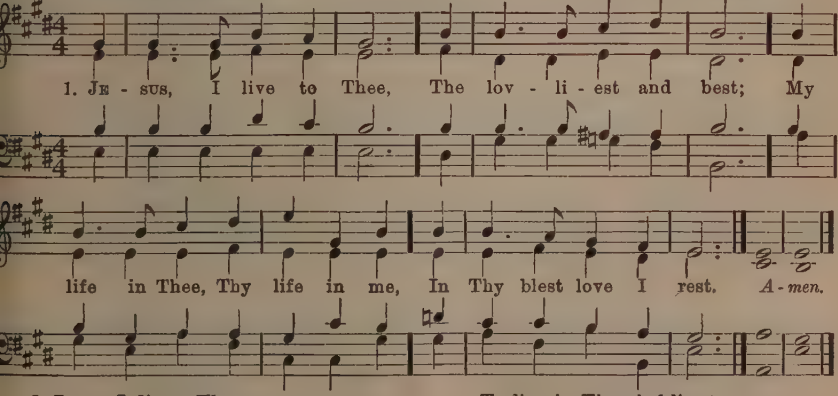
5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

257 ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887



2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

H. Harbaugh, 1850

258 BAXTER 6s. 8l.

U. C. Burnap, 1872

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God, So - shall I walk a - right. *A - men.*

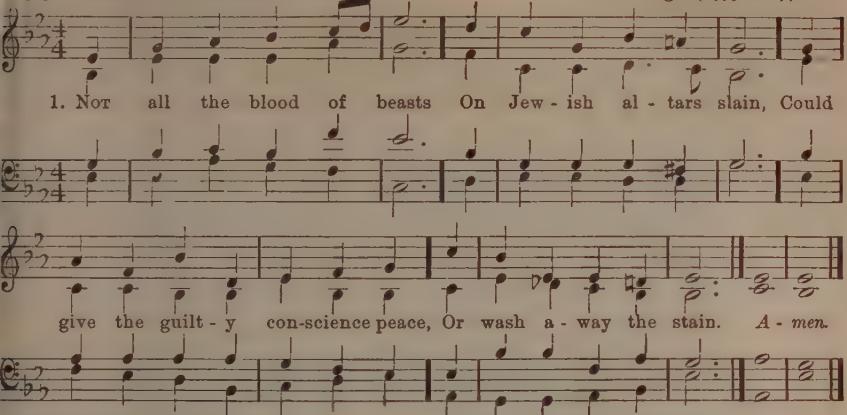
2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar, 1857

259 BEN RHYDDING S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

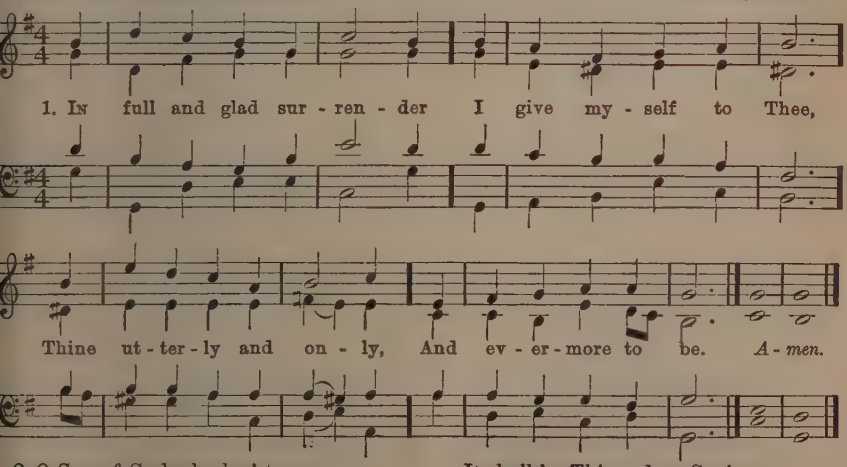
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts, 1709.

260 LASTINGHAM 7s, 6s.

A. Gray, 1895



2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
Myself and my possessions
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

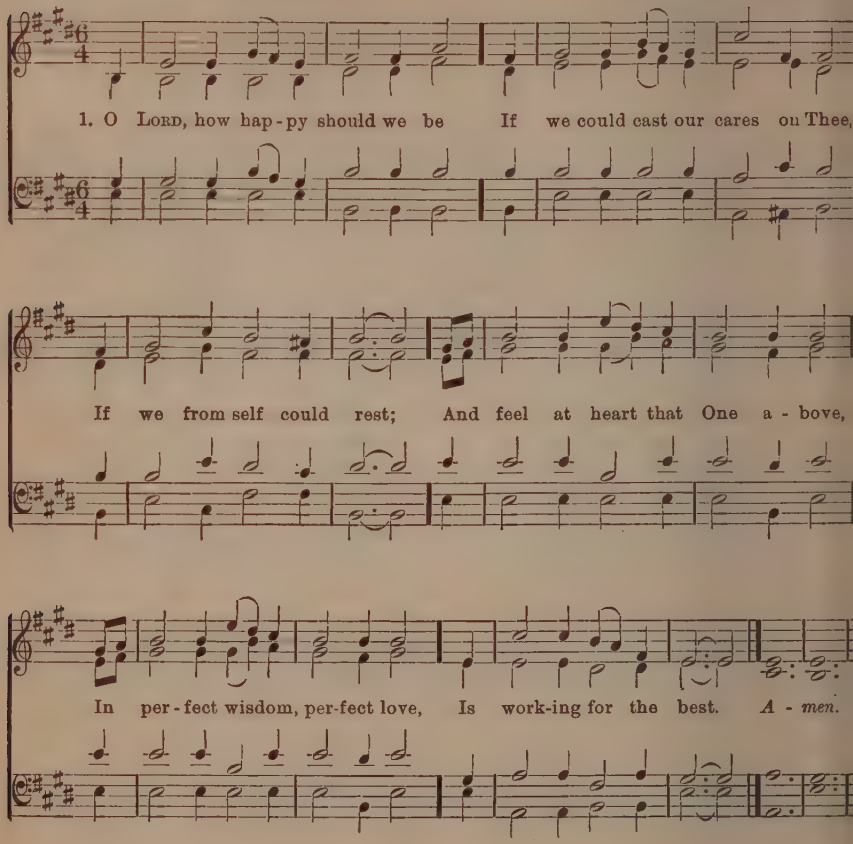
3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
Oh make my heart Thy throne:
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.

F. R. Havergal, 1869

261 BREMEN 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

T. Hastings (1784—1872)



2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

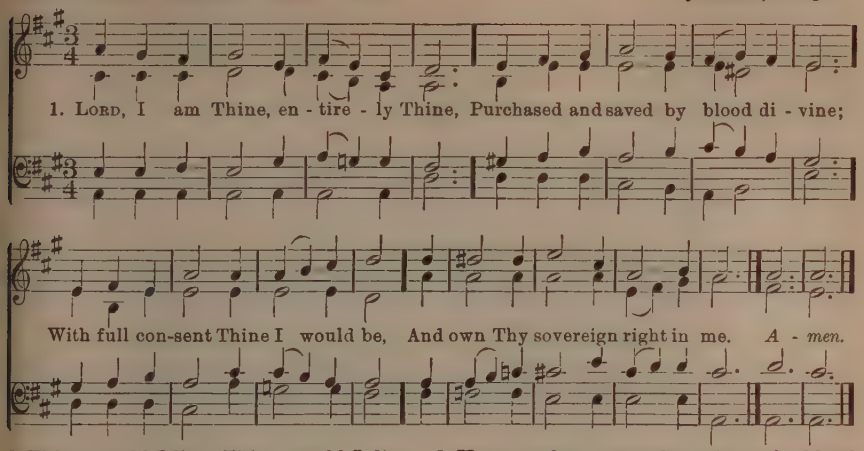
4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of our
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice, 1836

262 SHELTERING WING L. M.

J. Barnby, 1883



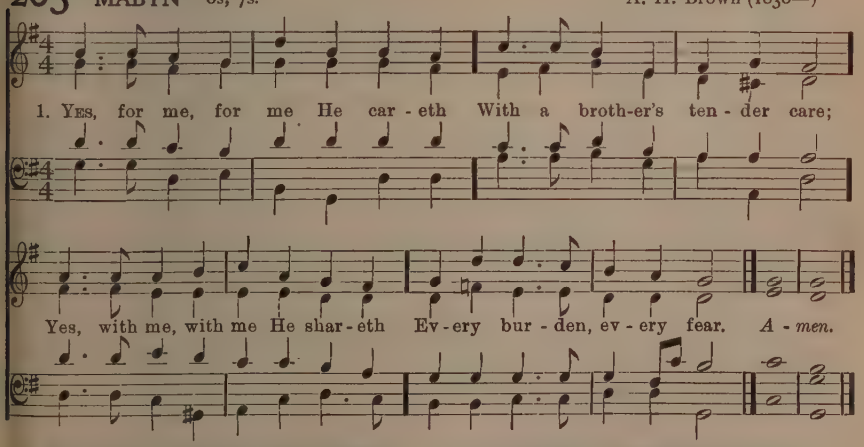
2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

S. Davies, publ., 1769

263 MABYN 8s, 7s.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

H. Bonar, 1844

264 ELTON 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)

1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise. *A-men.*

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier, 1872

(Second Tune)

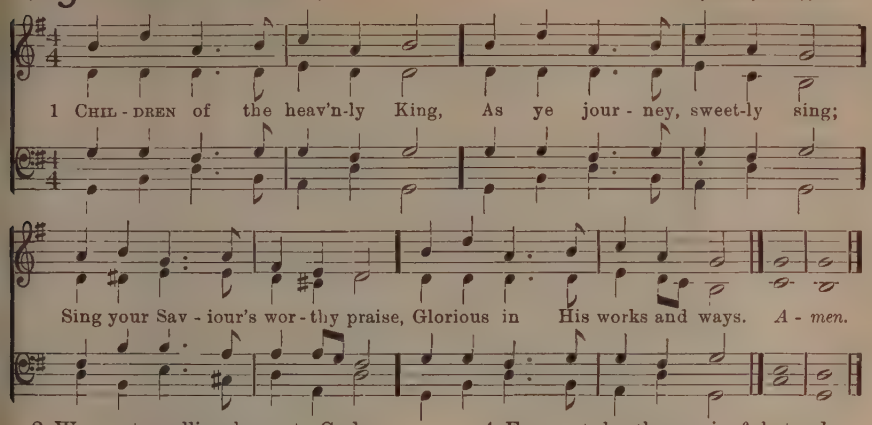
ETERNAL LIGHT 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

M. B. Foster (1851—)

1. Dear Lord and Father of man-kind, For-give our fever-ish ways; Reclothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep- er rev-'rence, praise. *A-men.*

265 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

I. J. Pleyel, 1790



2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

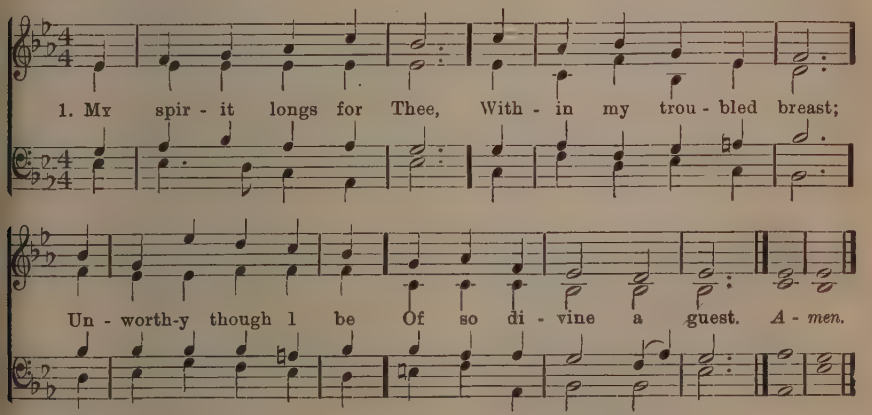
4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick, 1742 *Ab.*

266 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)



2 Of so divine a guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

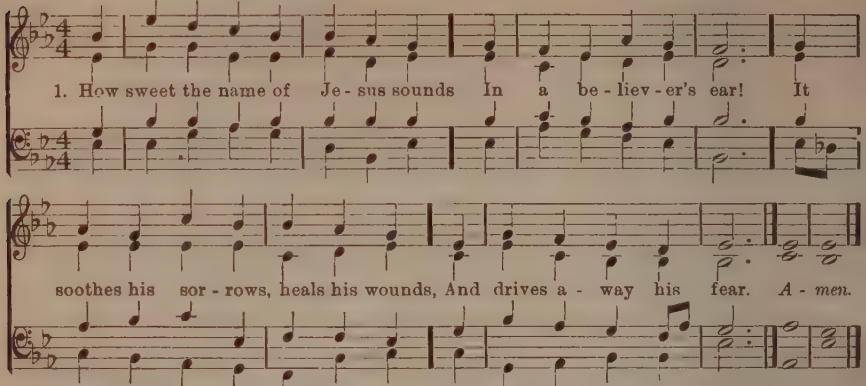
3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

John Byrom, 1773

267 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

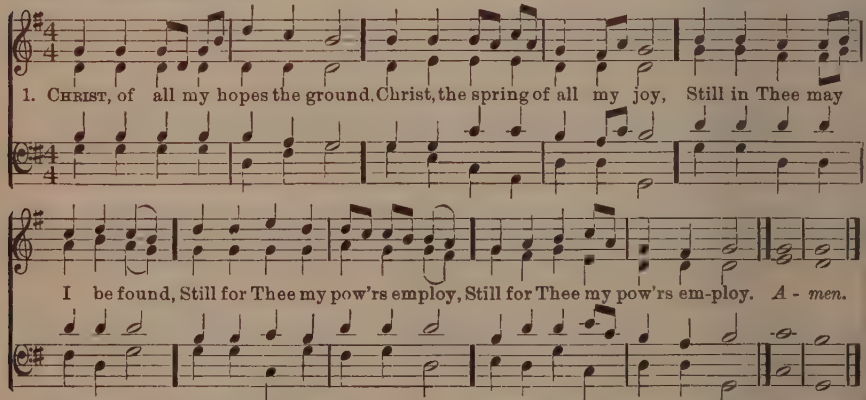
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779

268 HENDON 7s.

H. A. C. Malan, 1827



2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

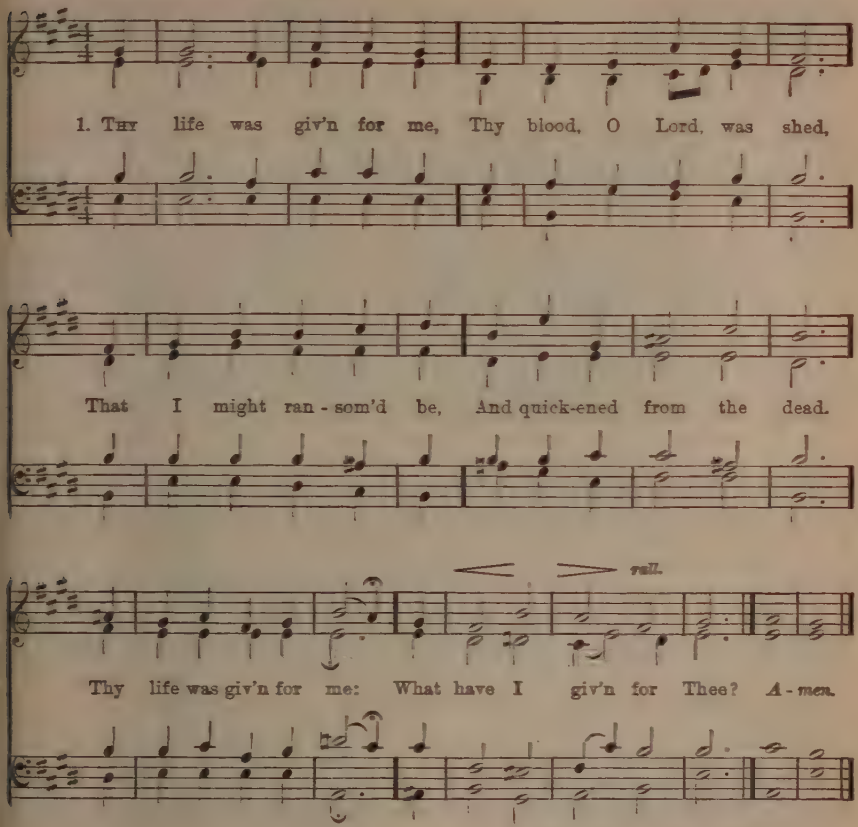
3 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

R. Wardlaw, 1817

269 FALCONER 6s. 6l.

A. C. Falconer (1850—)



2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1858

270 ST. BEDE C. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;
The chang - es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee. *A - men.*

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

A. L. Waring, 1890. *Alt.*

271 CEASELESS PRAISE 7s. 8l. Anon.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;

Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. *A - men.*

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou should choose.

3 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

272 ADORO L. M. 61. J. Barnby, 1872

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place
Slower.
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I
Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more. *A - men.*

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art min
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more

H. Collins, 18

273 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

Wm. Caldwell 1830

1. A - WAKE, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -
deem - er's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me, His
lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov - ing - kind - ness,
lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! *A - men.*

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

S. Medley, 1789

274 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE 11s.

Adoniram J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. *A - men.*

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon, on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

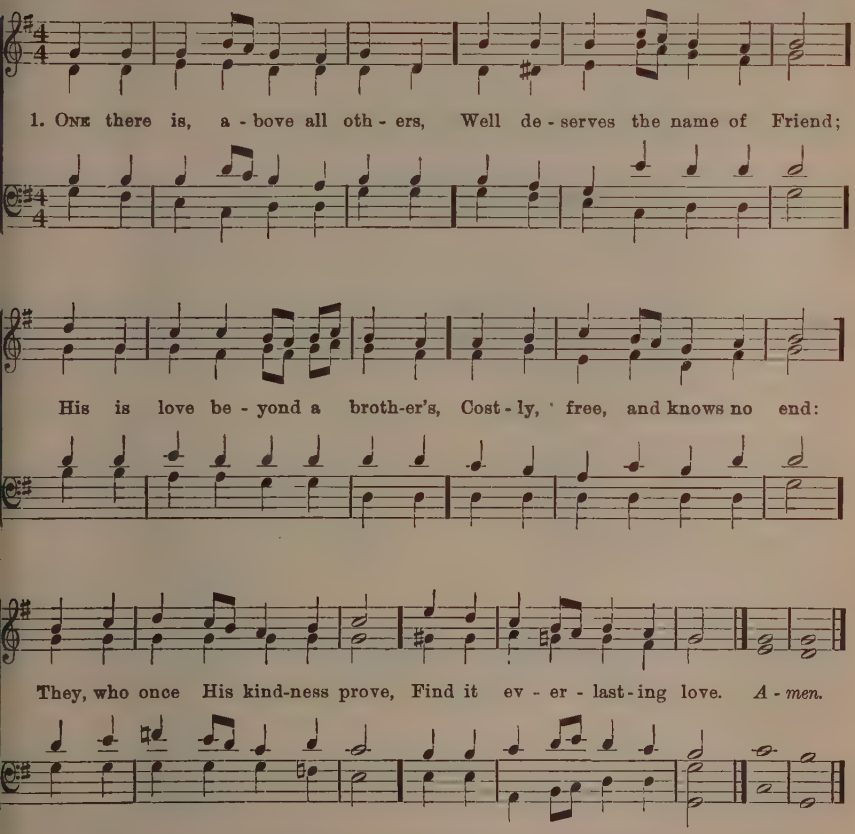
3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I 'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I 'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

Anon.

275 GOUNOD (Muriel) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

C. Gounod (1818—1893)



2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton, 1779

Love and Gratitude

276 FLEMMING 8, 8, 8, 6

Arr. fr. F. F. Flemming (1778—1832)

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour, friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean;
Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. *A - men.*

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

C. Elliott, 1836

277 POSEN 7s.

G. G. Strattner (1650—1705)

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
Sweet-er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. *A - men.*

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him who first loved me.

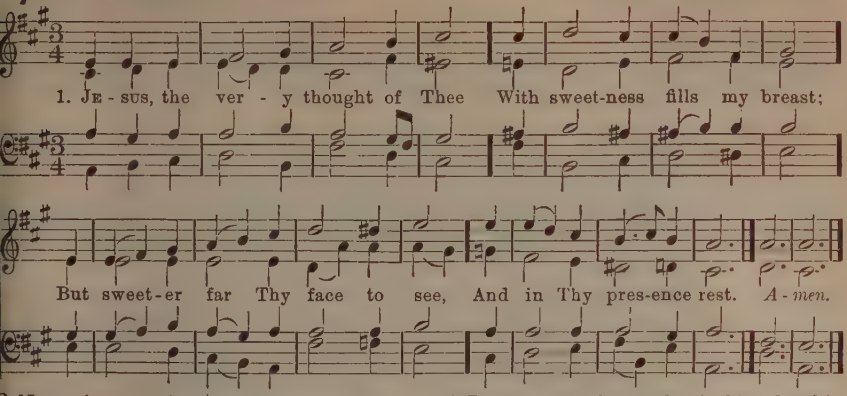
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

J. E. Leeson, 184

278 ST. BERNARD C. M.

W. H. Walter (1825—1893)



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

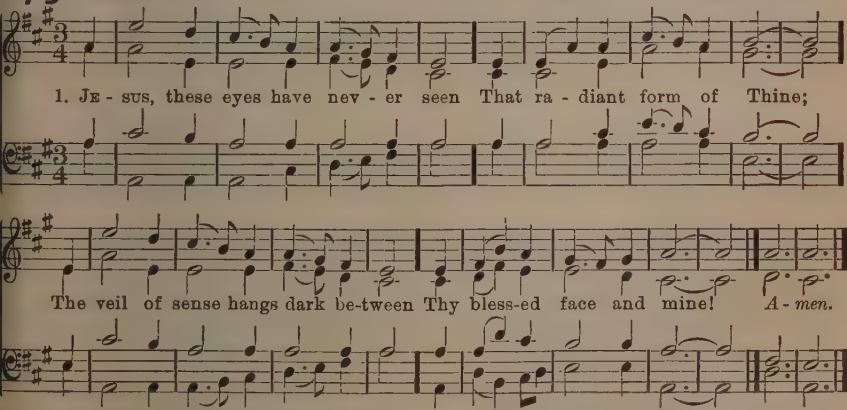
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shall be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (c. 1130 or 1140) *Tr.* E. Caswall

279 BOARDMAN C. M.

L. Devereux. Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art!

R. Palmer, 1858

280 HOLY CHURCH 7s, 6s. 81.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed? *A - men.*

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. Waring, 189

281 ARIEL 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

Mozart. Arr. L. Mason, 1836

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,

Which in my Sav - iour shine, { I'd soar, and touch the heav'n-ly strings, / And vie with Ga - briel while he sings }

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine. *A - men.*

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley, 1789

282 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
Whose won-drous love re - deemed me, At such tre-men-dous cost;
Thy right-eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre-cious blood must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. *A - men.*

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

F. R. Havergal, 1873

283 SPITTA 7s, 6s. 81.

H. P. Danks

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life from Thee;
In Thee is life pro - vid - ed, For all man - kind and me:
I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;
Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. *A - men.*

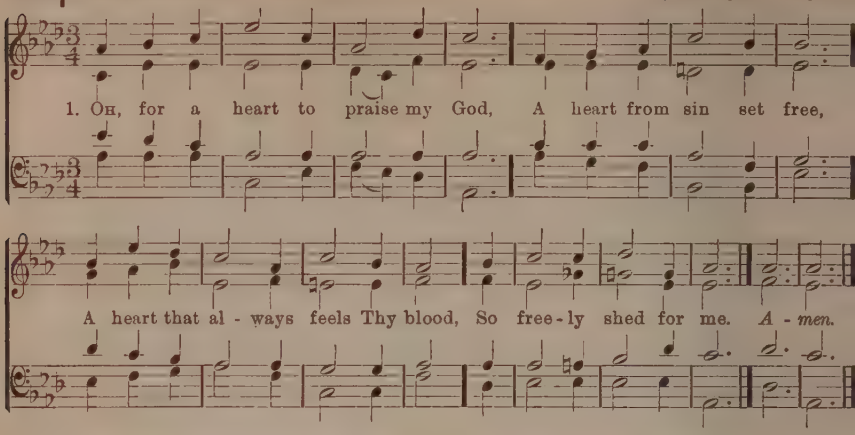
2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me;
If Thou, my God and teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

(German) C. J. P. Spitta, 1836 *Tr.* R. Massie, 1869

284 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

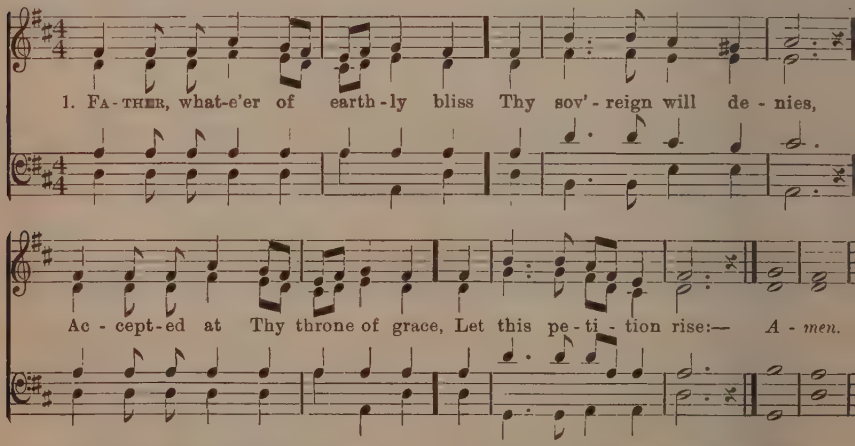
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, 1742

285 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836



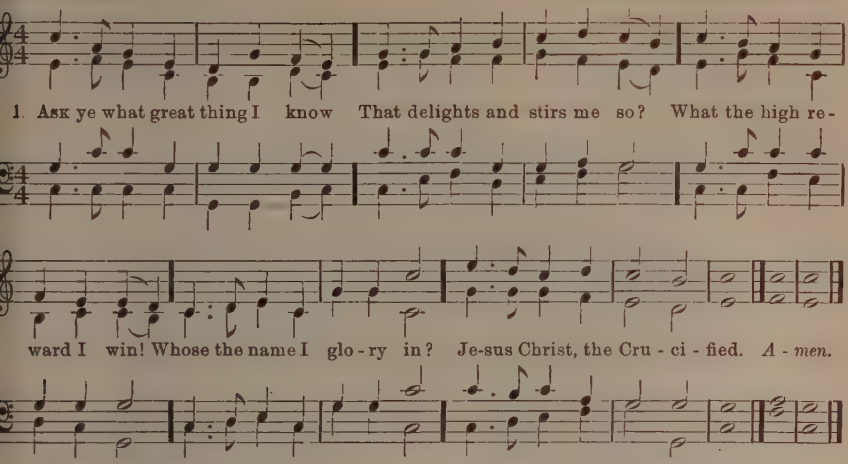
2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele, 1760

286 ESSEX 7s. 5l.

Thomas Clark (1775—1859)



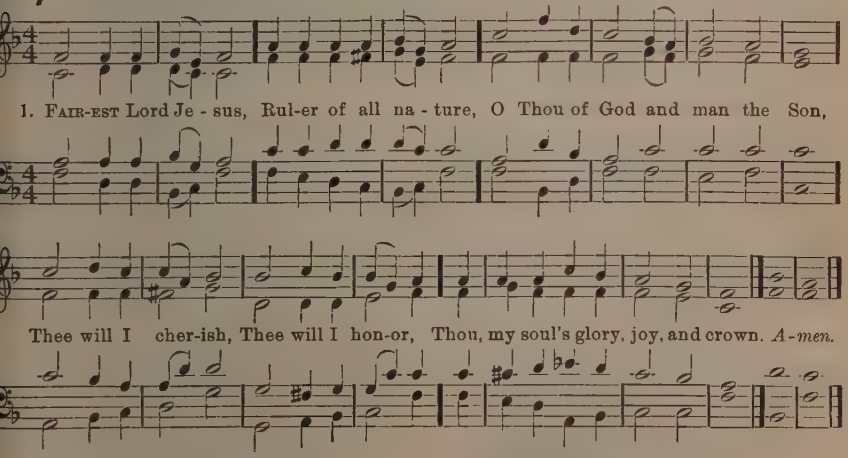
2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

German. *Tr.* Benjamin H. Kenedy, 1863

287 CRUSADERS' HYMN 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8

German. Arr. by R. S. Willis, 1850



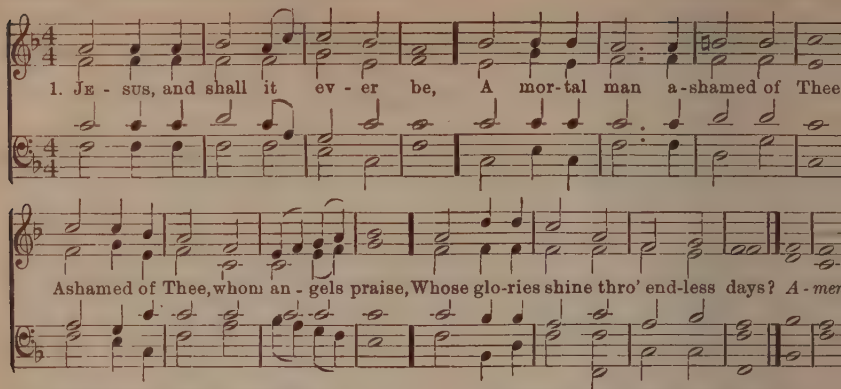
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German), 1677

288 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

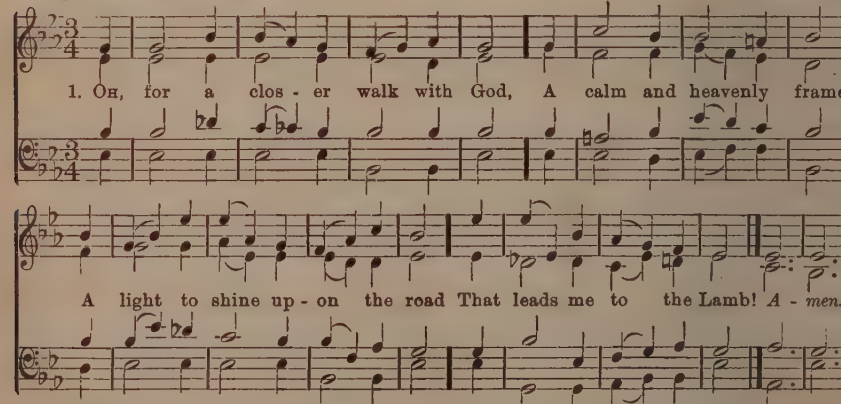
4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg, 17

289 BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

H. Bussell



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

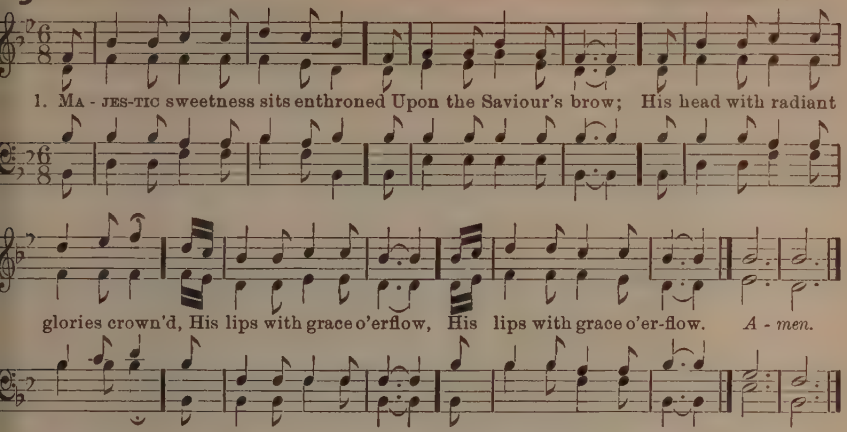
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mour
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

W. Cowper, 1772 A

290 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thos. Hastings, 1837



2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

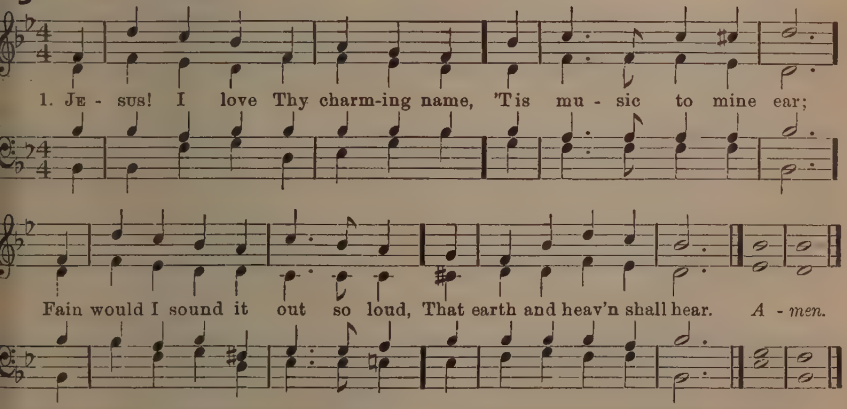
4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine!

S. Stennett, 1787

291 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Anon.



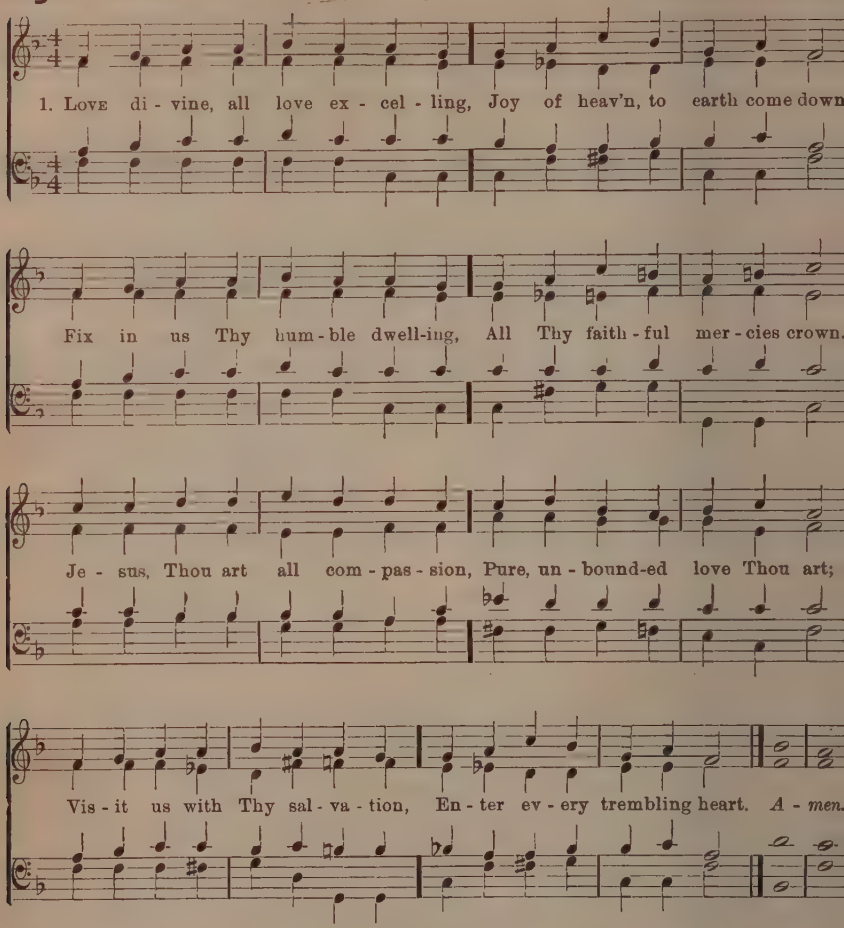
2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

P. Doddridge, 1737

292 LOVE DIVINE 8s, 7s. 8l. C. F. Le Jeune, 1872



2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted let us be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley, 174

Love and Gratitude

BEECHER 8s, 7s. 8l. *(Second Tune)* J. Zundel, 1870

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, unbound-ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, Ent - er every trembling heart. *A - men.*

293 NEW CALABAR 7s. J. D. Farrer

1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare, But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty source and spring. *A - men.*

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

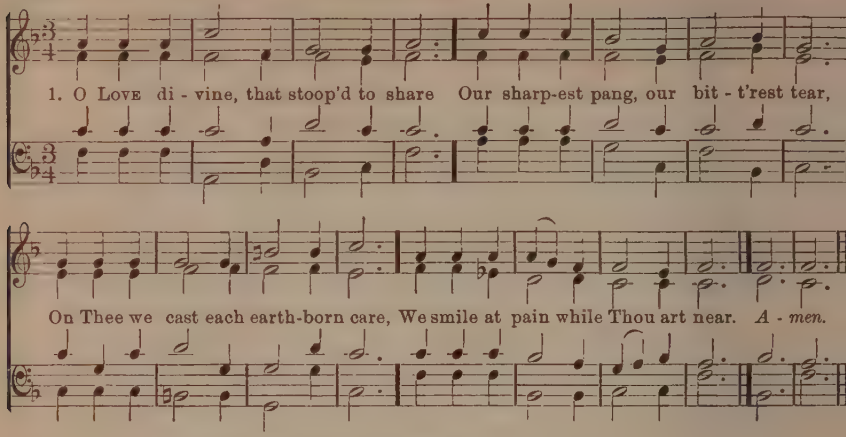
3 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

J. Scheffler, 1657 *Tr.* F. E. Cox, 1841

294 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

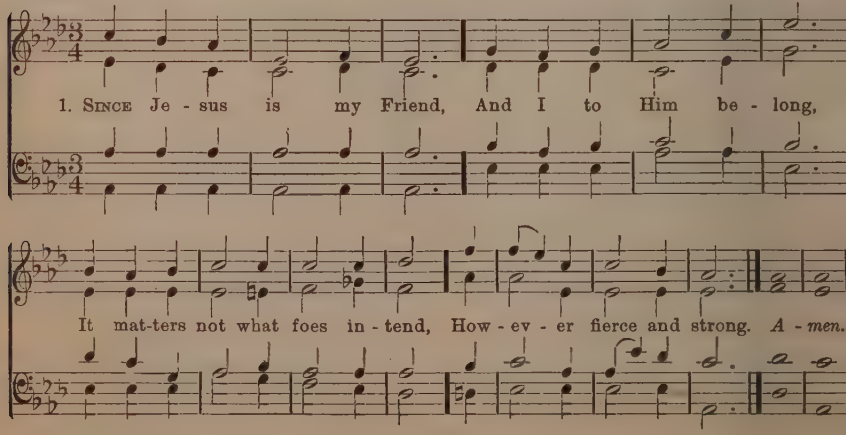
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes, 1859

295 GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetser, 1849



Love and Gratitude

296 LYTE 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 — J. P. Holbrook, 1865

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to
please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! *A - men.*

Copyright by J. P. Holbrook

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck, 1842

(GREENWOOD) S. M.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

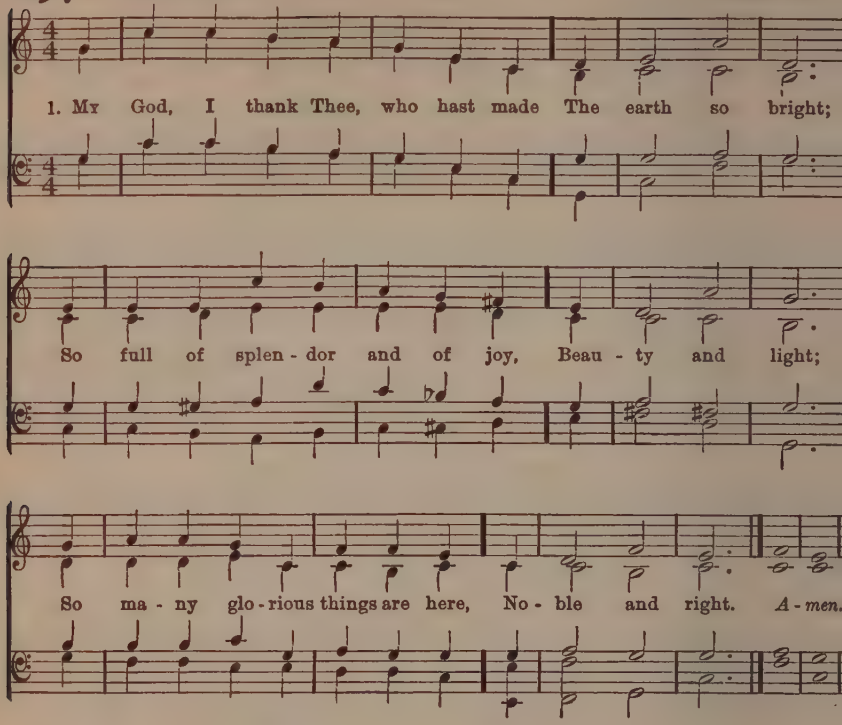
4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Tr. C. Winkworth

297 WENTWORTH P. M. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4

F. C. Maker, 1876



2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Procter, 1858

298 PURLEIGH 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. O Love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart
All tak - en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The great-ness of re - deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. *A - men.*

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

C. Wesley, 1749

299 SPANISH HYMN 7s. 6l. Spanish Melody

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;
Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. *A - men.*

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only Thee!

G. Duffield (1818—1888)

300 (SPANISH HYMN) 7s. 6l.

1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All in all.

F. R. Havergal (1836—1879)

301 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. *A - men.*

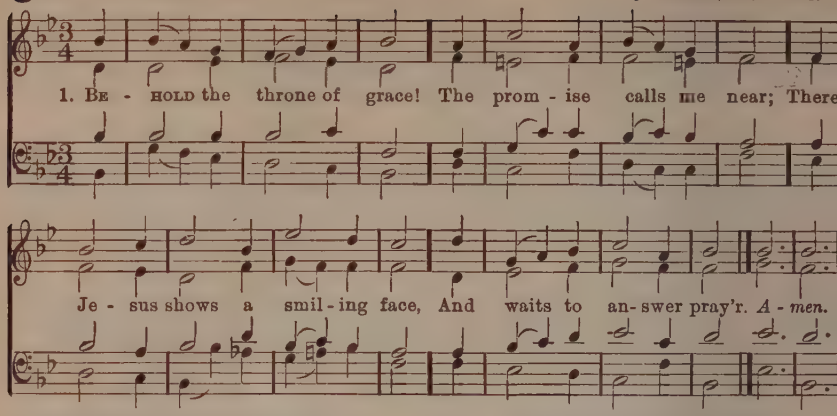
2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of one
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
These wonders I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

E. C. Clephane, 1868

302 AYNHOE S. M.

J. Nares (1715—1783)



2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

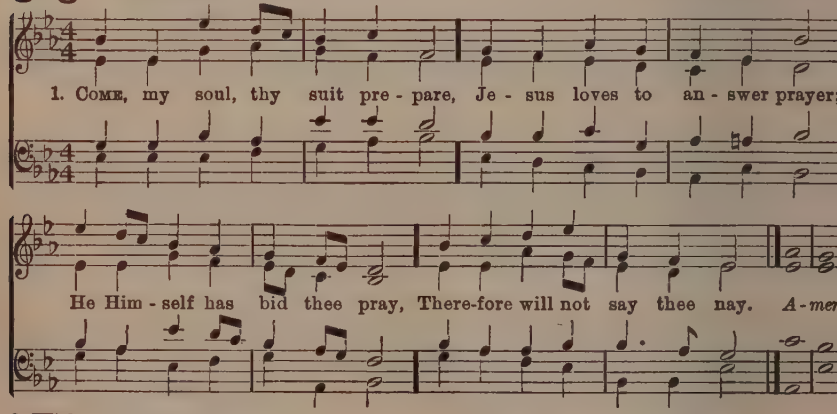
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

J. Newton, 177

303 THEODORA 7s.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749



2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

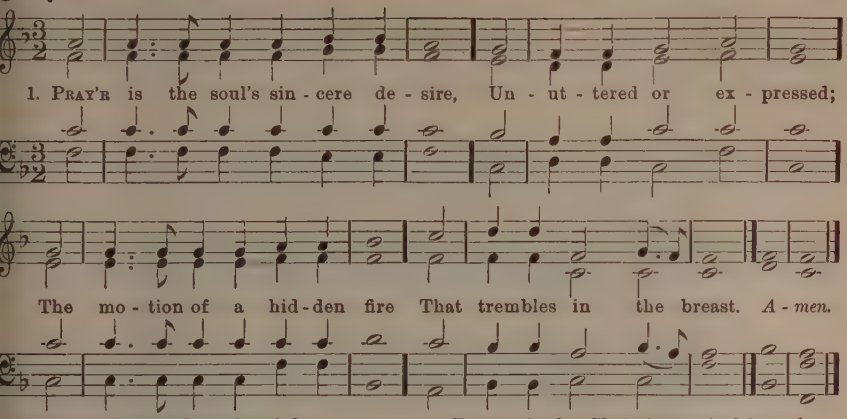
4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

J. Newton, 17

304 BYEFIELD C. M.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

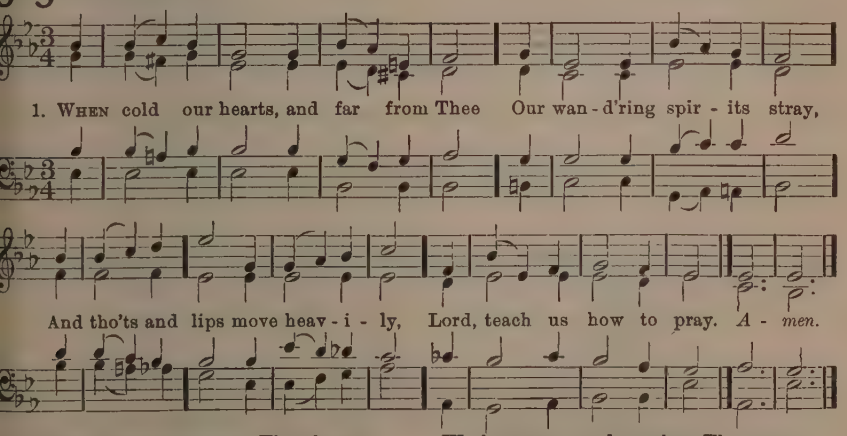
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery, 1818

305 MAKER C. M.

F. C. Maker (1844—)



2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay,
And when our souls have caught Thy fire
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1837

306 SOUTHPORT C. M.

Geo. Kingsley (1811—1844)

1. I LOVE to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - b'ring care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r. *A - men.*

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength rene
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'e
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, 1

307 HORTON 7s.

Xavier Schnyder

1. THEY who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - ery place;
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - ery-where. *A-men.*

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

O. Holden (1765—1

308 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning
star, As that which calls me to.... Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? *A - men.*

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. Elliott, 1834

309 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by L. Mason, 1845

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. *A - men.*

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge. 1755

310 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be-siege Thy tem - ple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal-va - tion there. *A - men.*

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

311 DALEHURST C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of night. *A - men*

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wiel
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves th
To bring salvation down! [world

J. C. Wallace (1793—1841)

312 AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

Anon., 1742

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move:
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. *A - men.*

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. Seagrave, 1742

313 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. *A - men.*

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

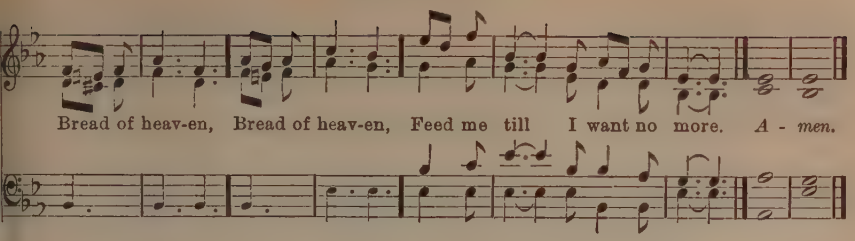
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's destructi
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams, 1

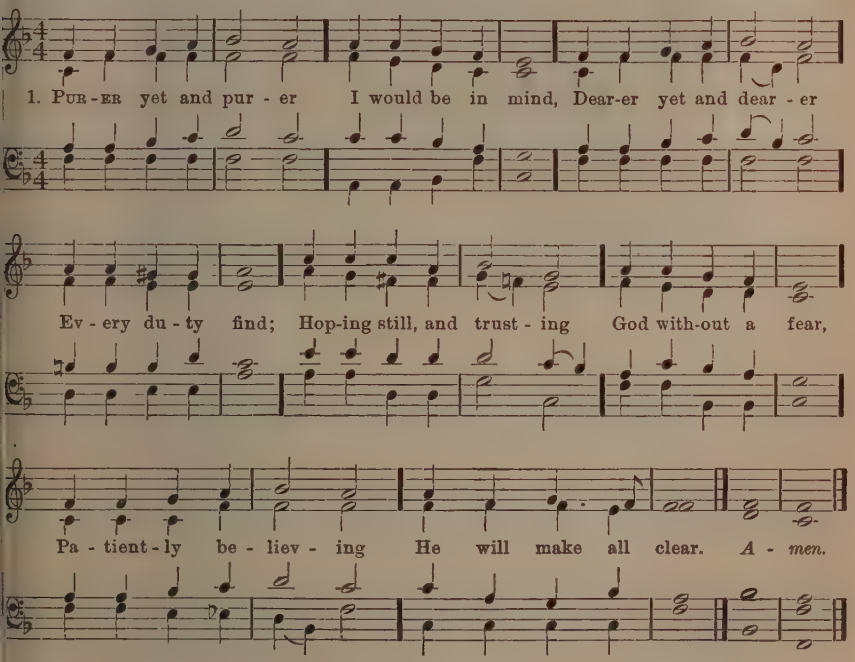
SEGUR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 *(Second Tune.)*

J. P. Holbrook (1822—1888)

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand



314 MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. 8l. J. B. Dykes, 1862



2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hour of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

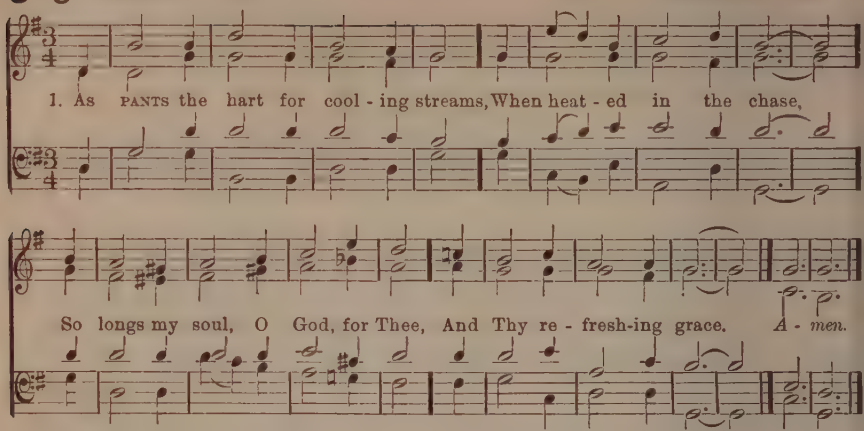
3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe (1749—18

315 SPOHR C. M.

Arr. fr. L. Spohr (1784—1859)



2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

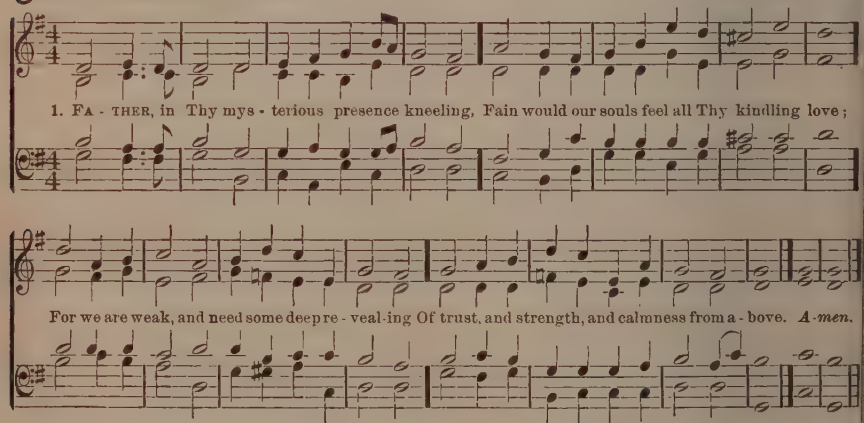
3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696

316 VESALIUS 11s, 10s.

E. C. Perry (1856—)



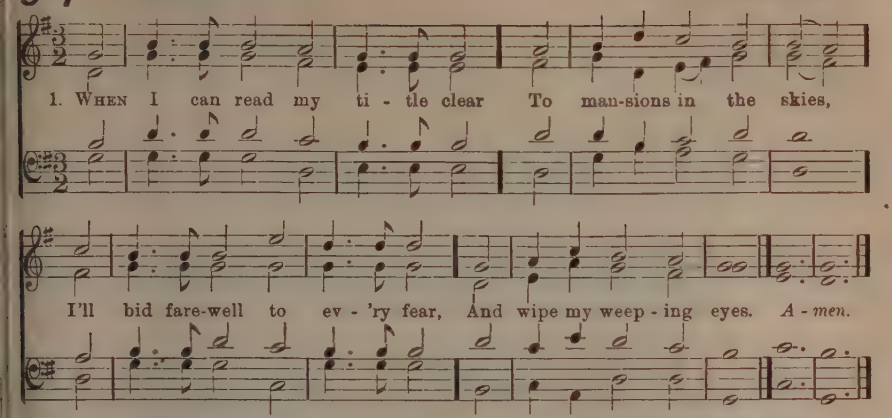
2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. Johnson, 1846

317 ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. Arne, 1762



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

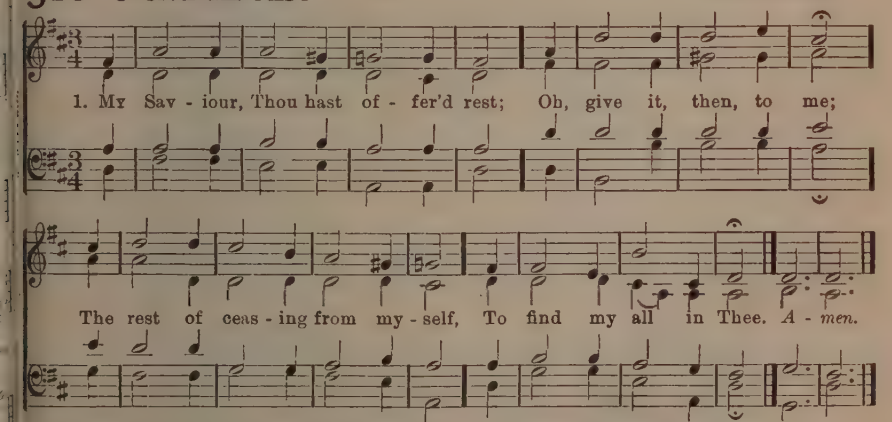
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts, 1707

318 O GIVE ME REST C. M.

H. C. G. Moule



2 This cruel self, oh, how it strives
And works within my breast,
To come between Thee and my soul,
And keep me back from rest.

3 How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not safe to rest
And venture all on Thee.

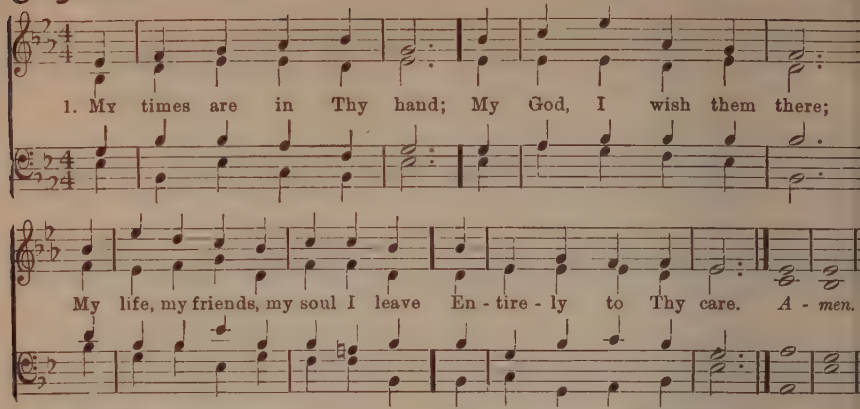
4 O Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A vict'ry over sin!
I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign
O'er all without, within.

5 Work on then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I, satisfied, shall wake.

Anon.

319 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)



2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

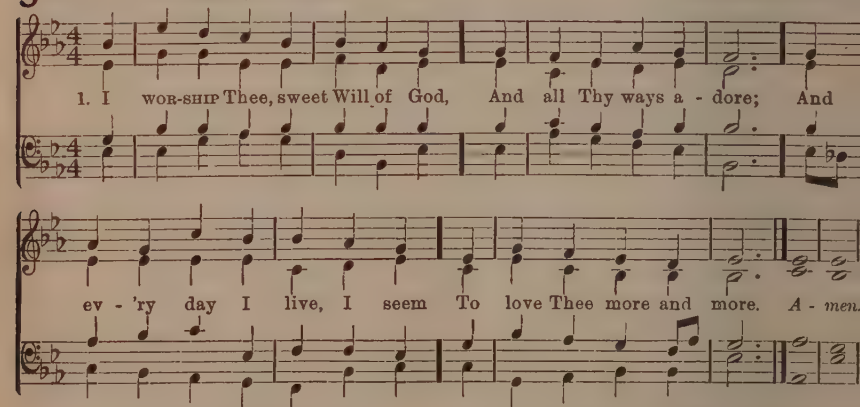
4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide;

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd, 1838

320 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reingle, 1826



2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

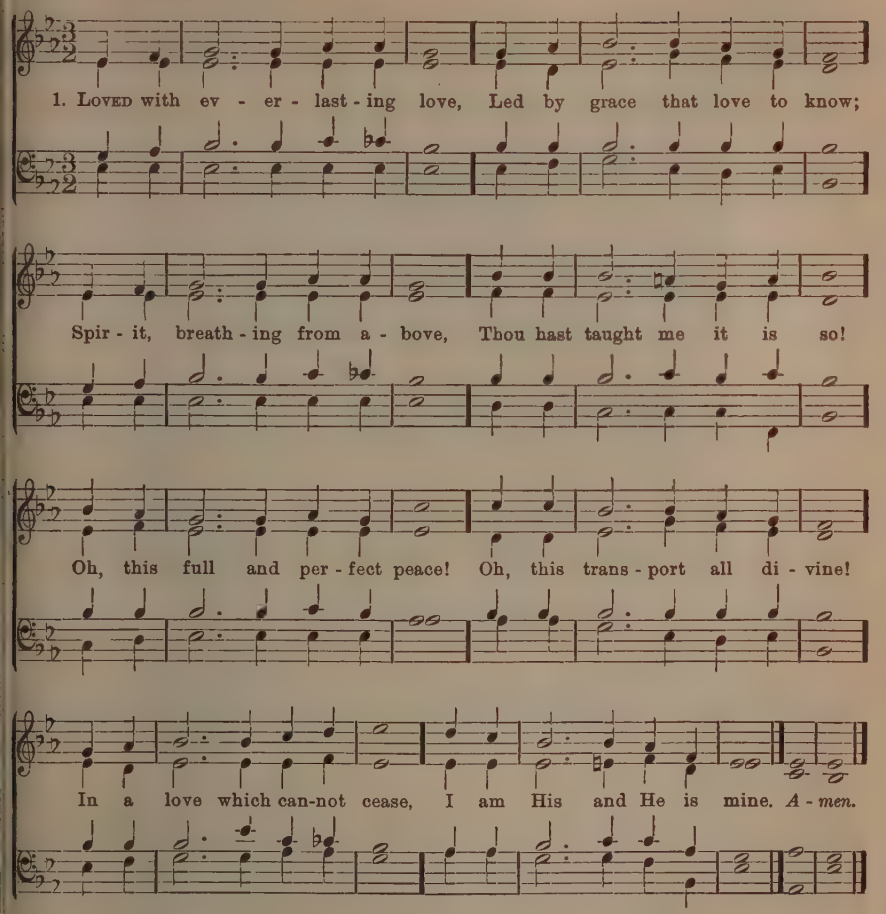
4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. Faber, 1849

321 EVERLASTING LOVE 7s. 8l.

J. Mountain



2 Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.

3 Things which once were wild alarms,
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh, to lie forever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
I am His and He is mine!

4 His forever, only His,
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline,
But while God and I shall be,
I am His and He is mine.

Wade Robinson

322 JEWETT 6s. 8l.

From C. M. von Weber, 1821

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,

rit.

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! *A - men.*

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolck, 1716 *Tr.* J. Borthwick, 1854

323 GUIDE 7s. 6l.

M. M. Wells

FINE.

1. QUI - ET, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild. *A - men.*

D.C.—From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.

D. C.

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child:

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton, 1779

324 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. HERE I can firm - ly rest, I dare to boast of this, That

God, the high - est and the best, My Friend and Fa - ther is. *A - men.*

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

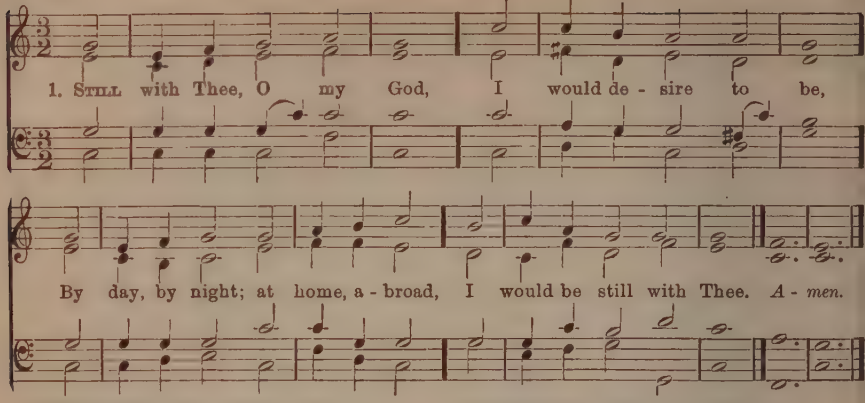
3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood;
It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
My care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

Tr. C. Winkworth

325 BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832



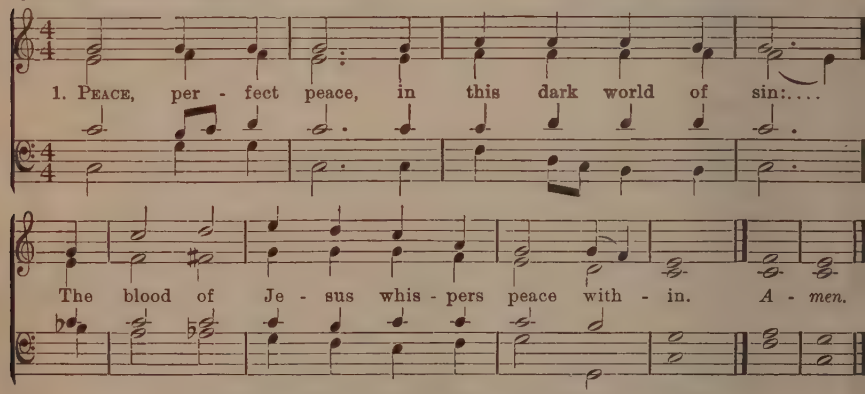
2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

J. D. Burns, 1857

326 PAX TECUM 10s. 2 l.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

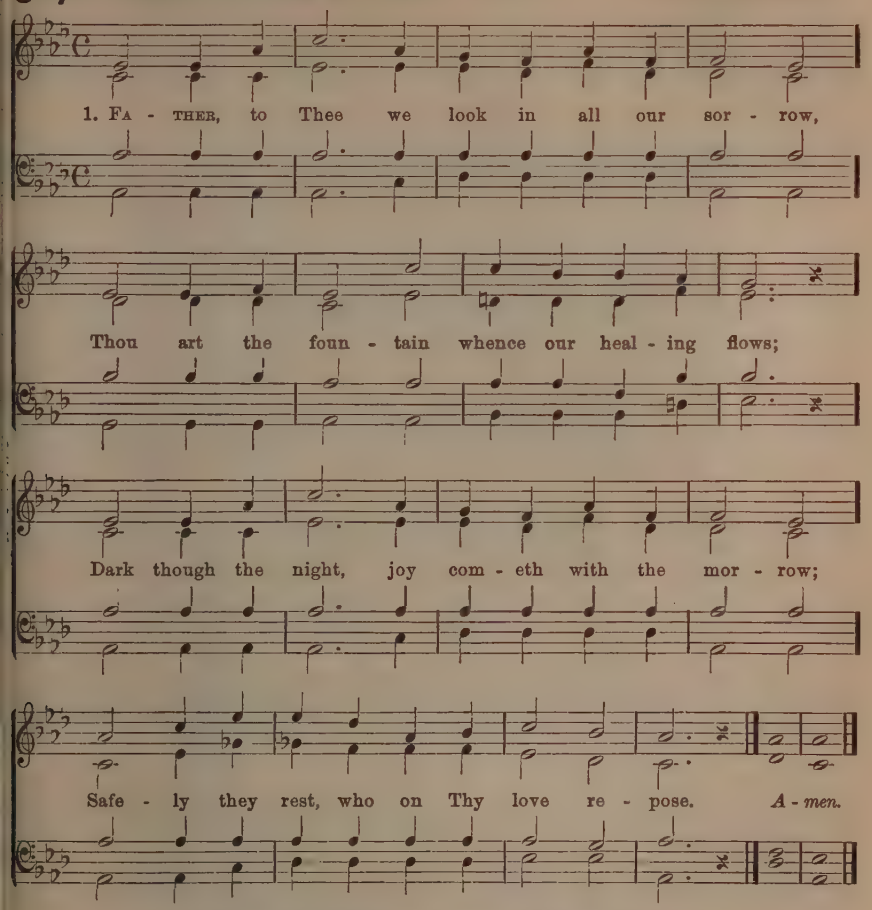
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1875

327 FATHER, TO THEE WE LOOK 11s, 10s. P. C. Lutkin, 1897



2 When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3 Naught shall affright us, on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness, Thou dost make us strong.

4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain!
Yet shalt Thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer

328 LIKE A RIVER, GLORIOUS 6s, 5s. 8l. J. Mountain

1. Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace,
O - ver all vic - to - rious, In its bright in - crease;
Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - 'ry day,—
Cho.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest

D. S for Cho.

Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way. *A - men.*
Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.—*Cho.*

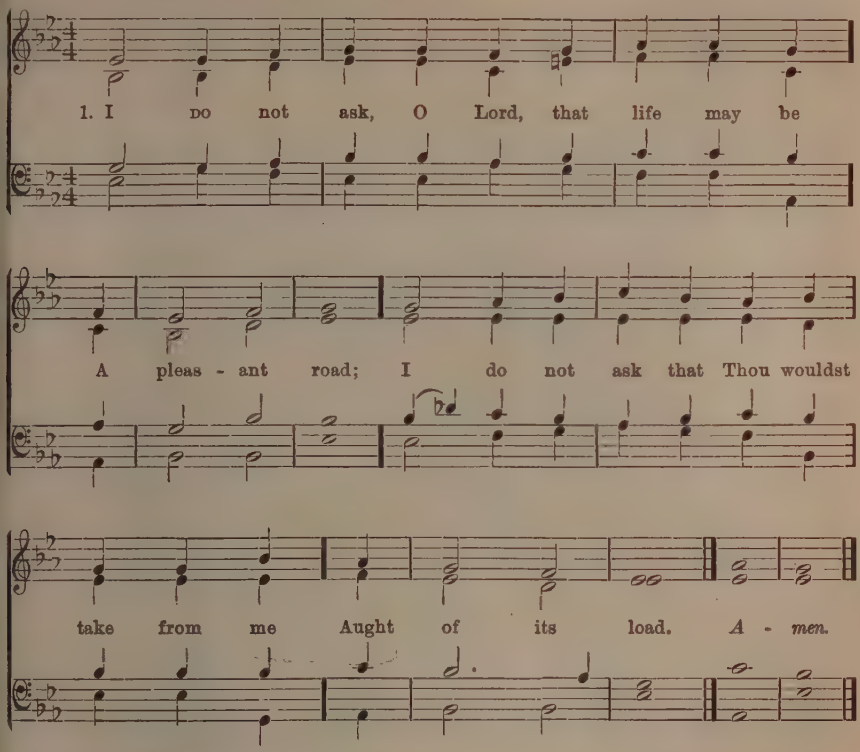
3 Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully,
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.—*Cho.*

Frances R. Havergal

From Hymns of Consecration and Faith

329 SUBMISSION, No. 2 10s, 4s.

A. L. Peace, 1889



2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

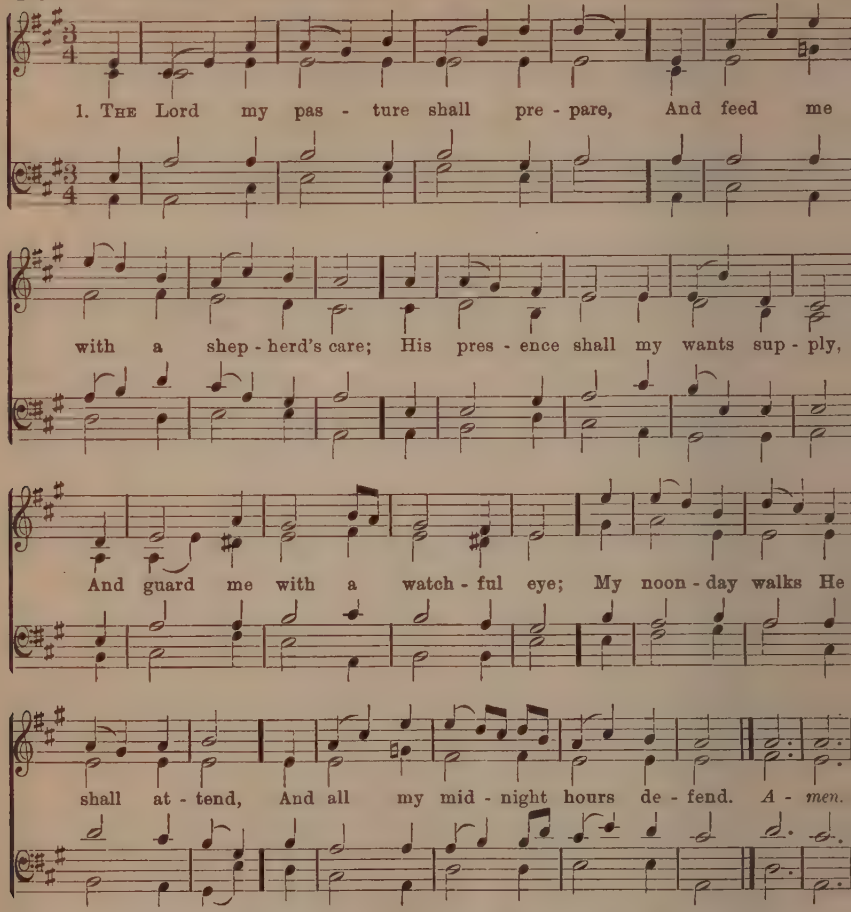
4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter, 1862

330 BROWNELL L. M. 61.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

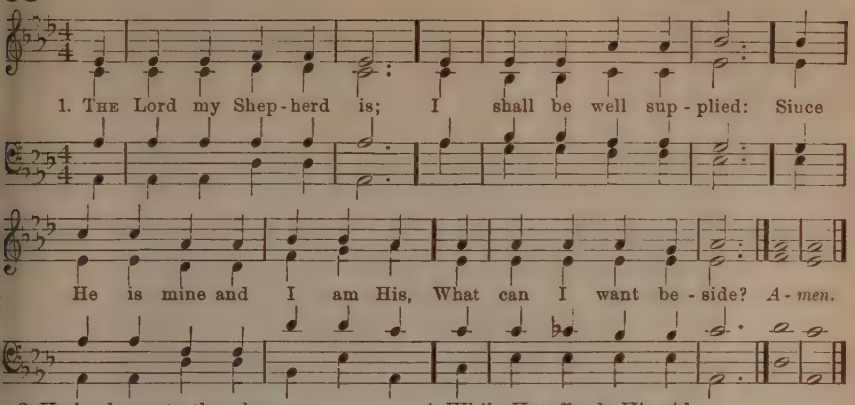
3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shad

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

J. Addison, 1712

331 GORTON S. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven (1770—1827)



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

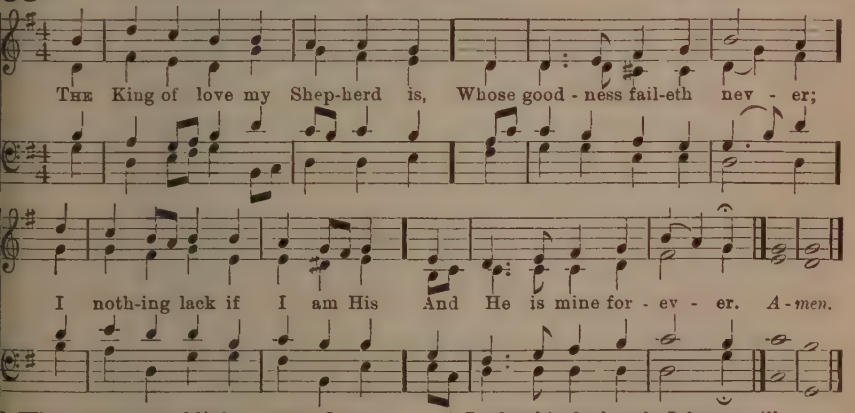
4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

I. Watts, 1719

332 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s. Irregular

J. B. Dykes, 1868



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

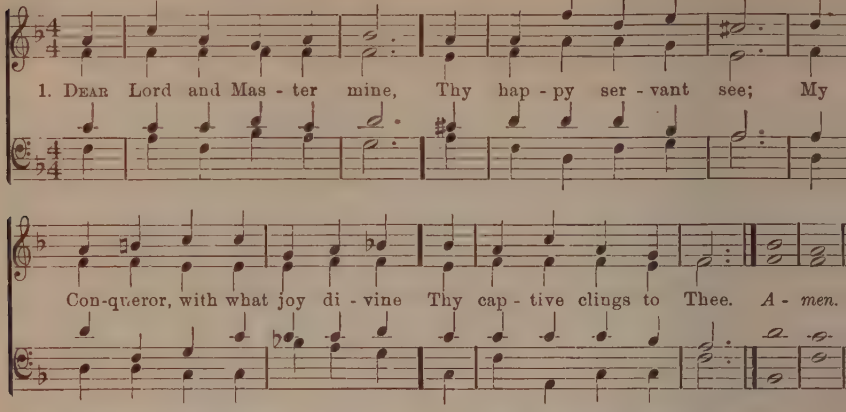
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker, 1868

333 MASTER MINE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, c. 1848



2 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

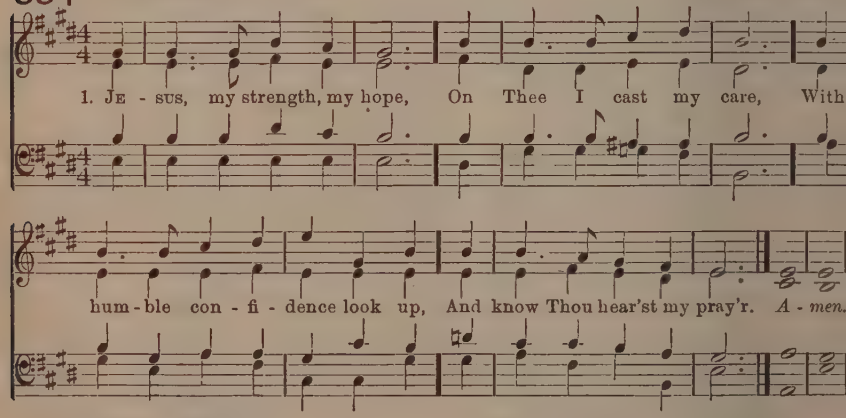
4 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill, 185

334 ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887



2 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

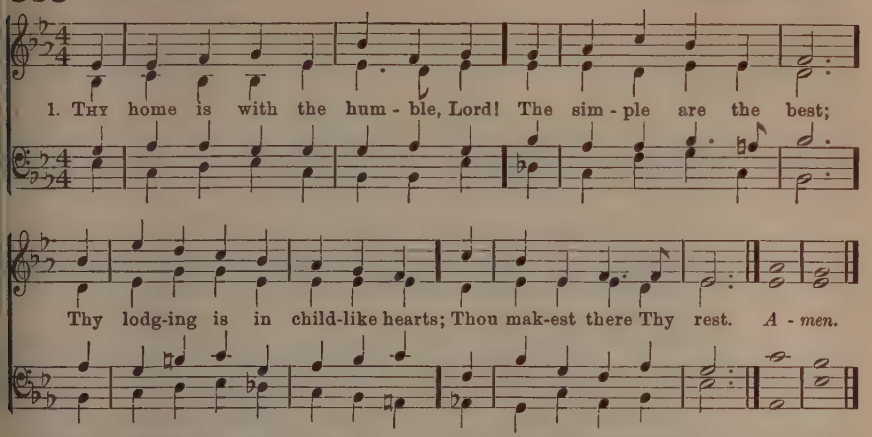
3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

C. Wesley, 174

335 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862



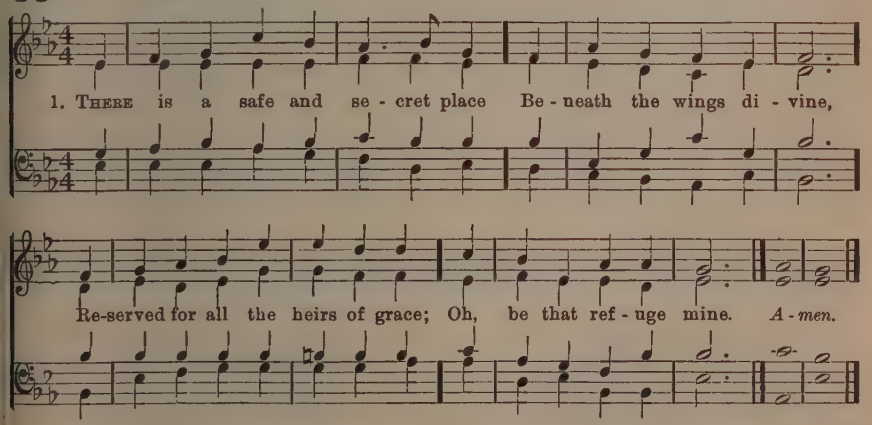
2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest!

Frederic W. Faber (1814—1863)

336 XAVIER C. M.

J. Stainer, 1875



2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

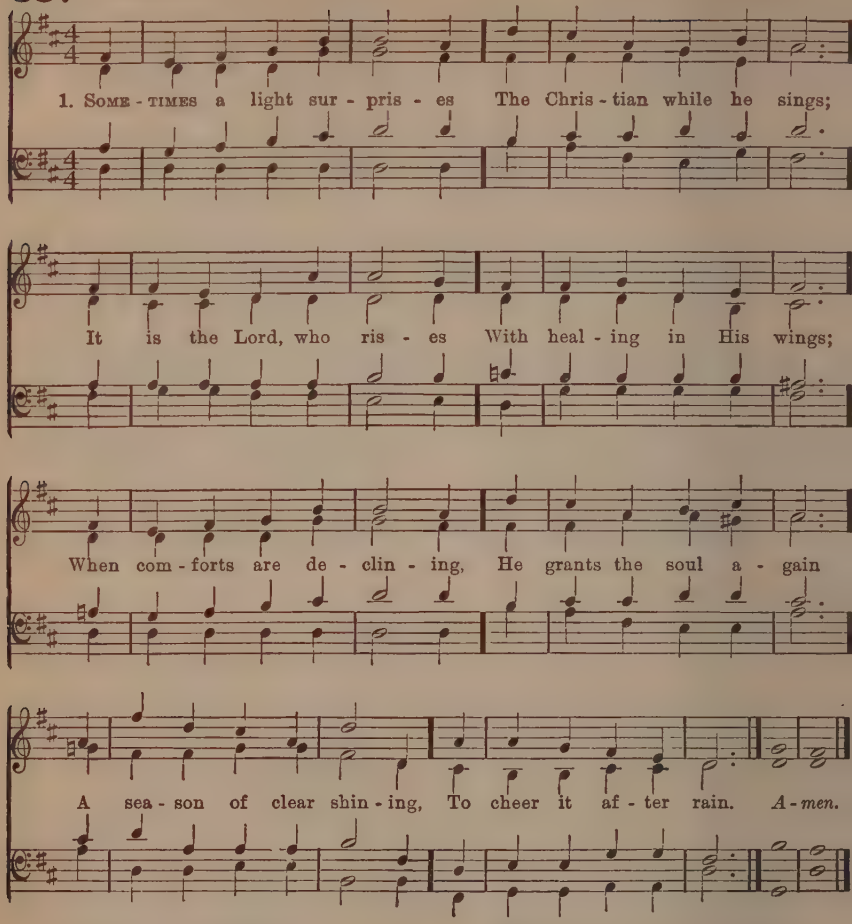
4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

H. F. Lyte, 1834

337 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Hullah, 1867



2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper, 1779

338 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;
Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. *A - men.*

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White, 1806

339 VIGILATE 7, 7, 7, 3

W. H. Monk, 1868

1. Chris-tian, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;
Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch... and pray. *A - men.*

2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

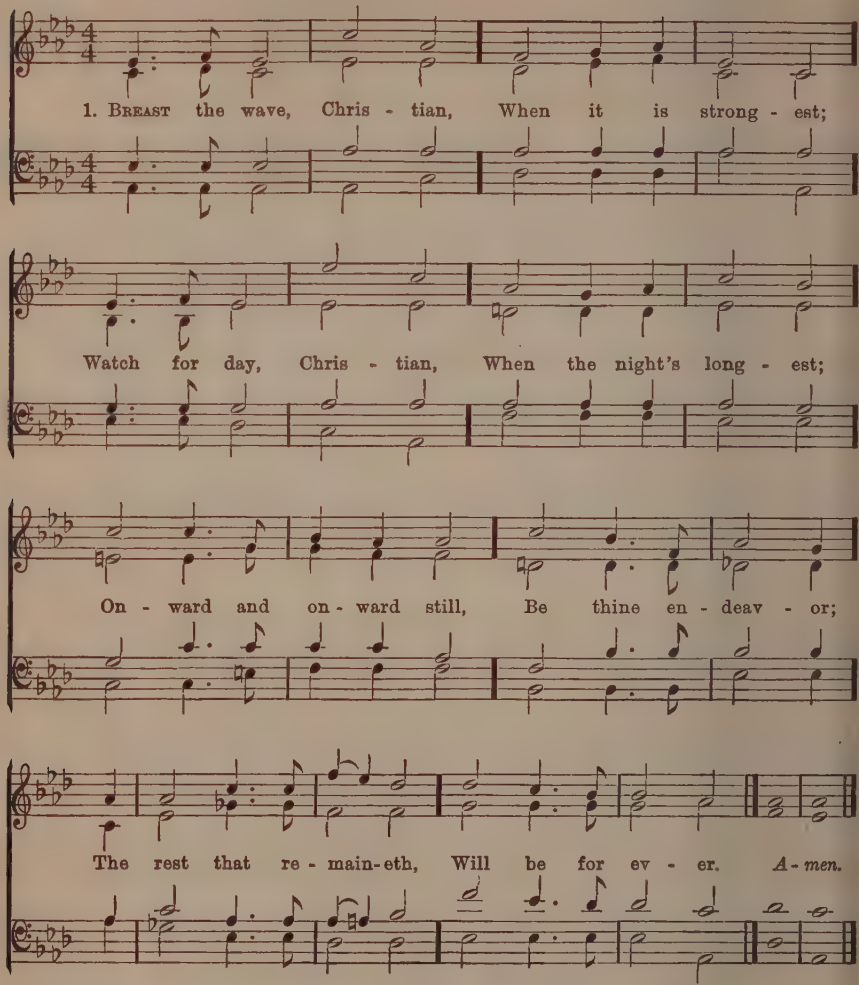
4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

C. Elliott, 1836

340 ONWARD 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

W. C. Filby (1836—)

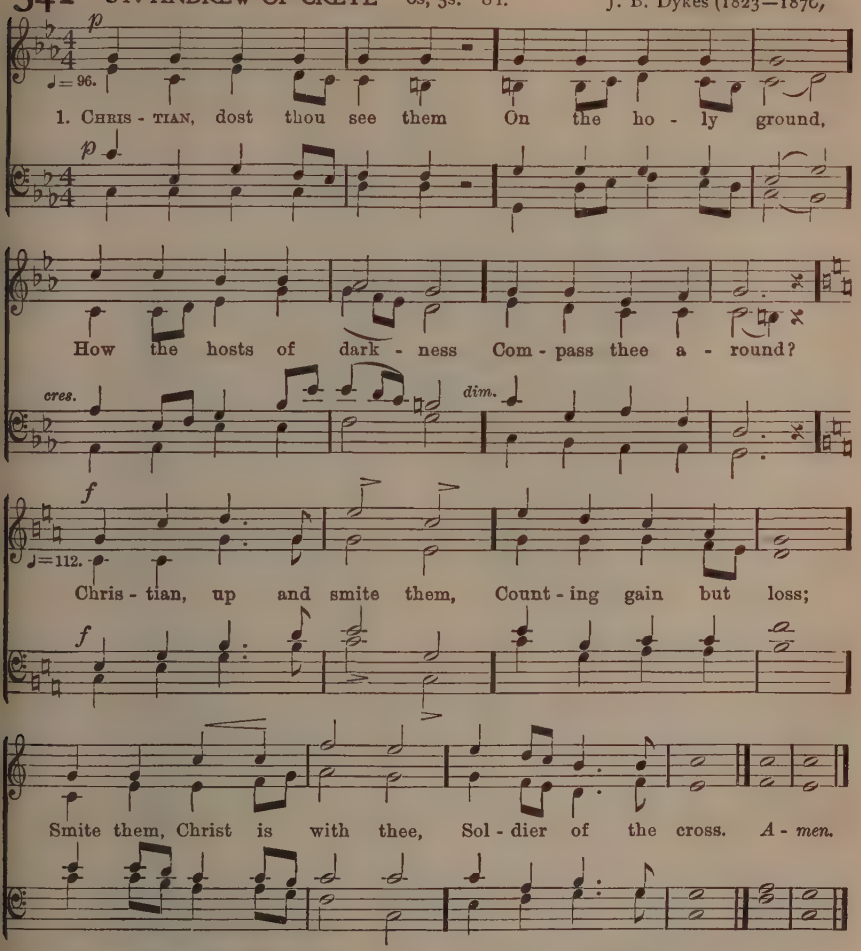


2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers, 1830

341 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6s, 5s. 8l. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)



2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.

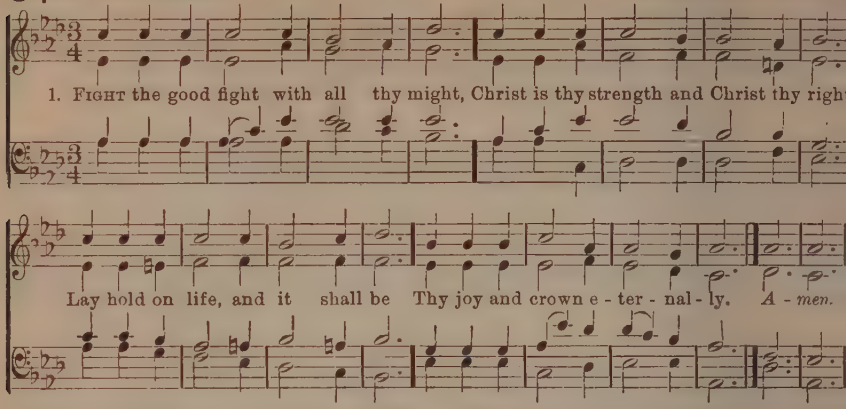
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 700. *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1862. *Alt.*

342 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, (1846—)



2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

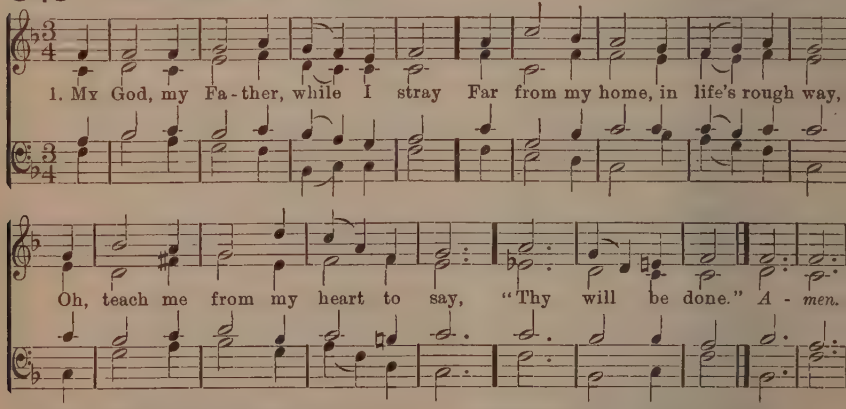
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

343 WINTERBOURNE 8, 8, 8, 4

W. E. Evill, 1890



2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no mor
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

C. Elliott, 183

344 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. *A - men*

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley, 1749 *Ab.*

345 LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. *A - men.*

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

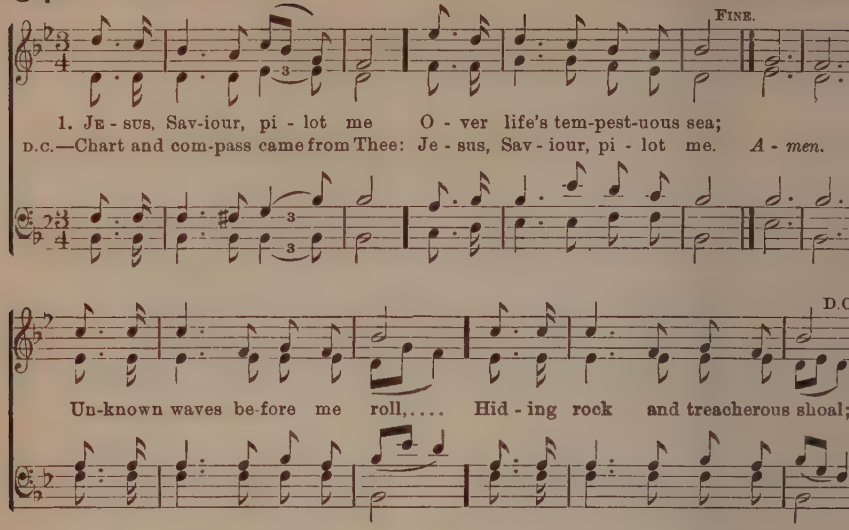
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath, 1781

346 PILOT 7s. 61.

J. E. Gould, 1871



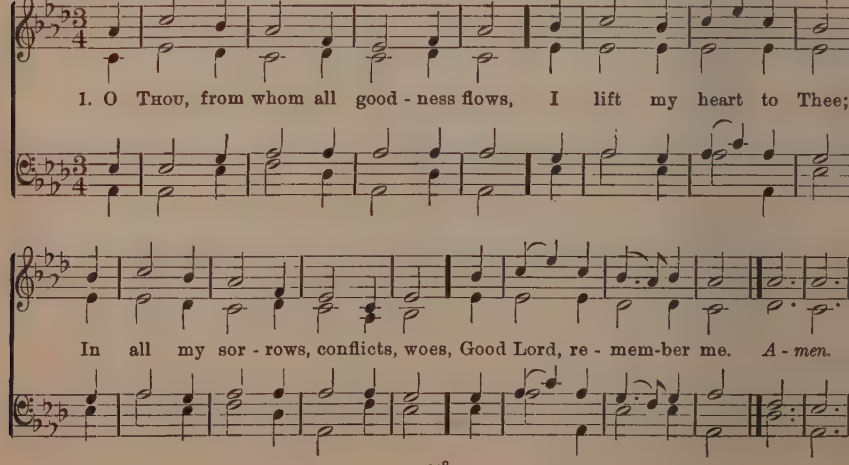
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. Hopper, 1871

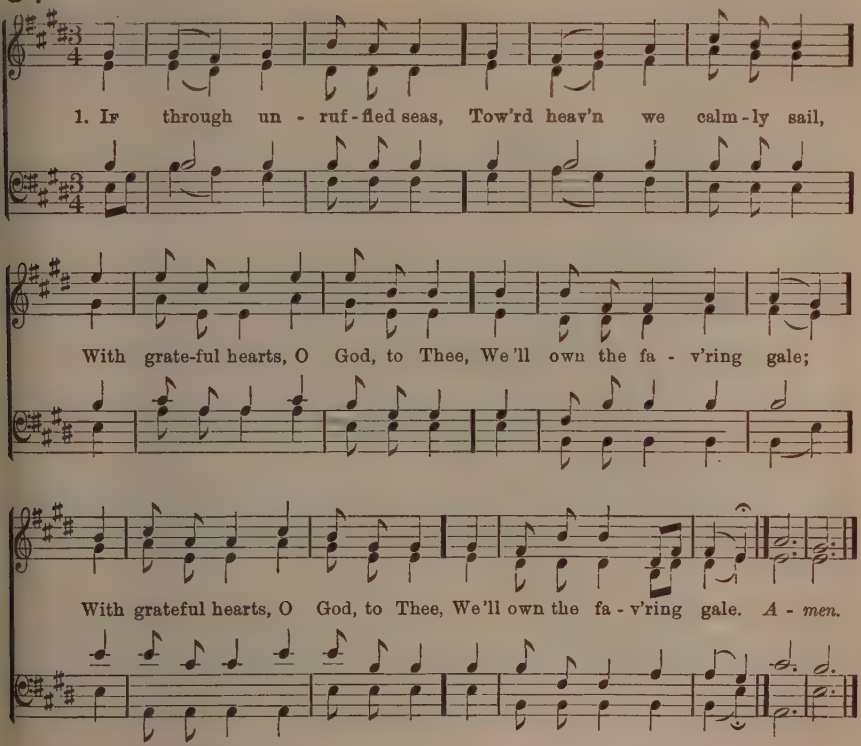
347 BALERMA C. M.

R. Simpson, 1833



348 SELVIN S. M.

Arr. by L. Mason



2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady, 1772

(BALERMA) C. M.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

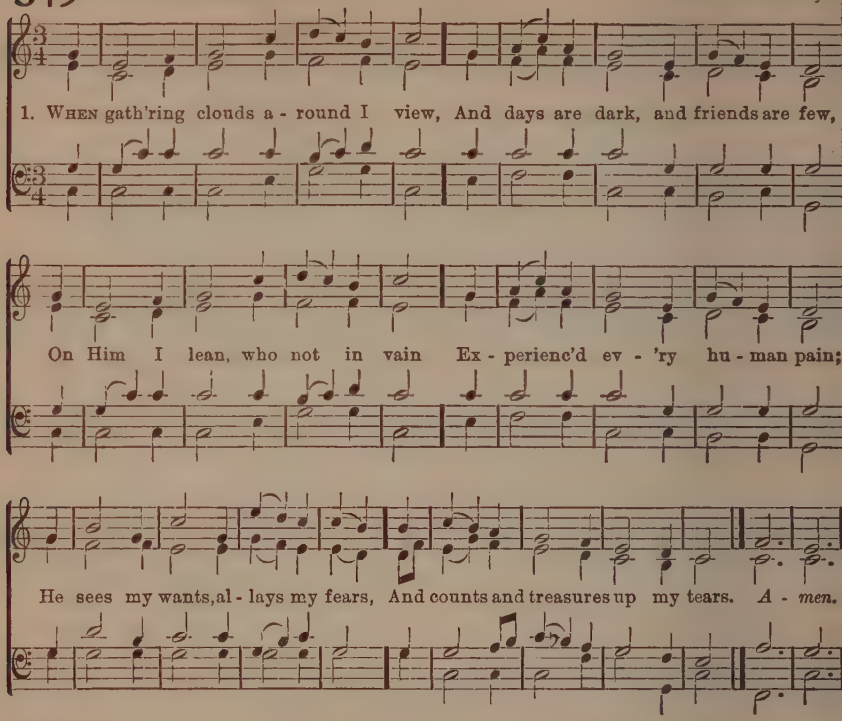
3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

T. Hawéis and T. Cotterill, 1792 *Ab.*

349 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61. D. S. Bortniansky



2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye

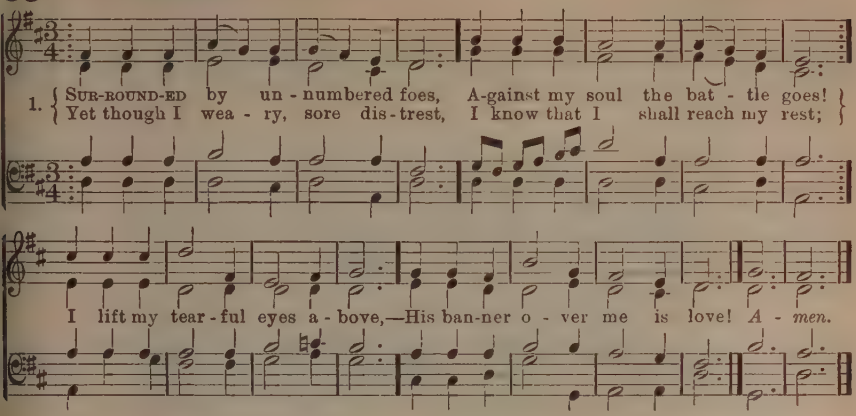
5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead

6 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

R. Grant, 1806 (Text of 1812)

350 WAVERTREE L. M. 61.

W. Shore, 1840



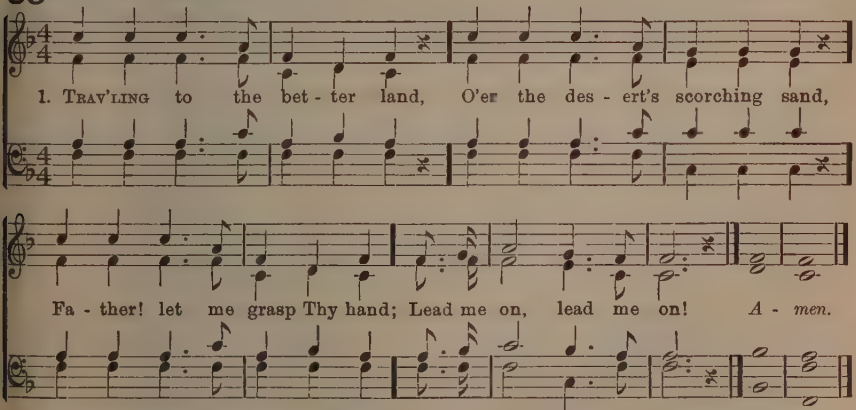
2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light;
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him,
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love!

G. Massey, 1869

351 LEAD ME ON 7, 7, 7, 6

C. C. Converse



2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on, lead me on!

3 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on, lead me on!

4 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on, lead me on!

5 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon., 1876

352 PENITENCE 6s, 5s. 8l. S. Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou sees't me wav - er, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. *A - men.*

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

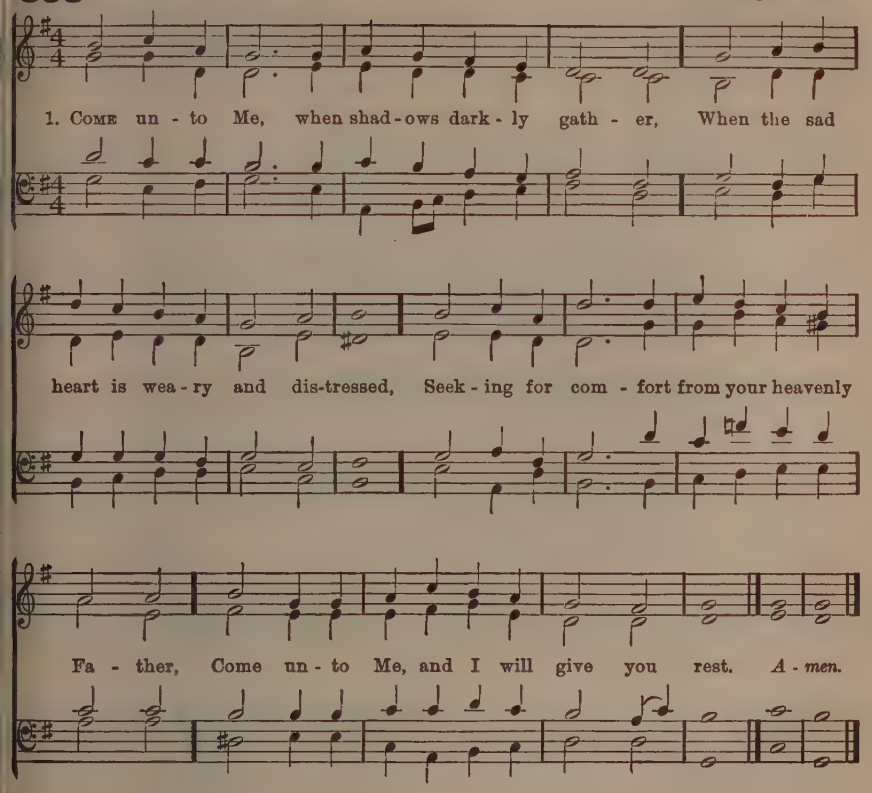
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery, 1834 *Alt.* Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

353 EIRENE 11s, 10s.

F. R. Havergal, 1871



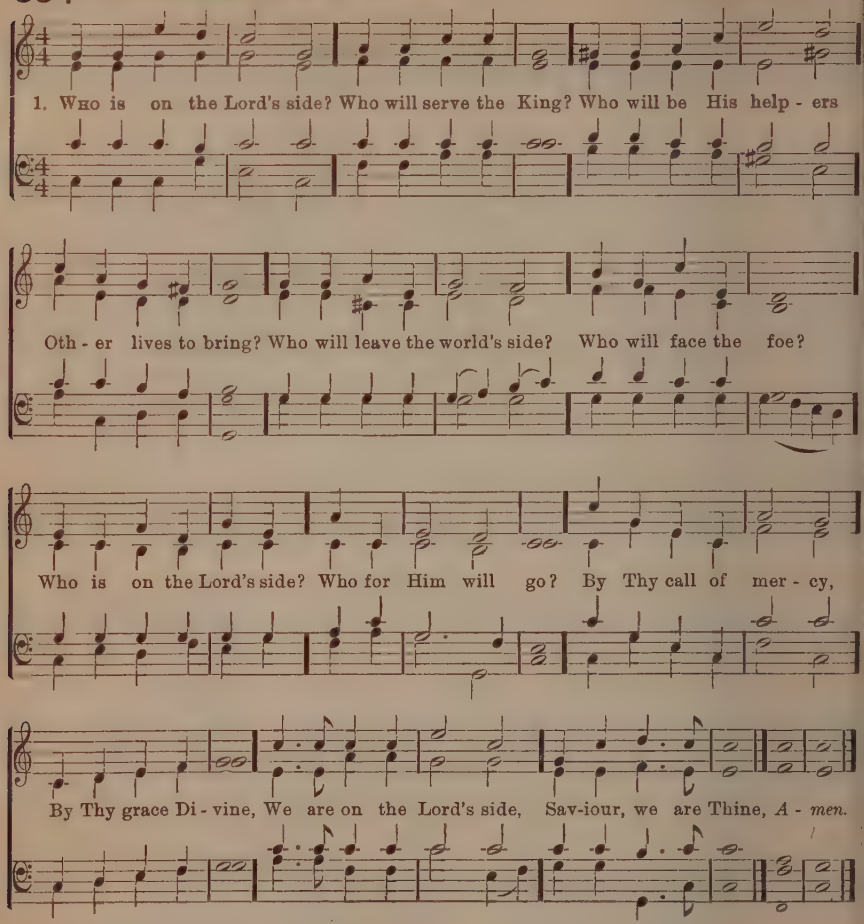
2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,

3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

C. H. Esling, 1839

354 ARMAGEDDON 6s, 5s. 12 l. Arr. J. Goss, 1871

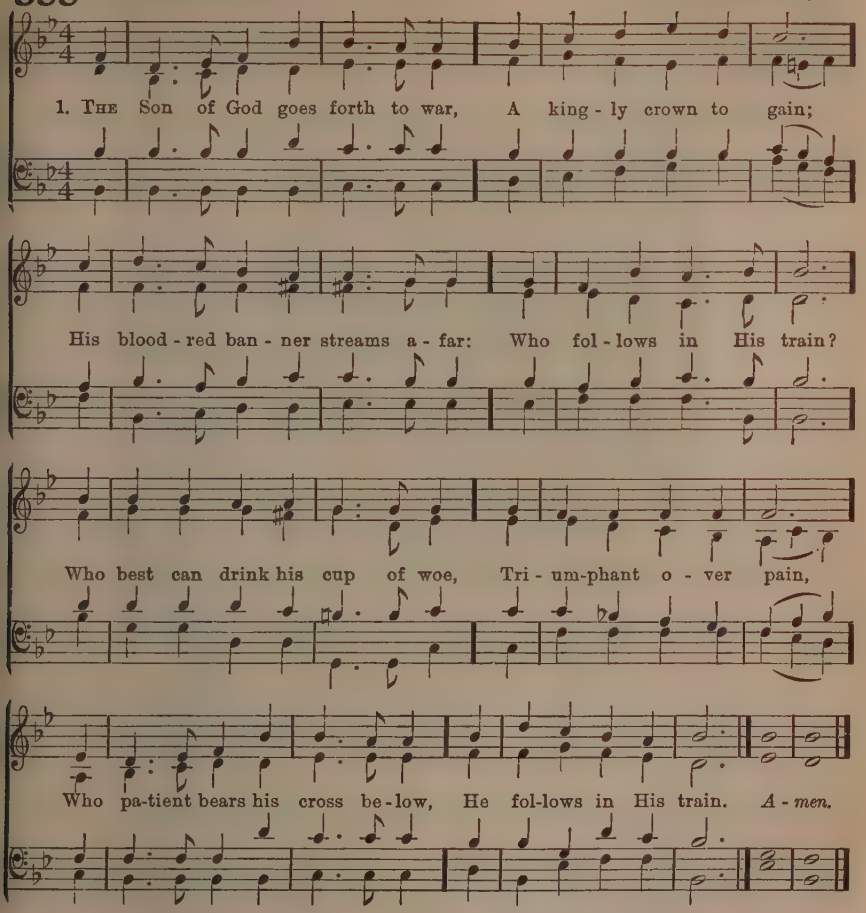


2 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

F. R. Havergal, 1877

355 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. 81. H. S. Cutler, 1872



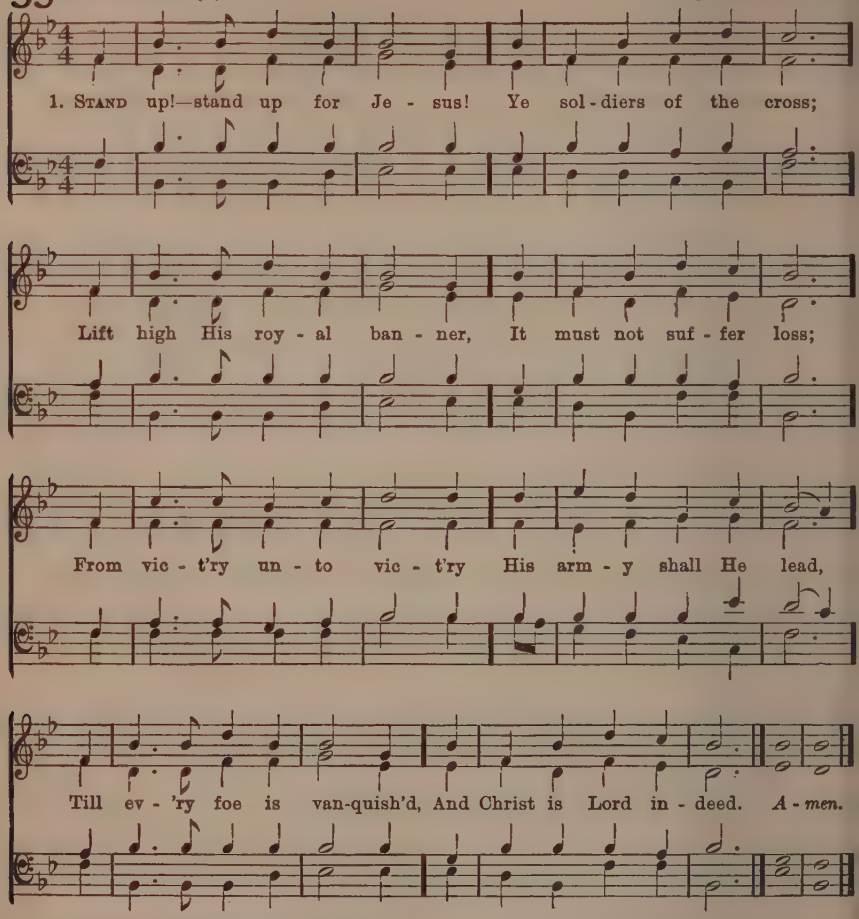
2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

R. Heber, 1827

356 WEBB 7s, 6s. 8l. G. J. Webb, 1830



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

G. Duffield, 1858

357 MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter, 1883

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King,

Refrain.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. *A - men.*

Re - joice, re - joice,

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

E. H. Plumptre, 1865 *Ab.*

358 ST. GERTRUDE 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! *A - men.*

Refrain.

war, With the cross of

With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

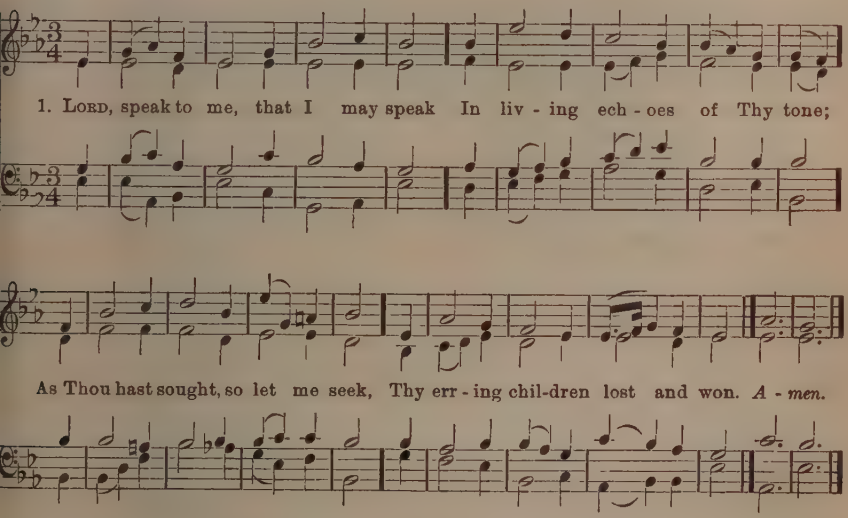
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould 1865

359 ROCKINGHAM (OLD) L. M.

E. Miller, 1790



2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

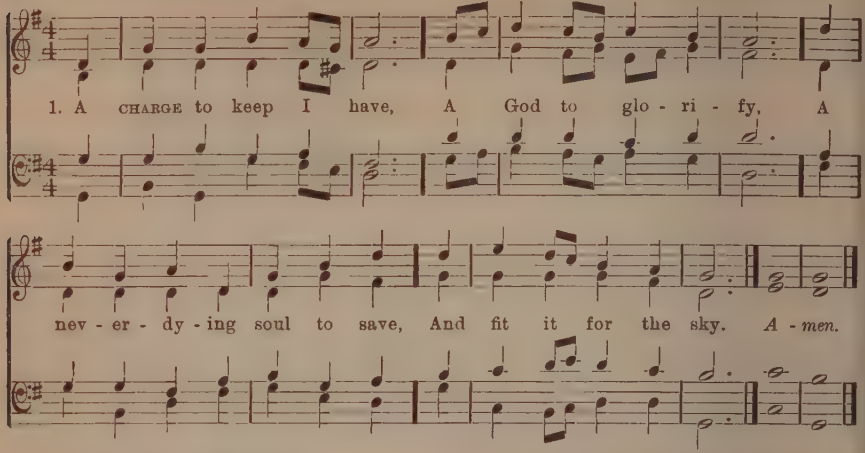
6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal, 1872

360 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. William's Coll., 1762



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

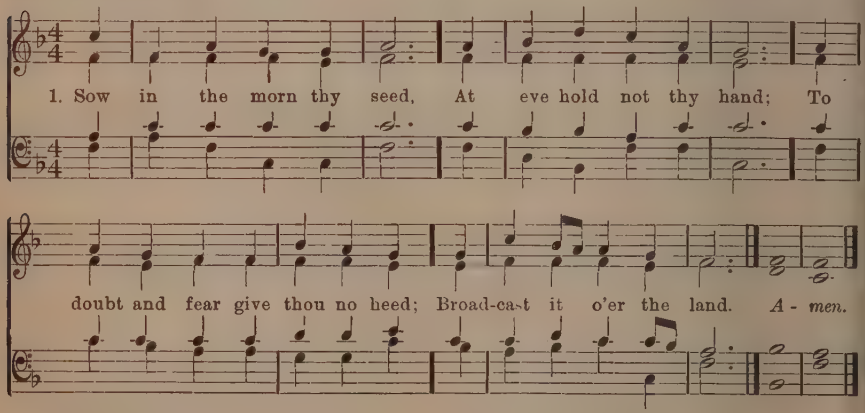
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley, 1762

361 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

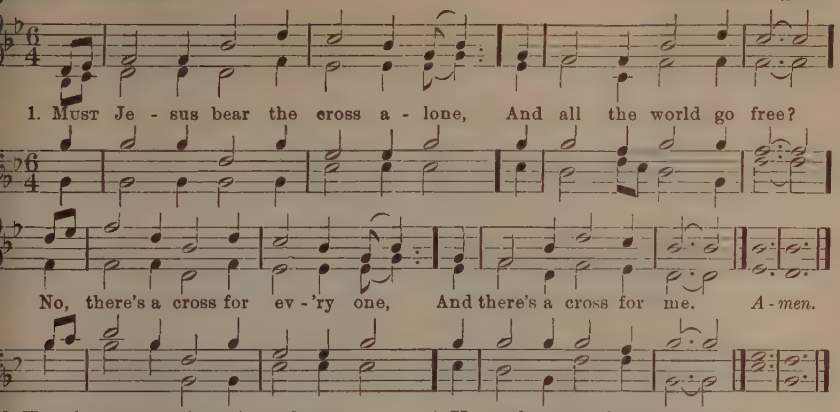
3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. Montgomery, 1829

362 MAITLAND C. M.

G. N. Allen, 1849



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I 'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

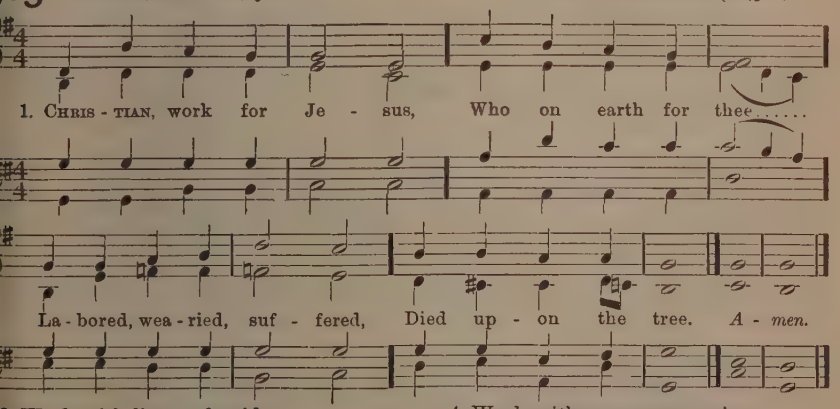
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I 'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 *Alt.*

363 PENKIVELL 6s, 5s.

H. G. Trembath (1845—)



2 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

3 Work with heart that burneth,
Humbly at His feet,
Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown made meet.

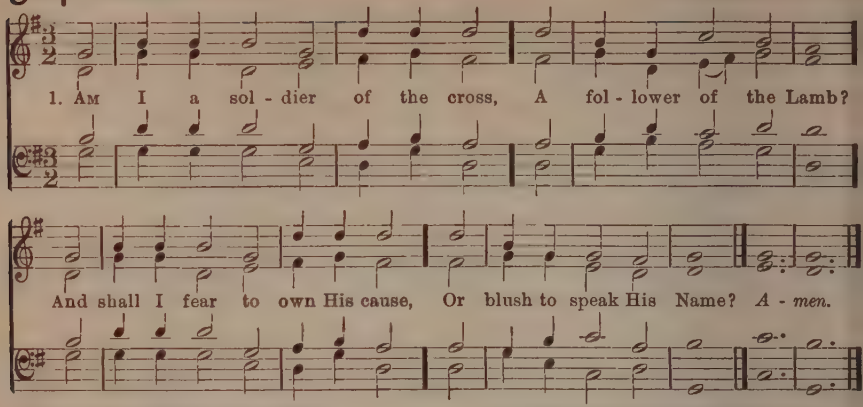
4 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

5 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

M. Haslock

364 MARLOW C. M

J. Chetham, 1718



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

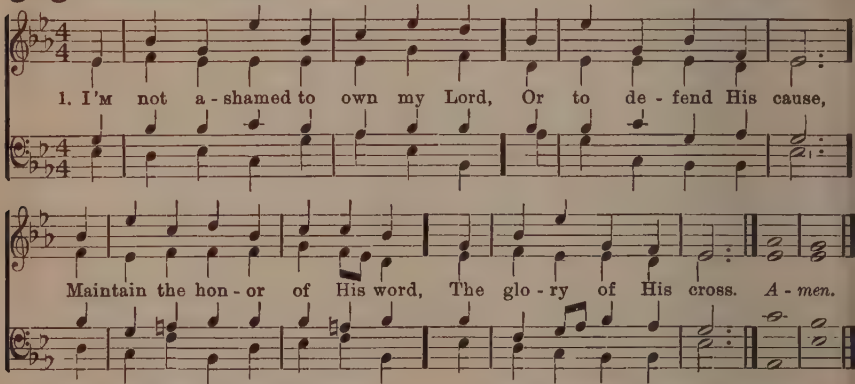
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts, 1724

365 LONDON (NEW) C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635



2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709

366 ERNAN L. M.

L. Mason, 1850

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still? *A - men.*

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

H. Bonar, 1843

367 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

T. Turton (1780—1864)

1. Oh, still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,
"More reap-ers for white har - vest fields, More laborers for the Lord." *A - men.*

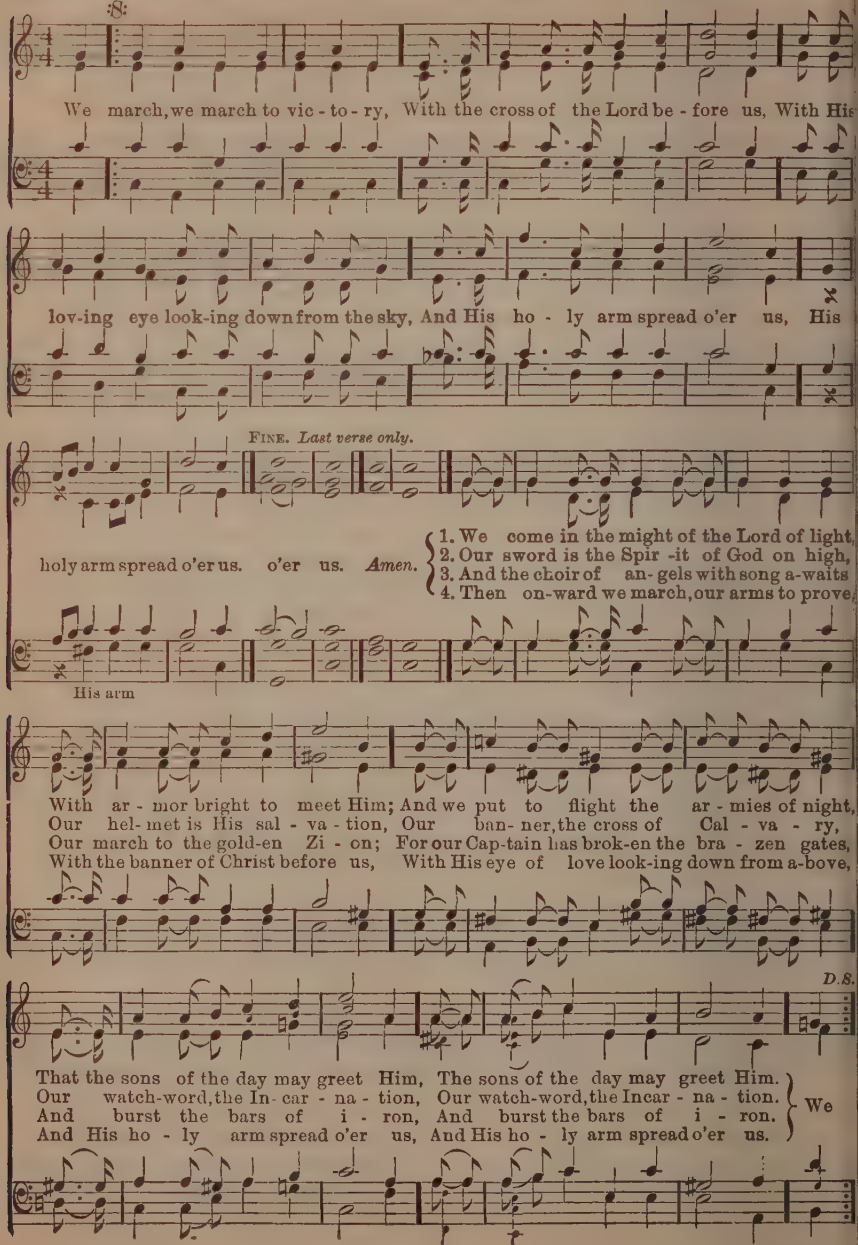
2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

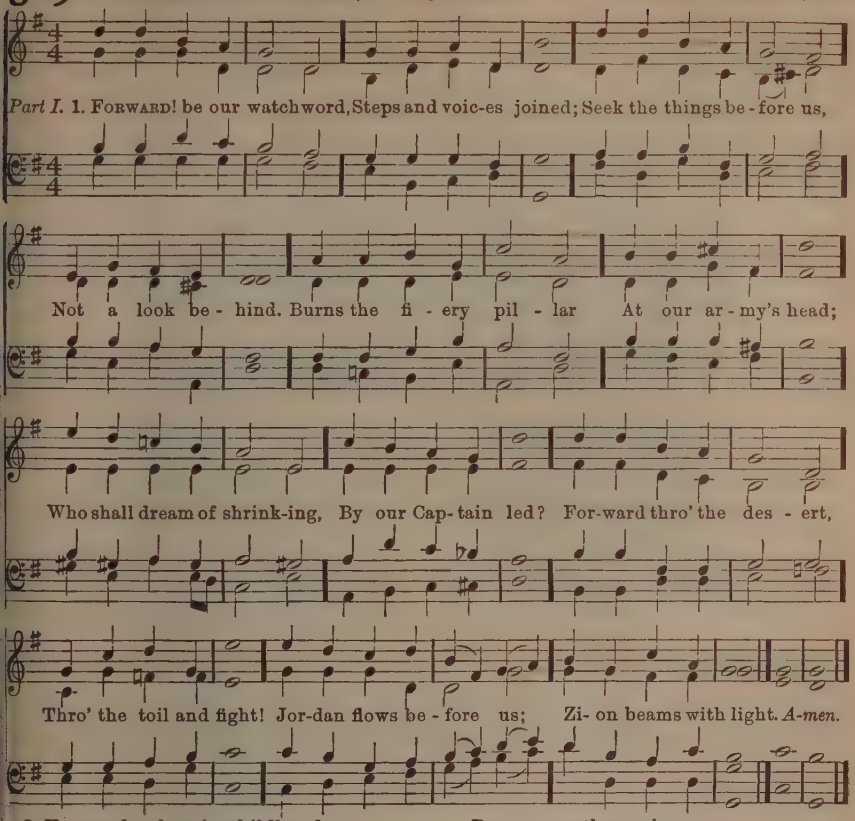
S. Longfellow, 1864

368 MARCH TO VICTORY P. M. Irregular J. Barnby, 1869



G. Moultrie, 1867

369 WATCHWORD (Forward) 6s, 5s. 12l. H. Smart, 1872



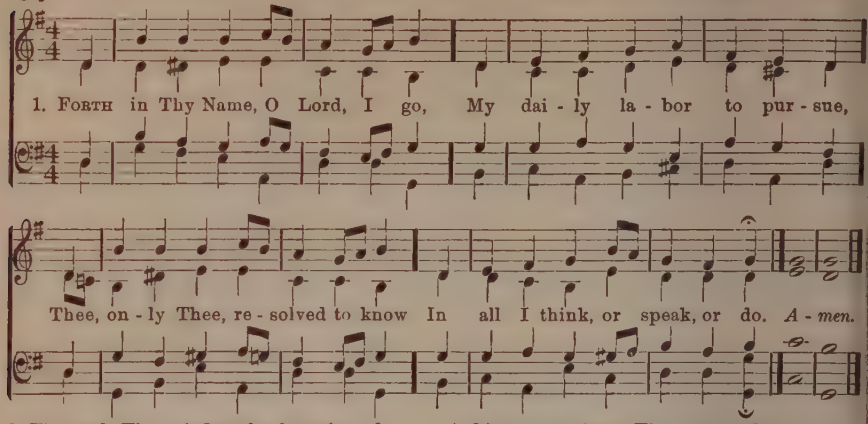
2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

370 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839



2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

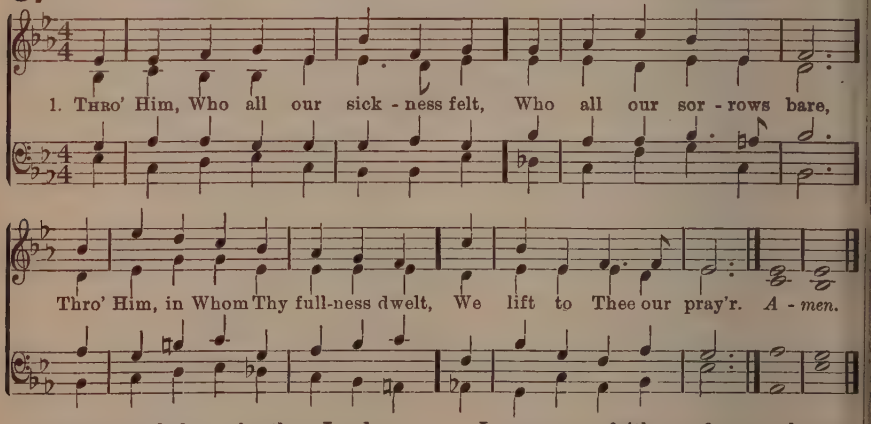
4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

5 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley, 1749 *Alt.* V. 2, l. 4

371 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862



2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face
To be forever blest.

C. Wesley, 1742

372 HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace. *A - men.*

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

C. Wesley, 1739

373 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1728

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly
race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. *A-men.*

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge, 1755

374 MISSION SONG 8s, 7s. 8l. Har. by H. P. Main 1869 for P. P. Van Arsdale

1. HARK! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, and har - vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." *A - men.*

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

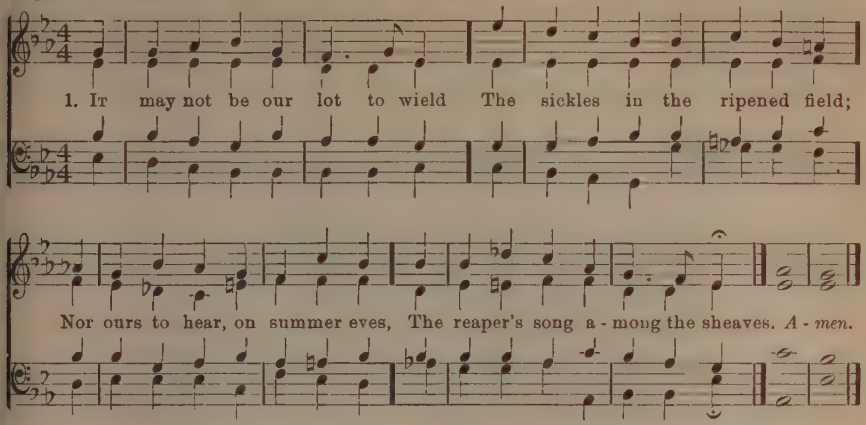
3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March, 1868

375 ELLSWORTH L. M.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

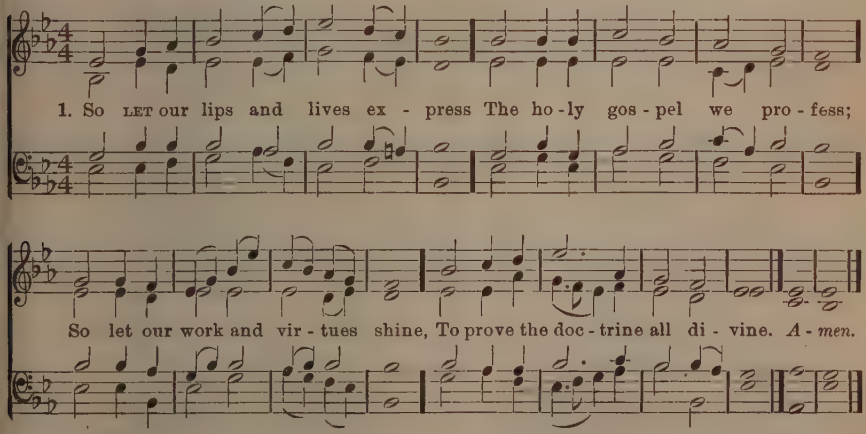
3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

J. G. Whittier

376 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton (—1793), c. 1790



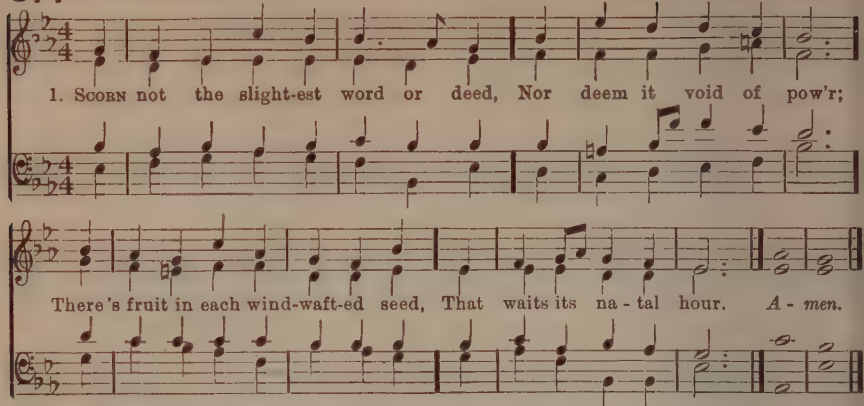
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

I. Watts, 1709

377 ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894



2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

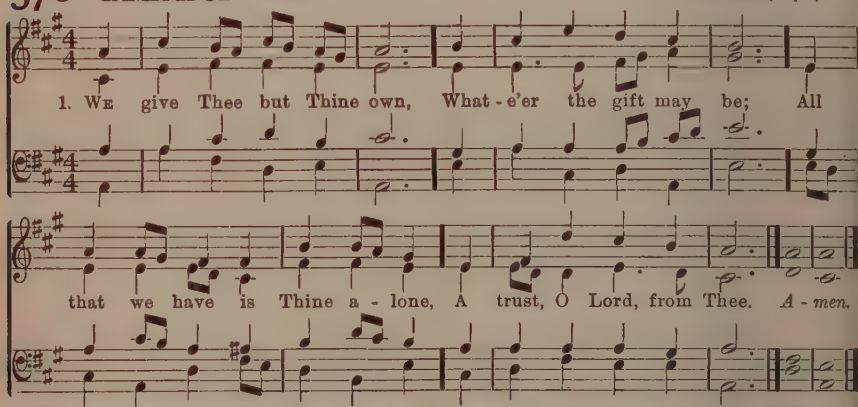
3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845

378 CAMBRIDGE S. M.

R. Harrison, 1784



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

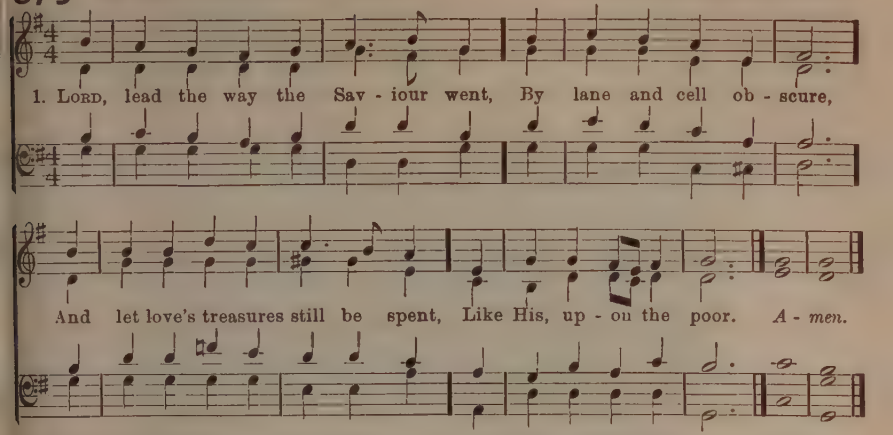
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1858

379 MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)



2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

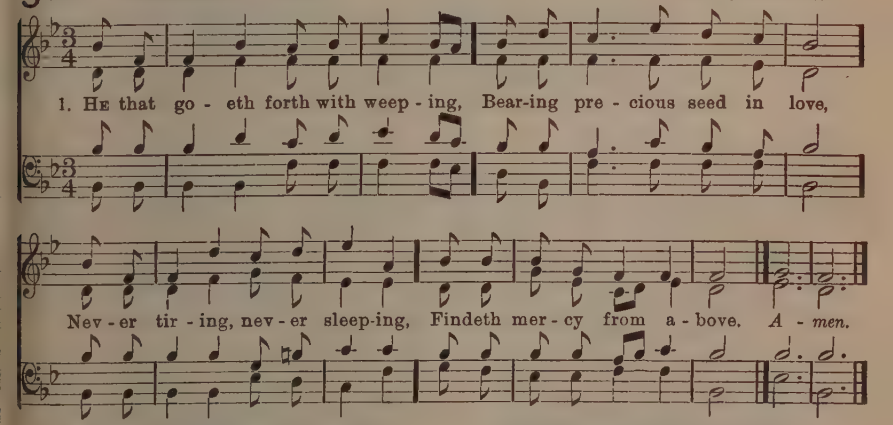
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Wm. Crosswell, 1831

380 STOCKWELL 8s, 7s.

D. E. Jones, 1847



2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

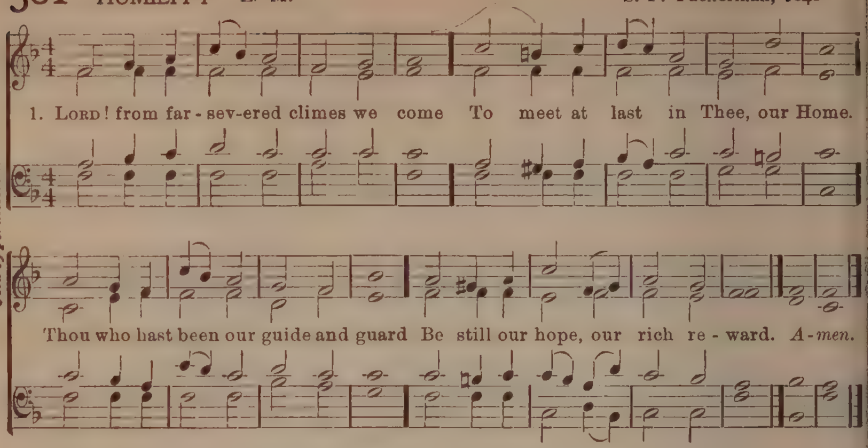
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

381 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848



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2 Defend us, Lord, from every ill.
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will.
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.

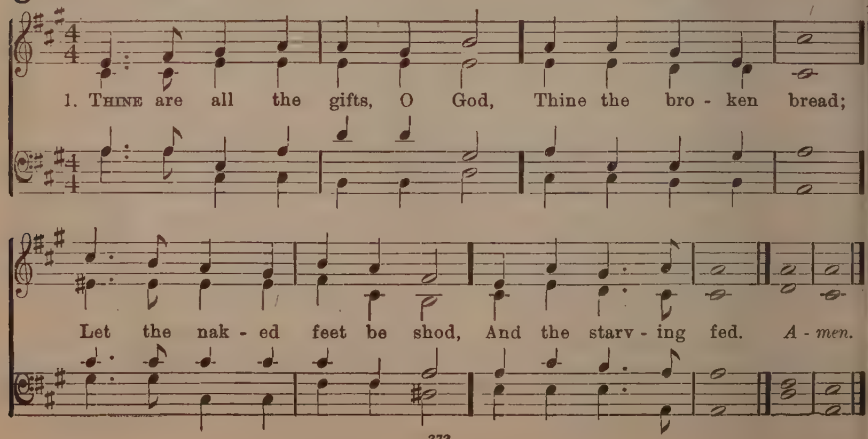
3 O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

4 Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and Thee!

John Hay

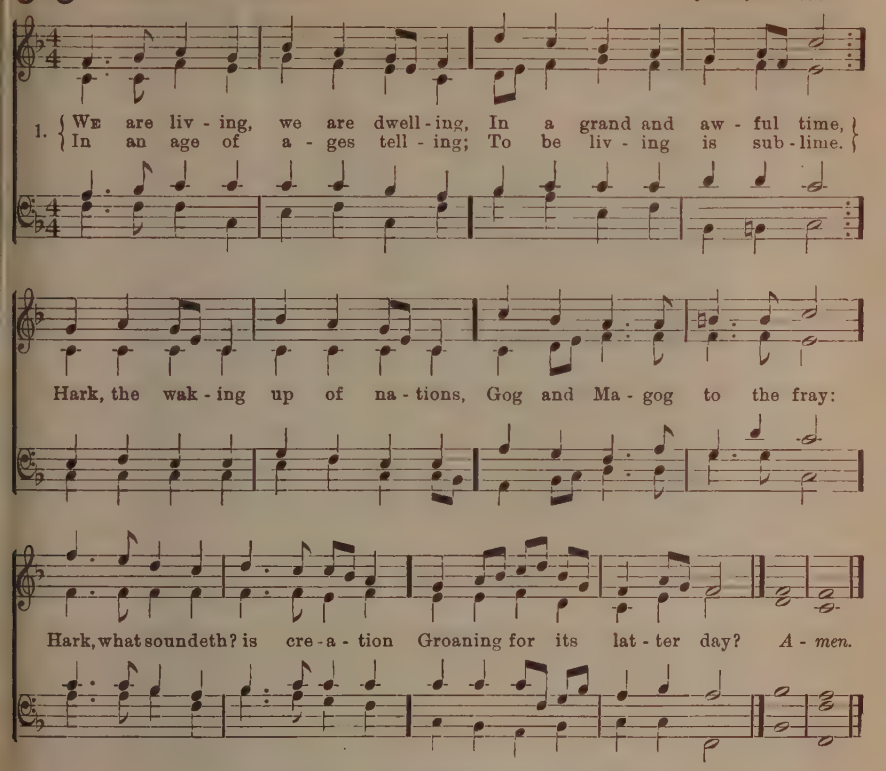
382 ST. PIRAN 7s, 5s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



383 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

F. J. Haydn, 1797



2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!

3 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad.
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Coxe, 1840

(ST. PIRAN) 7s, 5s.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad,
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier, 1878

384 RUTH 6s, 5s. 8l. S. Smith (1821- —), 1870

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home - ward move,
Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sad - ness, Firm our trust shall be;
Is our sky be - cloud - ed, Light shall come from Thee. *A - men.*

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

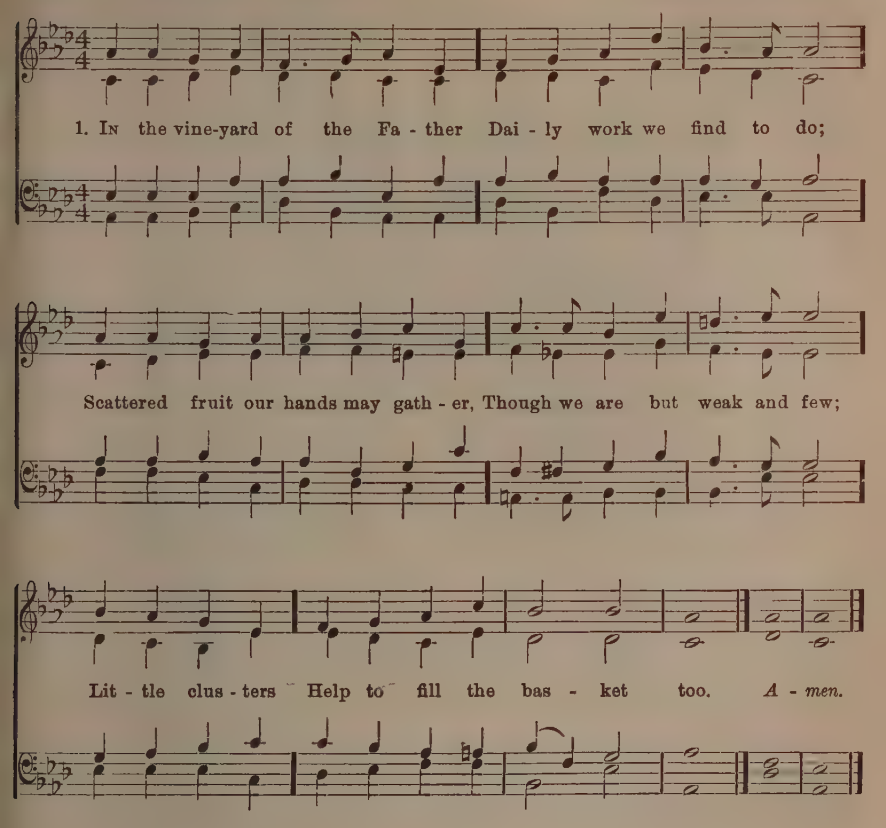
3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

385 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
So we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way:

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessèd story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

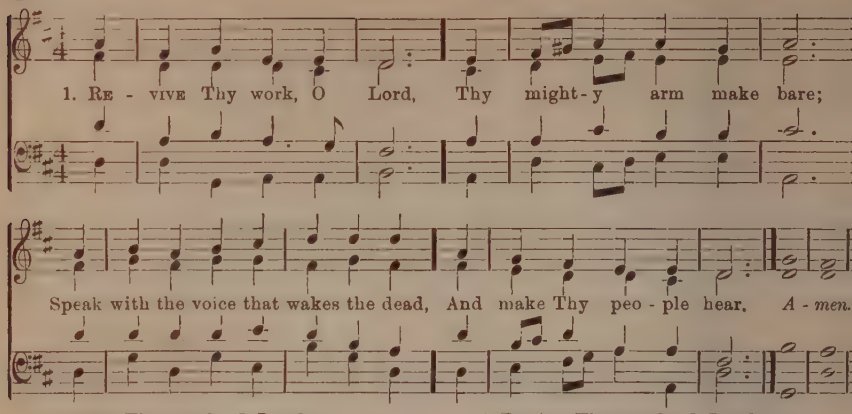
4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in each endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas McKellar, 1845

386 SWABIA S. M.

German Arr. W. H. Havergal, 1849



2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

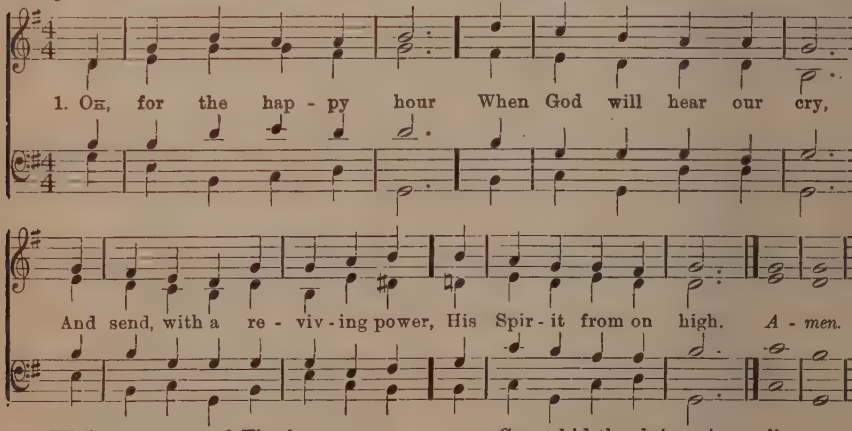
4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

A. Midlane, 1858

387 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



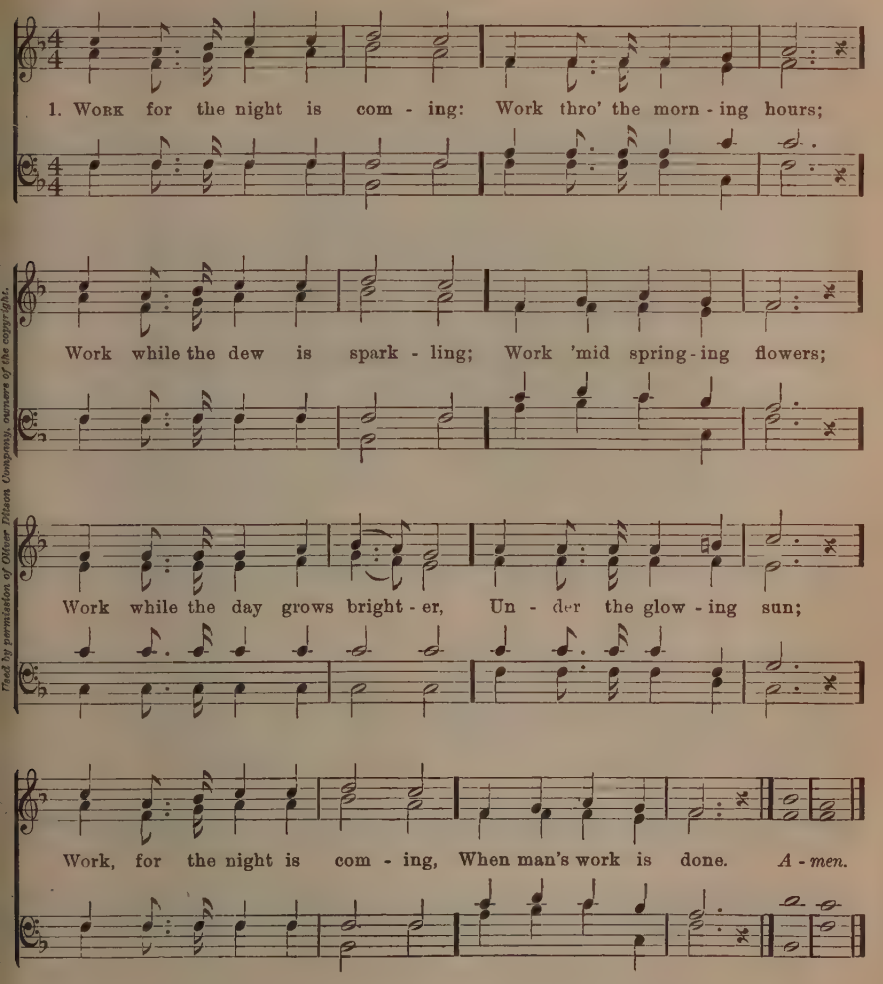
2 While many crowd Thy house,
How few, around Thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord!

3 Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be Thine,
This church like that above.

G. W. Bethune (1805—1862)

388 WORK SONG 7, 6, 7, 5 8 l. L. Mason, 1864



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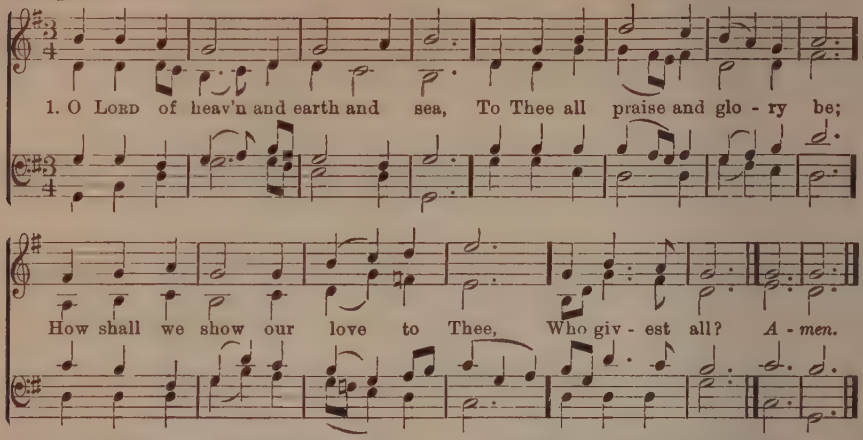
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Coghill, c. 1860 *Alt.*

389 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875



2 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

3 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

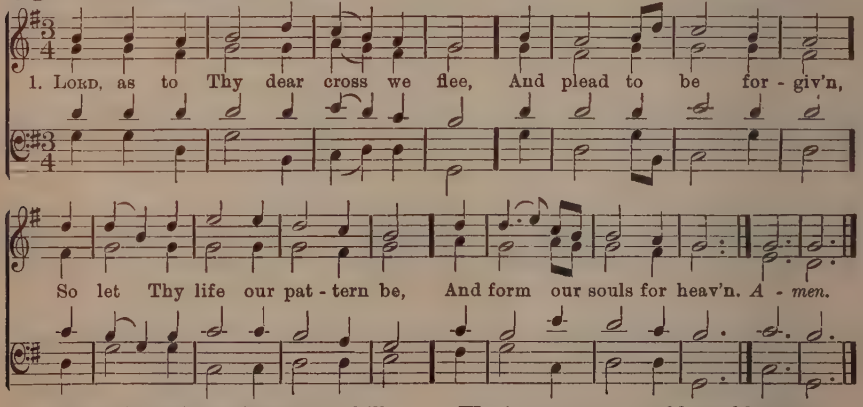
4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.

5 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth, 1872

390 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

W. Arnold, 1791



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

J. H. Gurney, 1838 *Ab.*

391 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860

1. Fountain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline;
What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? *A - men.*

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

P. Doddridge, 1755 E. Osler, 1836

392 LAST HOPE 7s.

L. M. Gottschalk, 1854 Ad. by H. P. Main, 1865

1. Lord, as we Thy name pro - fess, May our hearts Thy love con - fess;
And in all our praise of Thee, May our lips and lives a - gree. *A - men.*

2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.

3 May Thy yoke be meekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;
Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.

4 Gracious Saviour, heavenly Friend,
On Thy grace our souls depend;
Let that grace our needs supply
While we live and when we die.

E. P. Parker, 1890

393 REGENT SQUARE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

H. Smart, 1867

1. Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-en of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers, pray for reapers In the har-vest of the Lord! *A-men.*

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-Home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

Mrs. Mary Hamlin Maxwell, 1849

394 ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. Send Thou, O Lord, to ev-ery place Swift mes-sen-gers be-fore Thy face, The her-alds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. *A-men.*

395 ROBERTS (Farmer) 7s, 6s. 8l. J. Farmer (1836—)

1. Our country's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a - rise! His pro - vi-dence is lead - ing, The land be-fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And promise clothes the soil; White fields, for harvest whit'ning, In - vite the reaper's toil. *A - men.*

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.

Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson, 1848

(ELMHURST) 8, 8, 8, 6

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.

5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. [Lord,

6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, 1889

396 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. F. Hemy (1818—)

1. Good-ly were thy tents, O Is - rael, Spread a - long the riv - er's side,

Bright thy star which rose pro-phet - ic, Her - ald of do - min - ion wide;

Fair - er are the homes of free - men, Scattered o'er our broad do - main;

Bright-er is our ris - ing day-star, Ushering in a pur - er reign. *A - men.*

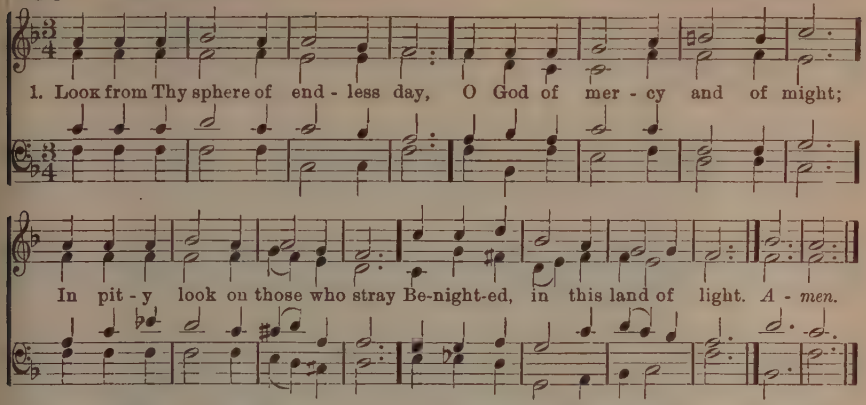
2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure,
Which with constant faith they sought,—
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all Thy radiant banner,
On these souls Thy love impress;
From Thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land Thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of Thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Samuel Wolcott (1813—1886)

397 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book



2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

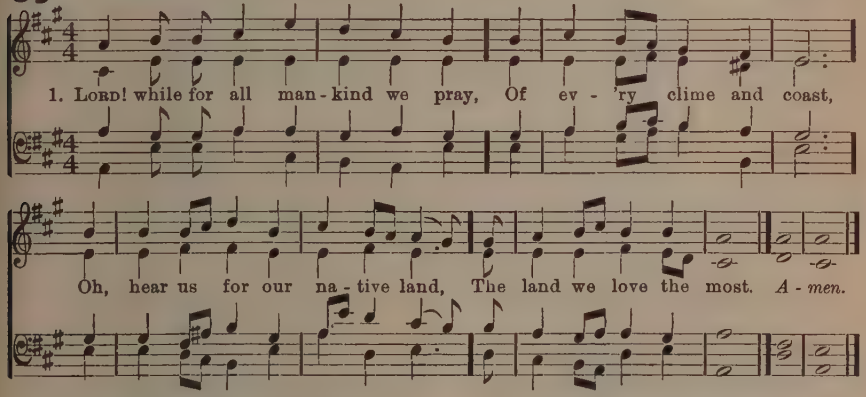
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant, 1859

398 DEDHAM C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1830



2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

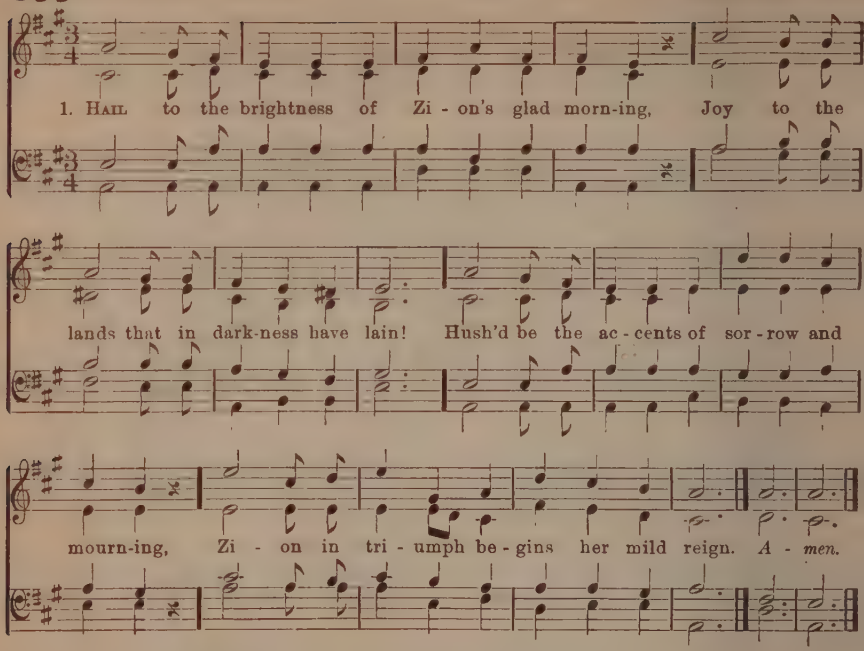
3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford (1800—1881)

399 WESLEY 11s, 10s. L. Mason, 1830



2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. Hastings, 1832

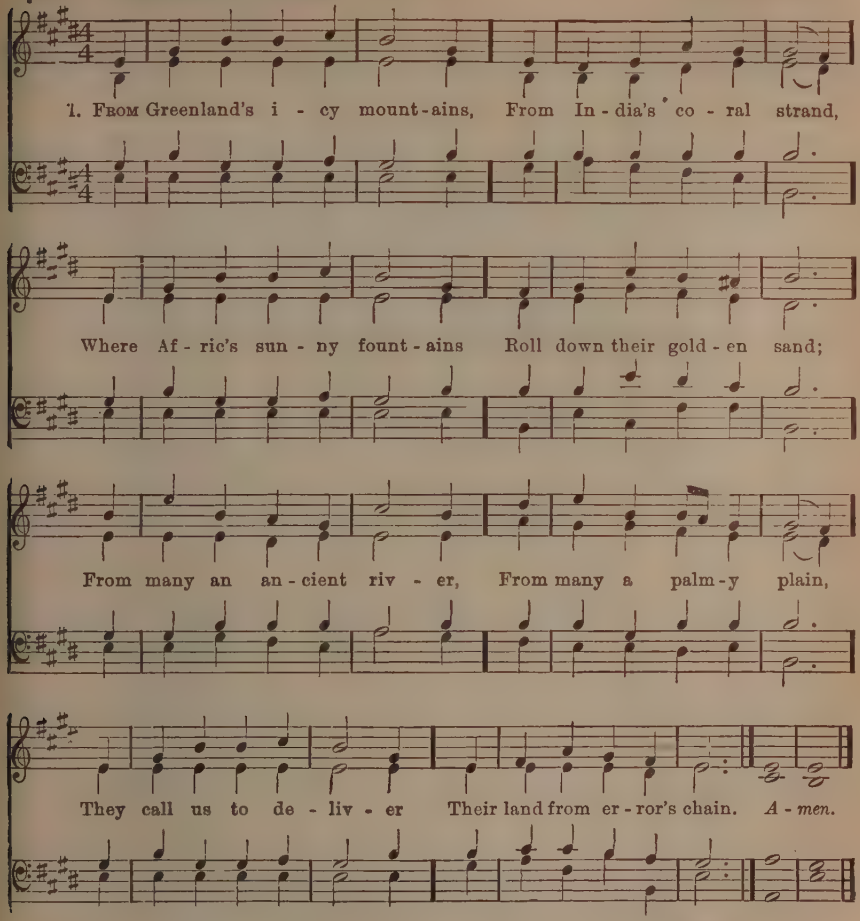
400 (MISSIONARY HYMN) 7s, 6s. 81.

1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

401 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s, 6s. 8l. L. Mason, 1823



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

R. Heber, 1819

402 MOSCOW 10s.

A. F. Lwoff, 1833

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy

tow-'ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis

play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. *A-men.*

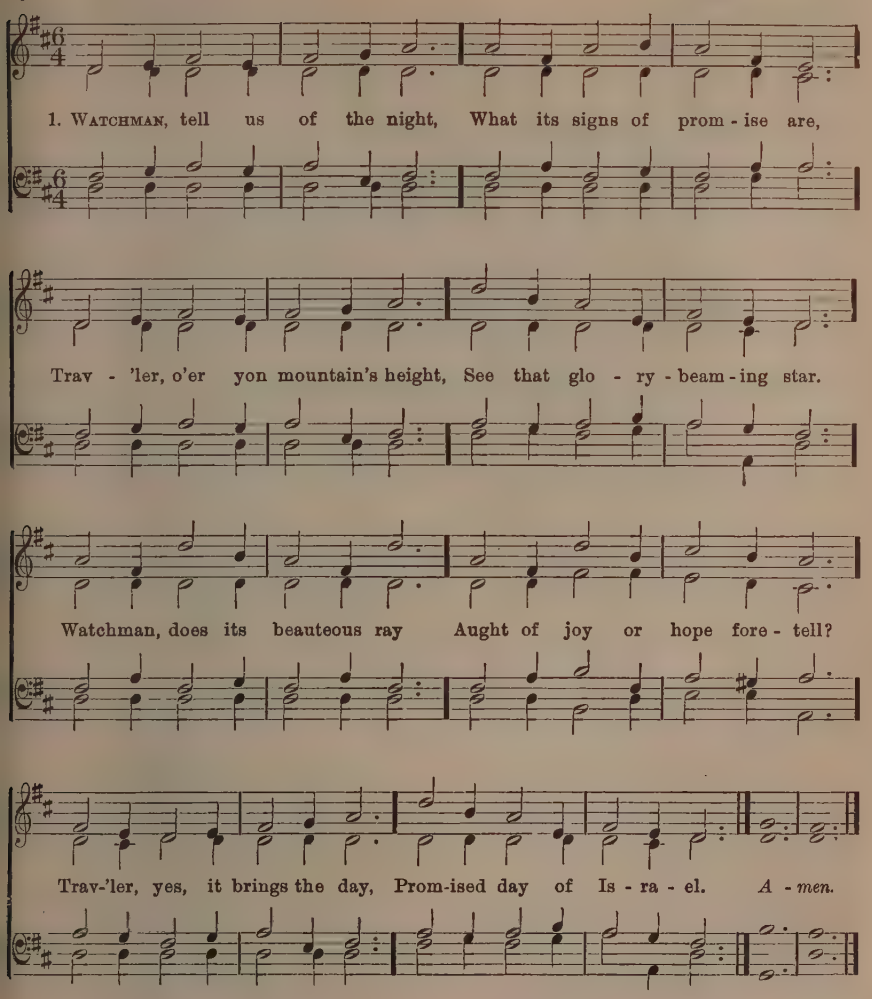
2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope, 1720

403 WATCHMAN 7s. 8l. L. Mason, 1830



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

J. Bowring, 1825

404 WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war. *A - me*

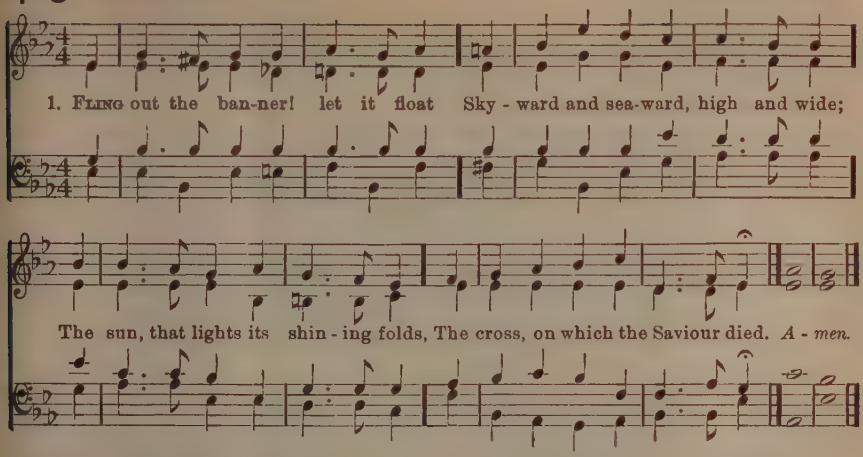
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith, 18

405 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



2 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

3 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane, 1848

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406 (WEBB) 7s, 6s. 8l.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

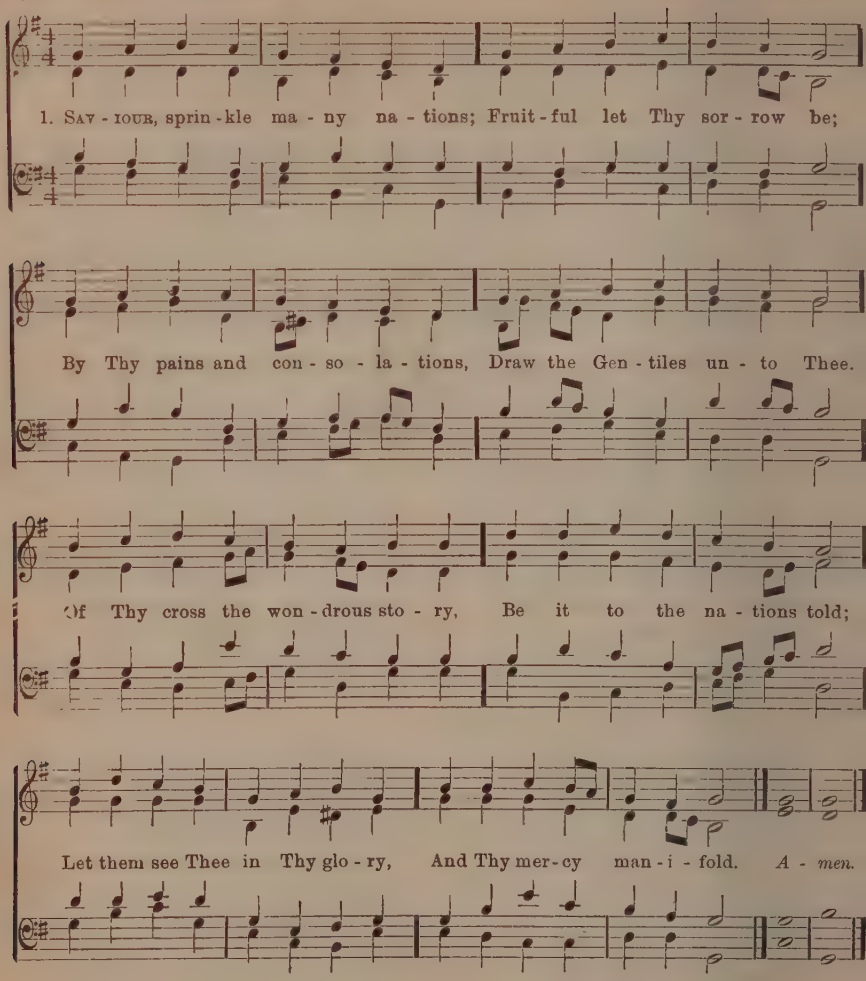
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

J. Montgomery, 1821

407 LUDWIGSBURG 8s, 7s. 8l. L. Bourgeois, 1556



2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. C. Coxe, 1851

408 ZION 8 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

T. Hastings, 1830

1. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:
Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands,
Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands. *A - men.*

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

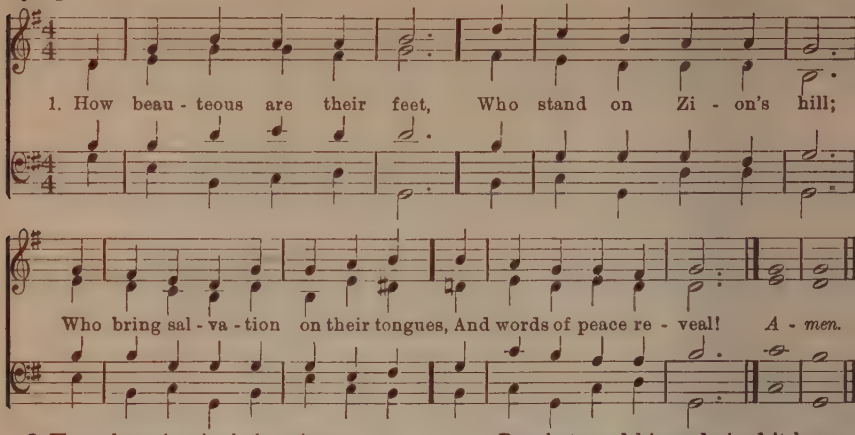
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

T. Kelly, 1806

409 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

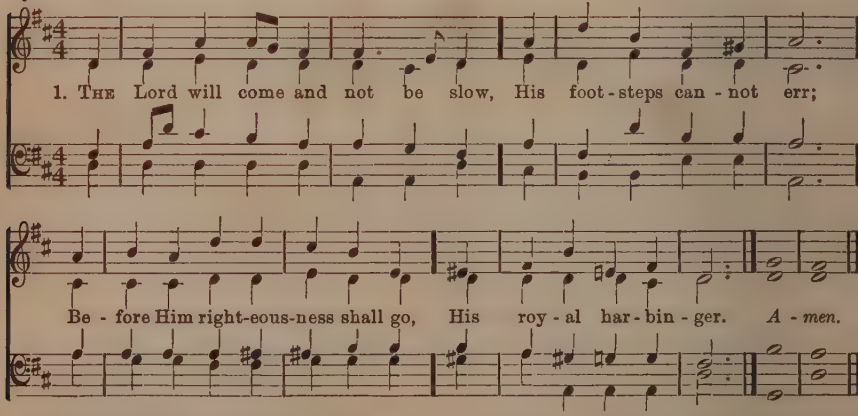
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts, 1707

410 WALMSLEY C. M.

H. Walmsley Little



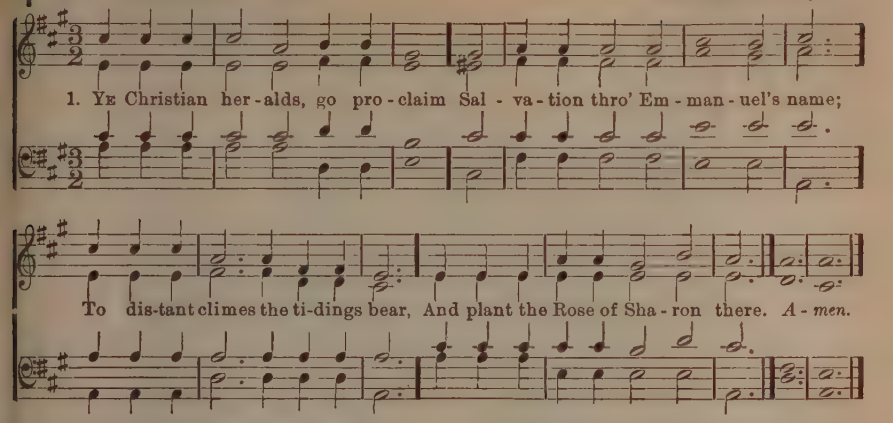
2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

J. Milton, 1648

411 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. H. Zeuner, 1832



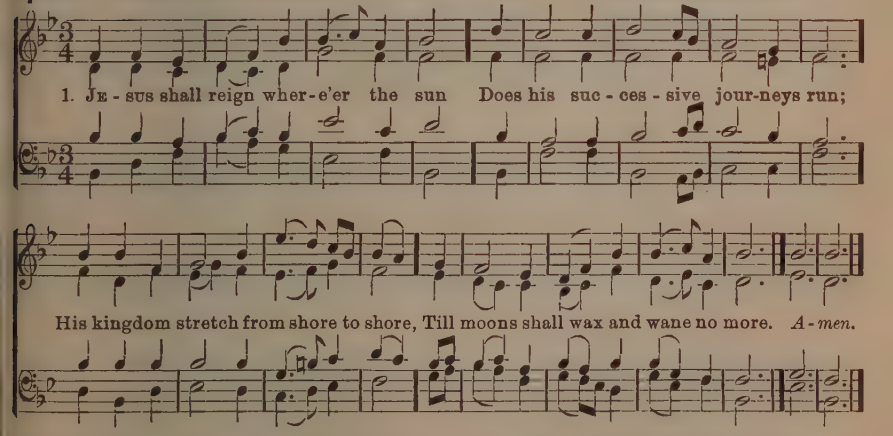
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

B. H. Draper, 1803

412 WARRINGTON L. M.

R. Harrison (1748—1810)



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

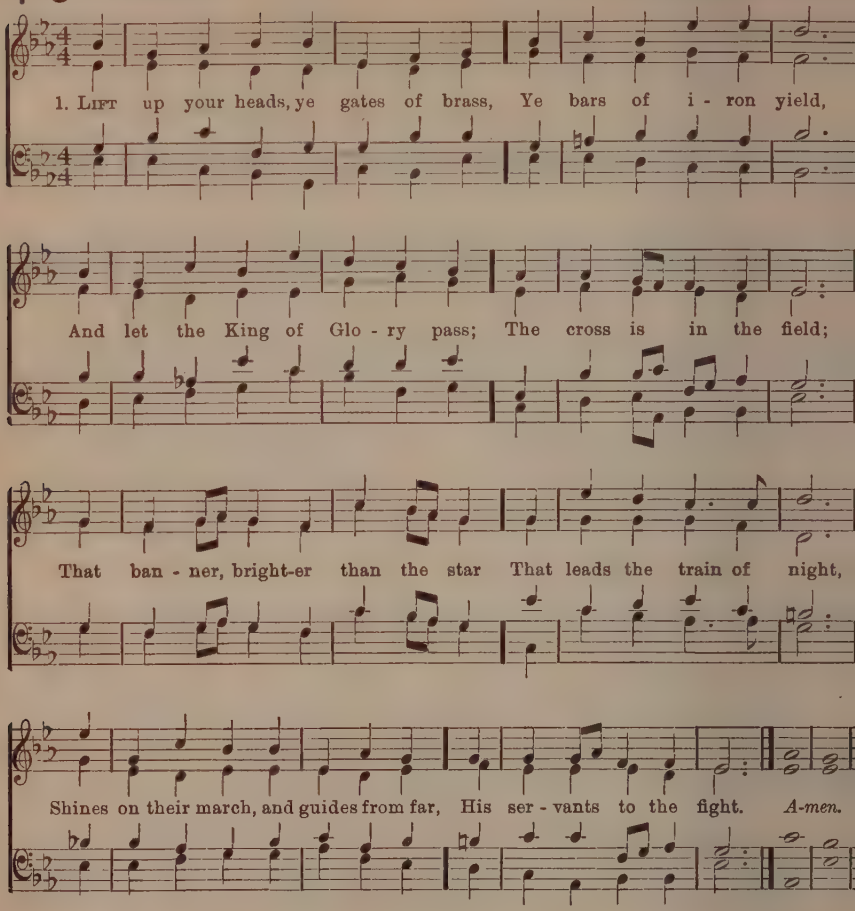
3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts, 1719

413 HEREFORD C. M. 8 1. H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post:

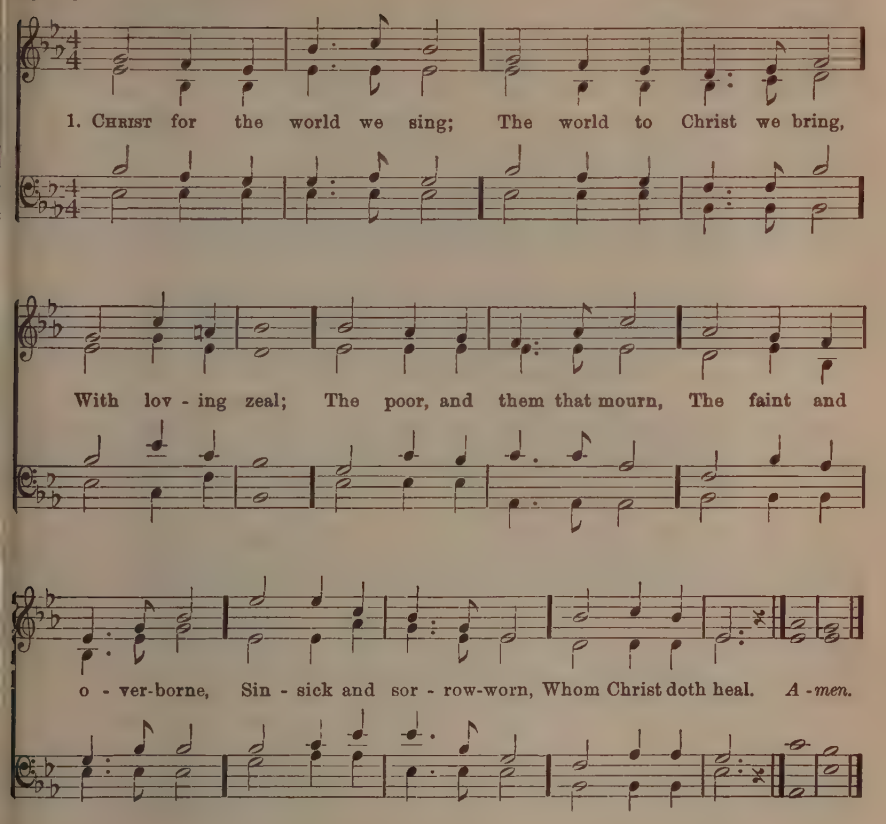
3 Tho' few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.

4 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

J. Montgomery, 1843

414 CUTTING 6s, 4s.

W. F. Sherwin (1826—1887)



2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

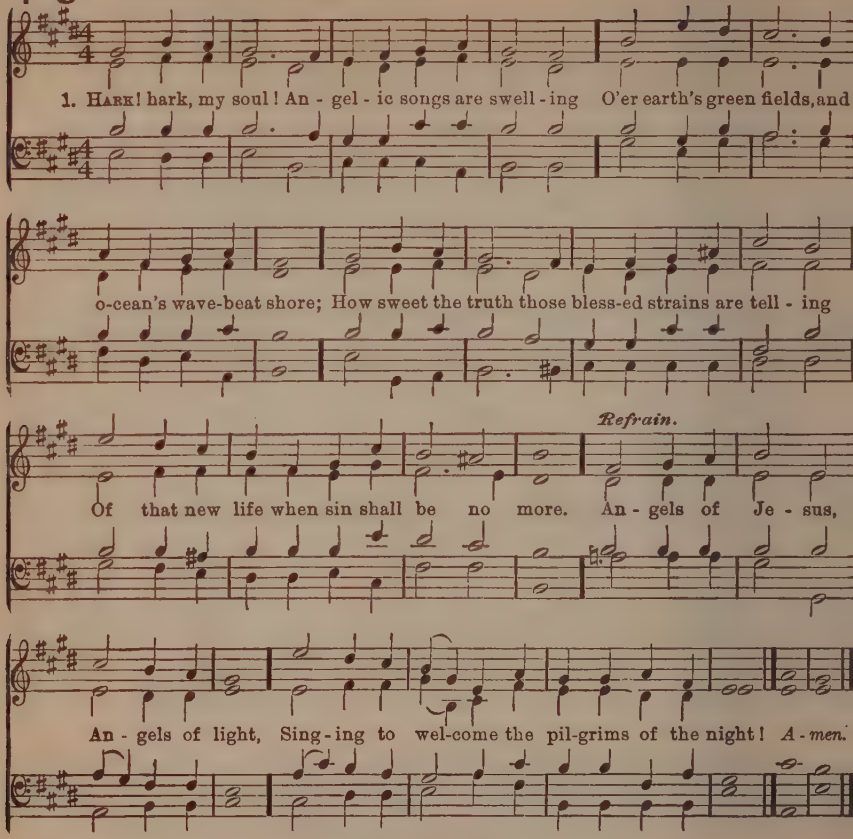
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott (1813—1886)

415 PILGRIMS 11s, 10s. With Refrain

H. Smart, 1868



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

F. W. Faber, 1854

(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11s, 10s. With Refrain J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

Refrain.

p

cres. *f* Sing -

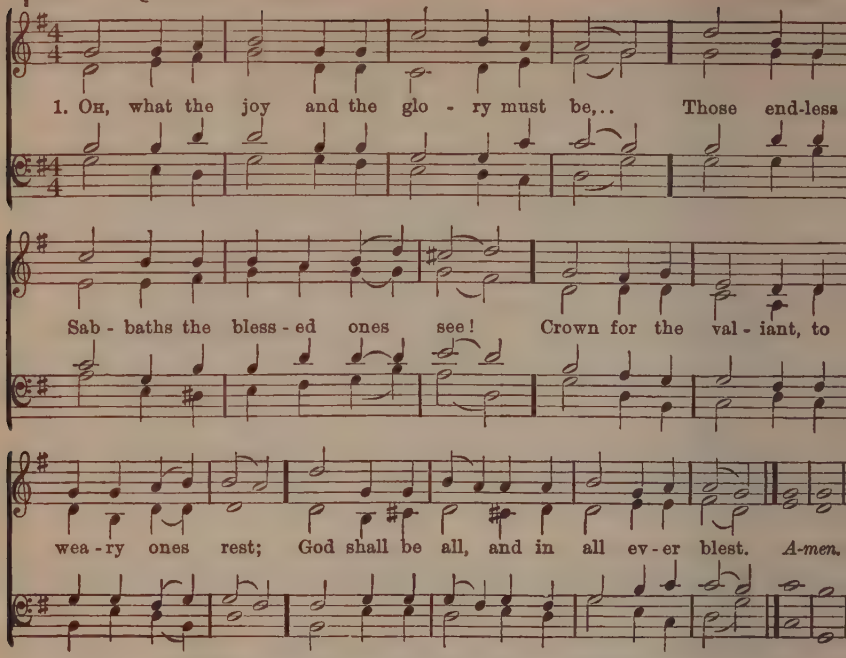
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

cres. - - - - - ing

rall.

Sing - ing to wel- come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night! *A - men.*

416 O QUANTA 10s. Ancient



2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise,

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

P. Abelard, 12th Cent. *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 184

417 ALFORD 7, 6, 8, 6 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark-ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:....
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in. *A - men.*

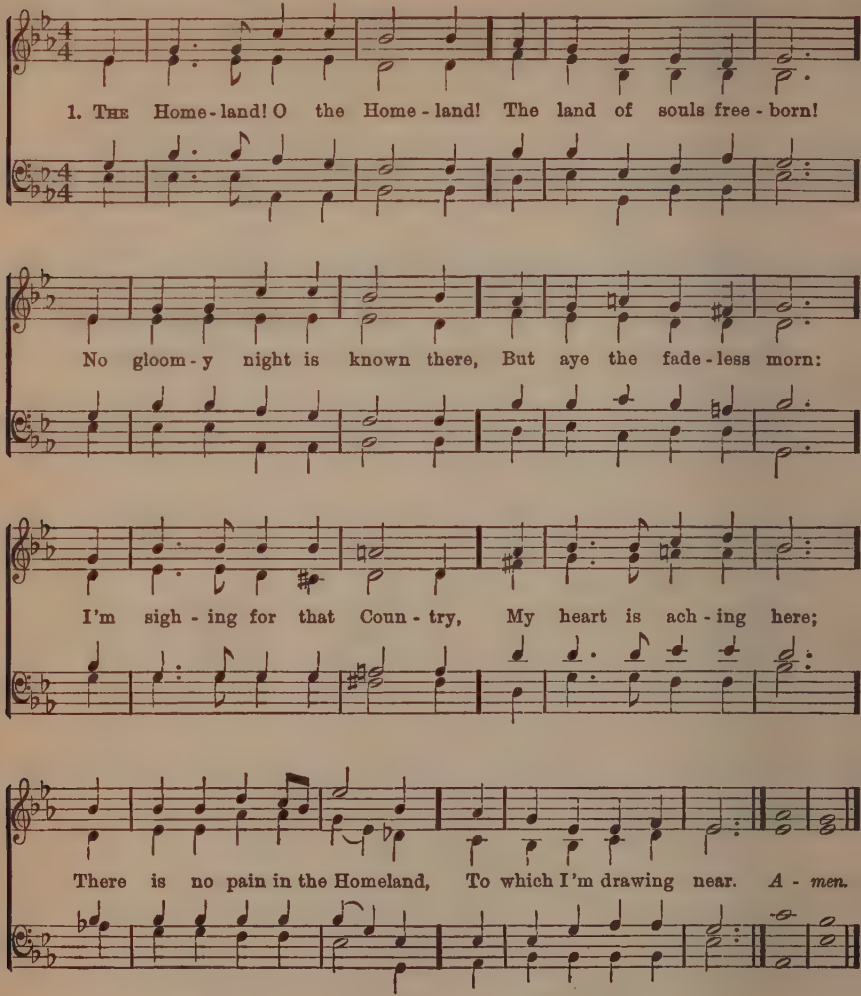
2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

H. Alford, 1867

418 HOMELAND 7s, 6s. 8l. Arthur Sullivan, 1872

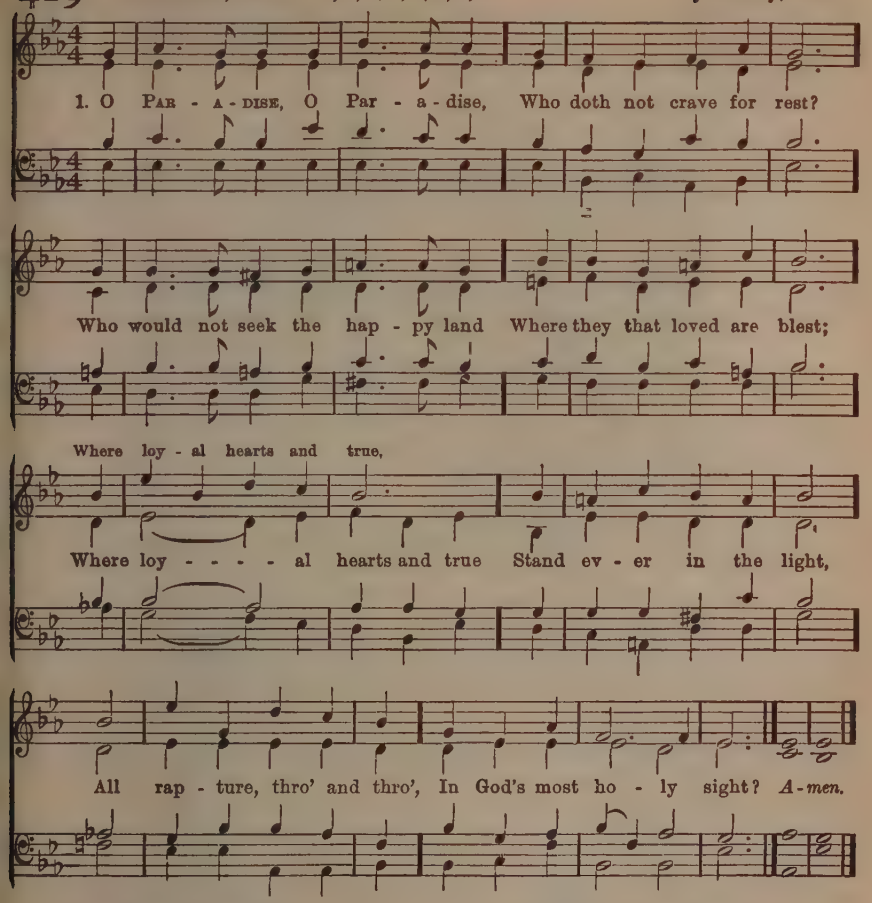


2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

H. R. Haweis, 1872

419 PARADISE, No. 1 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6 J. Barnby, 1866



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

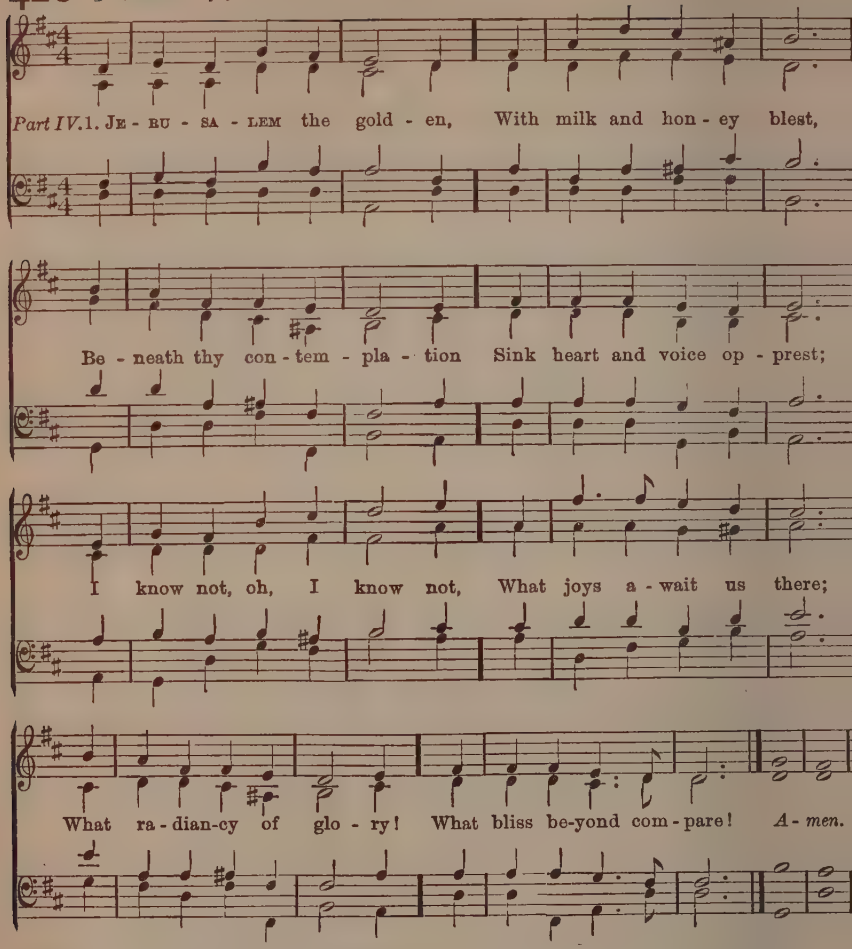
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1862. H. A. & M., 1868

420 EWING 7s, 6s. 8l. A. Ewing, 1853



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

(EWING)

Additional verses from HORA NOVISSIMA (Neale's translation), often sung, and generally to EWING

Part I.

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Part II.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

Part III.

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
The ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Part V.

1 JERUSALEM the glorious!
The glory of th' elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

2 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

3 I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1851

421 MATERNA C. M. 81.

S. A. Ward, 1882

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?....

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!....

In thee no sor- row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. *A - men.*

Copyright, 1888, by S. A. Ward

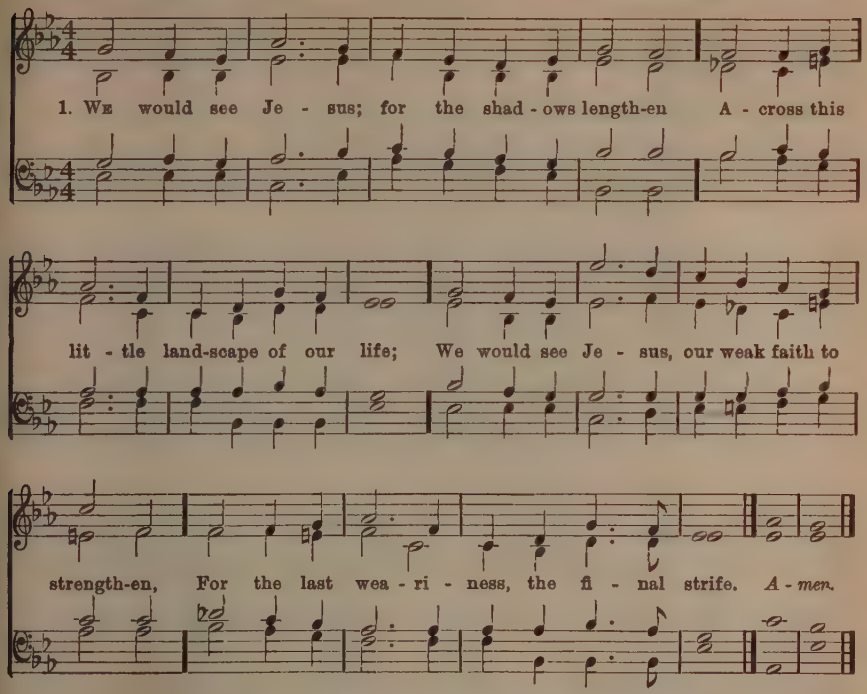
2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light,
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant [flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silver [sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

D. Dickson (1583—1663)
(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)

422 **FELIX** (Raynolds) 11s, 10s. F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)



2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

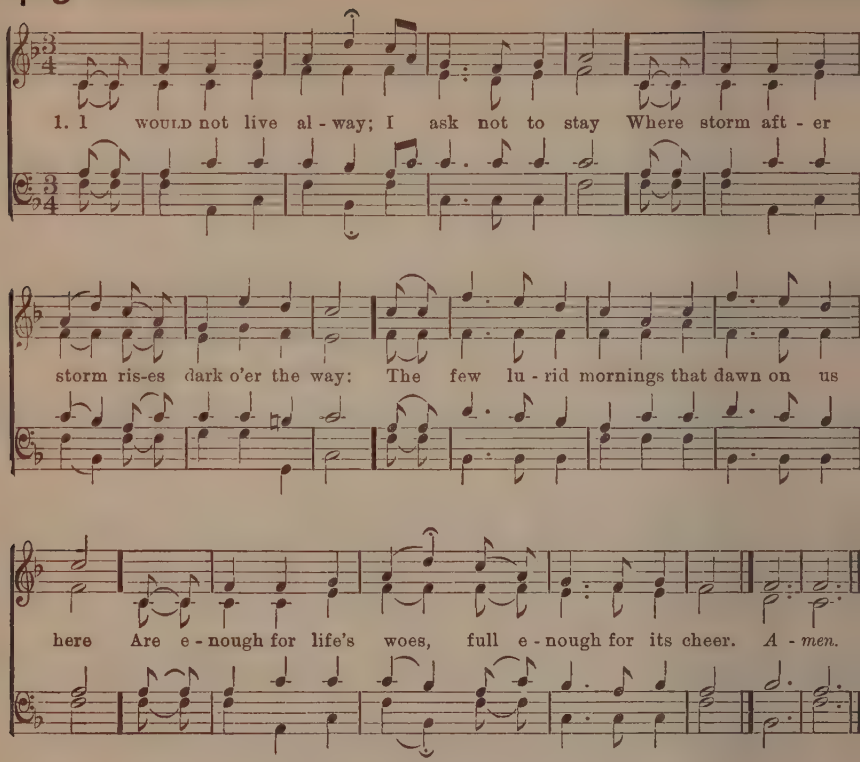
5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Anna B. Warner, 1858

423 FREDERICK 11s.

G. Kingsley, 1833



2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

424 RUTHERFORD 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
Har. E. F. Rimbault, 1867

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. *A - men.*

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

425 SARUM 10, 10, 10 With Alleluia

J. Barnby, 1869

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! *A-men.*

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

W. W. How, 1864

426 ELVET C. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. THERE is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. *A - men.*

2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

3 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

4 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts, 1707

427 BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. LET saints on earth in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone;
For all the ser - vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. *A - men.*

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

C. Wesley, 1759

428 DOLCE DOMUM S. M.

R. S. Ambrose, 1876

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Near-er, my home, to-day, am I Than e'er I've been be-fore. *A-men.*

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

P. Cary, 1852

429 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men! so let it be! Life
from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty! *A-men.*

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

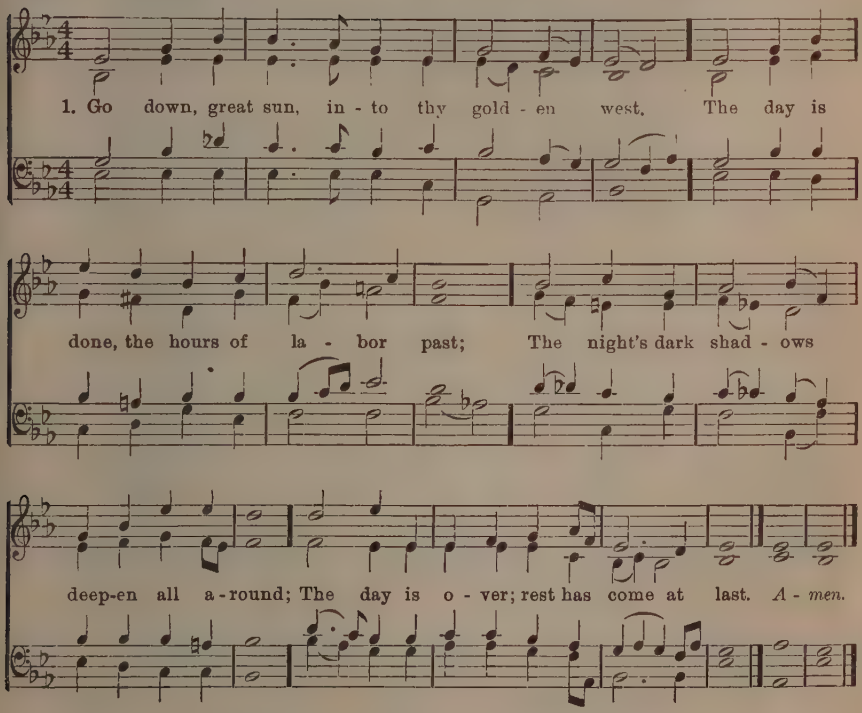
5 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery, 1835

430 PAX DEI 10s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868



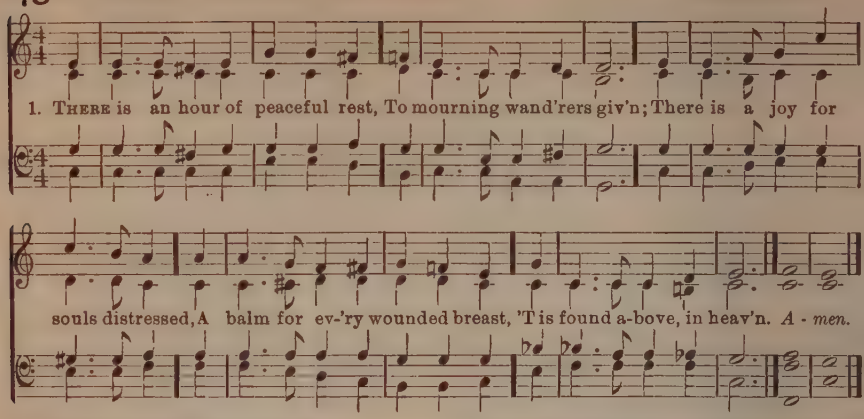
2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

E. Husband, 1871

431 ELTON 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)



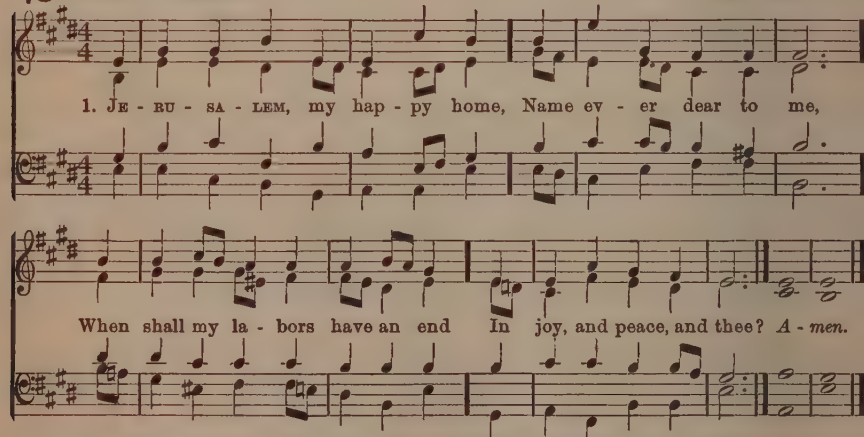
2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan, 1818

432 SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

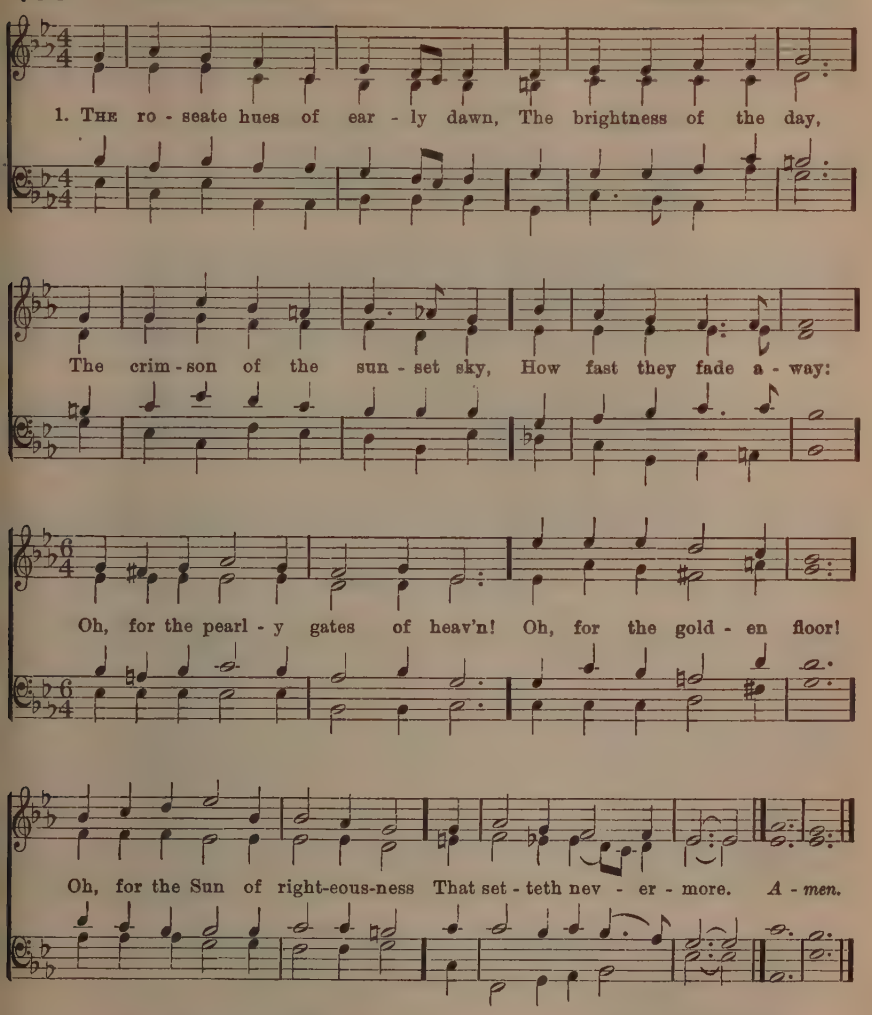
3 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery), Eckington Coll., c. 1796
(based on "F. B. P." in MSS. of the 16th or 17th Cent.)

433 CASTLE RISING C. M. 81. F. A. J. Hervey, 1867



2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

434 ST. EDMUND 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. We are but stran - gers here, Heaven is our home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is our home.
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round us on ev - ery hand,
Heaven is our fa - ther - land, Heaven is our home. *A - men.*

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
We shall reach home at last:
Heaven is our home.

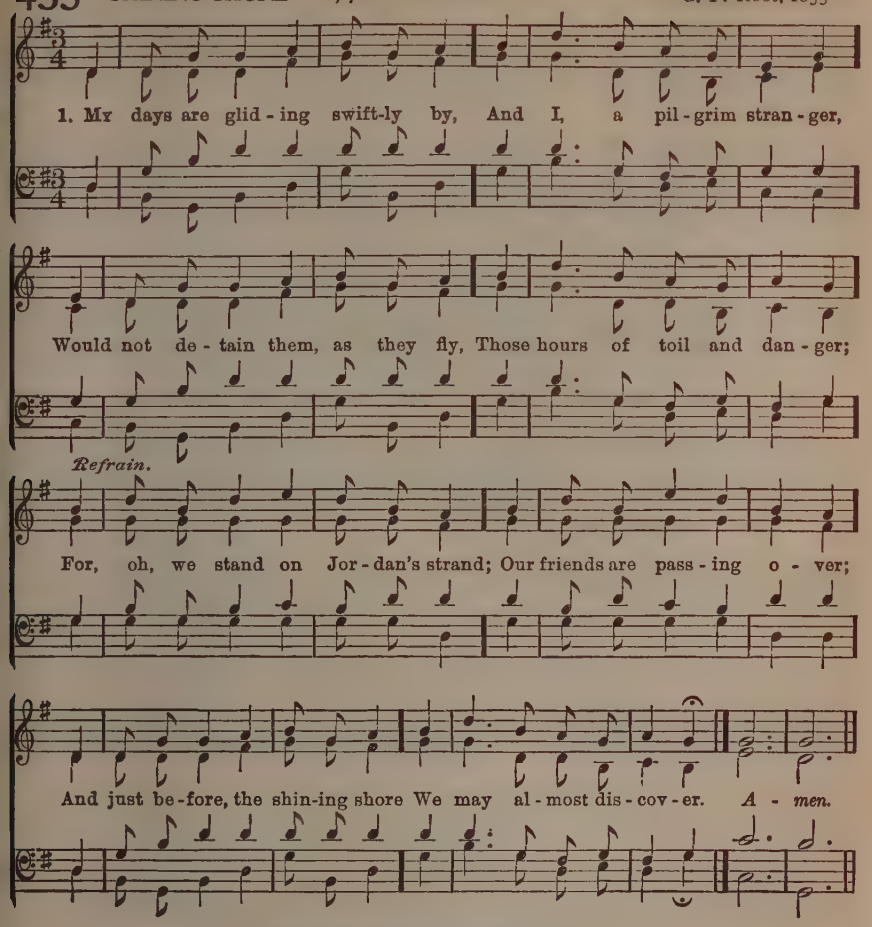
3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home,
May we be glorified:
Heaven is our home.
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest:
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own right hand,
Jesus, in fatherland:
Heaven is our home.

T. R. Taylor, 18

435 SHINING SHORE 8s, 7s. With Refrain

G. F. Root, 1855



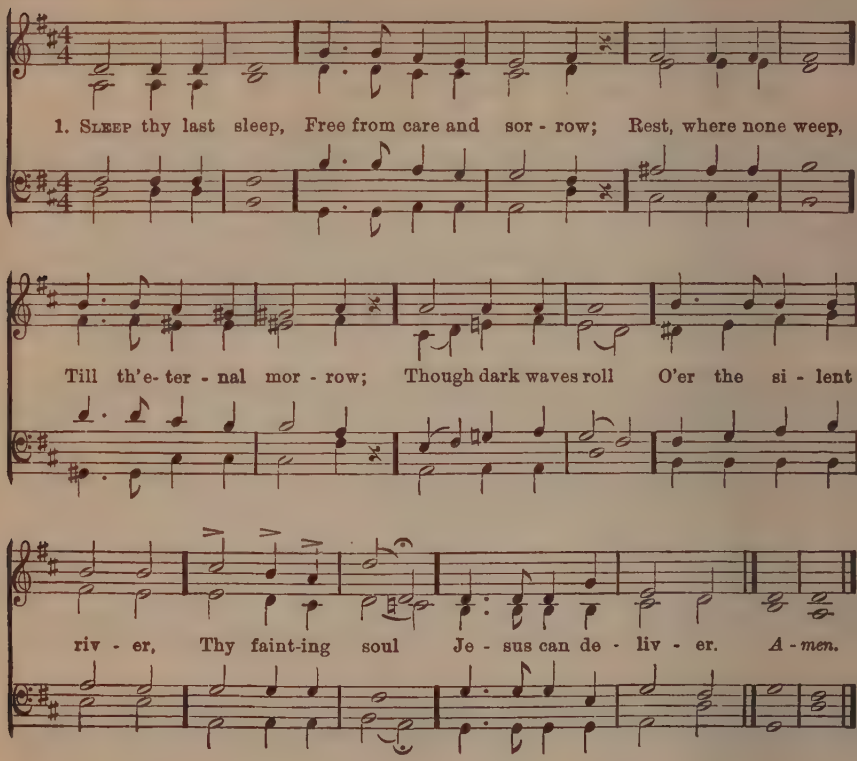
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
"Let every lamp be burning:"—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing:—*Ref.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever:—*Ref.*

D. Nelson, 183

436 REQUIEM 4s, 6s. 8 l. J. Barnby, 1869



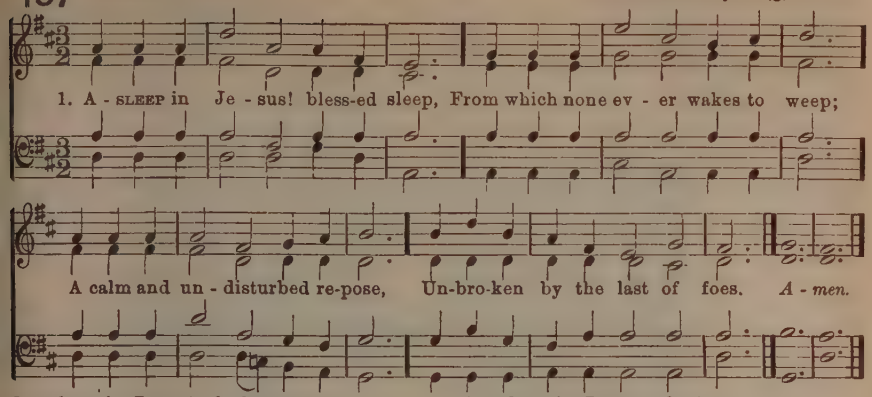
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. Dayman, 1868

437 REST L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1843, arr.



2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

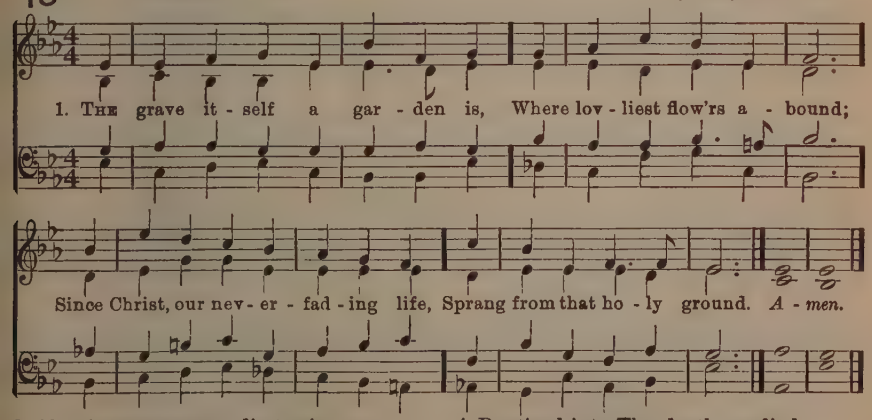
4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay, 1832

438 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862



2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own [blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

5 Lord, thro' the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

C. Wordsworth, 1862

439 ST. MILLICENT 7, 7, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. Let no tears to-day be shed; Ho-ly is this nar-row bed.

Al-le-lu-ia! *A-men.*

2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run:—
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence,
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia!

Anon. *Paris Missal*, 1764 *Tr.* R. F. Littledale, 1865

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440 MEINHOLD 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

German

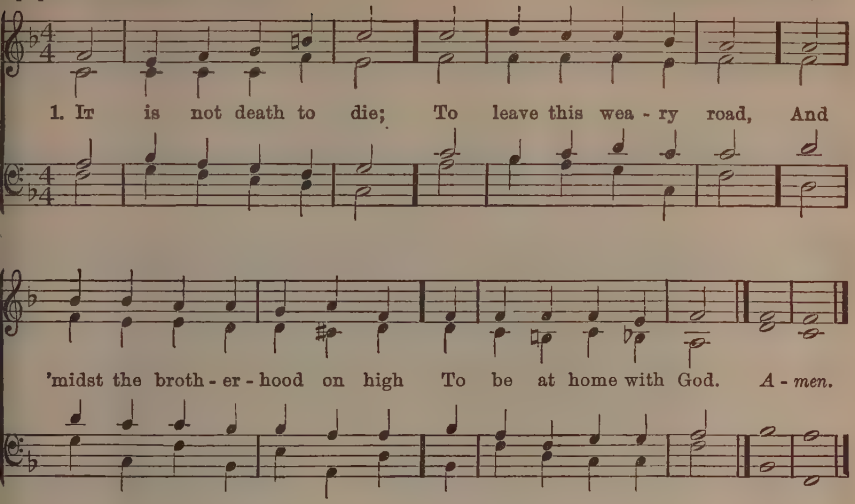
1. Gen-tle Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit-tle Lamb's brief weep-ing;

Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing,

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more. *A-men.*

441 MOCCAS S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, 1832 *Tr.* G. W. Bethune, 1847

For a Child

(MEINHOLD) 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

1 Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1835. *Tr.* C. Winkworth, 1869

442 LEOMINSTER S. M. 81.

Anon. Har. Arthur Sullivan, 1872

Slowly.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those who rest; A - sleep with - in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; Oh,
wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. *A - men.*

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'T is but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who live
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

H. Bonar, 184

443 ST. SYLVESTER P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7 (8, 8, 8, 9) J. B. Dykes, 1862

Slowly.

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed!

mf *After 3rd and 6th verses.* *dim.* *p*

Life pass - eth soon; Death draweth nigh: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

cres. *dim.*

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Thro' e - ter - ni - ty. *A - men.*

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is floating;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

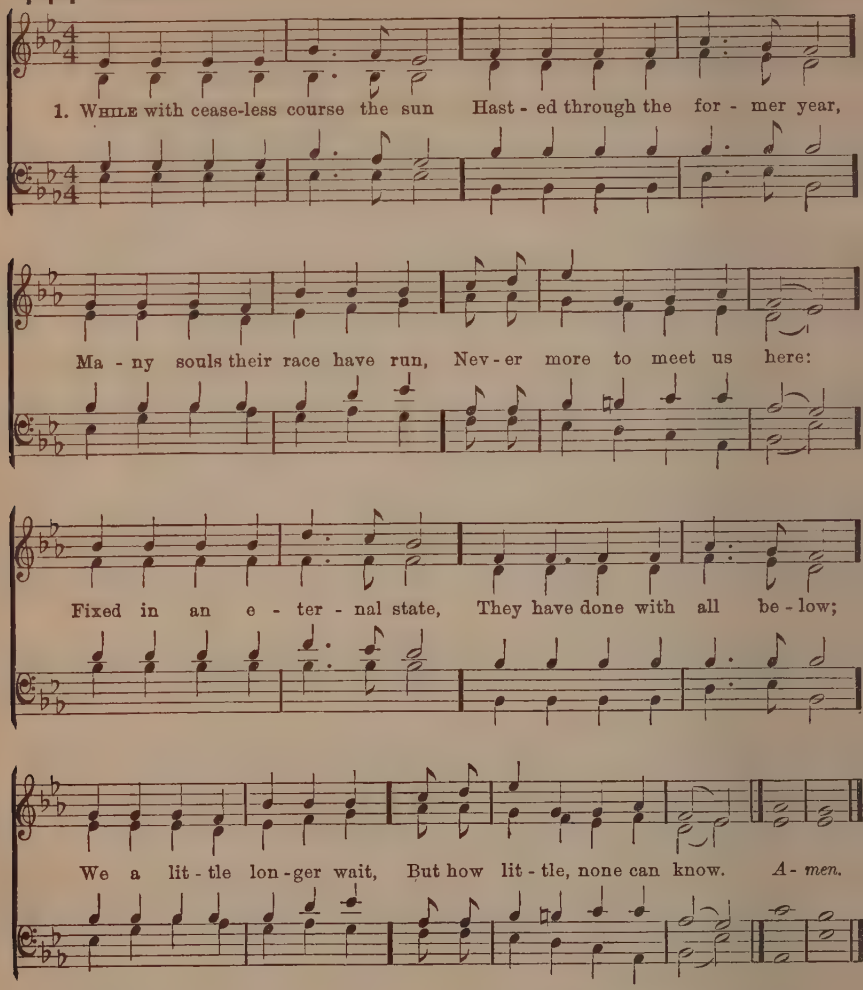
5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

E. Caswall, 1858

444 BENEVENTO 7s. 81.

S. Webbe, 1792



2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Newton, 1774

445 DEVA 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain. E. J. Hopkins, 1888

1. STAND-ING at the por - tal Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us,
Hush-ing ev - 'ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,
Ten-der, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice. On-ward then, and fear not,
Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev - er, Nev-er pass a - way. *A-men.*

Refrain.

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."—*Ref.*

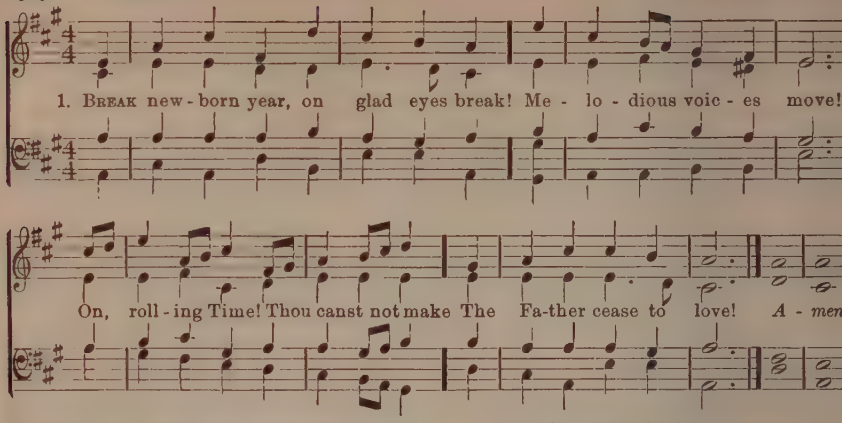
3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

F. R. Havergal, 1873

446 BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819



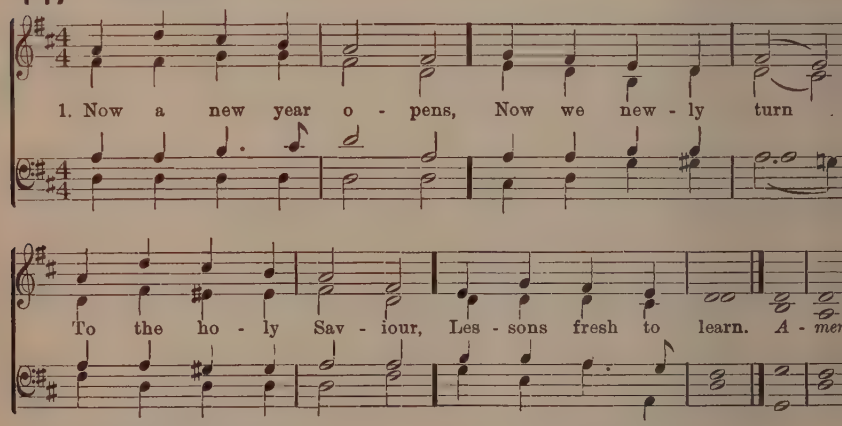
2 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

3 O golden then the hours must be!
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill, 18

447 NEW YEAR 6s, 5s.

T. Armstrong



2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessèd footsteps,
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led.

Samuel C. Clarke, 18

448 ST. COLOMB 13, 13, 13, 14, or 7s, 6s. 81. Irregular W. S. Hoyte, 1889

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;
As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,
As dawns the sol-emn brightness of An - oth - er glad New Year. *A - men.*

2 The fullness of His blessing
Encompasseth our way;
The fullness of His promises
Crowns every bright'ning day;
The fullness of His glory,
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
The fullness of His love.

3 And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

4 Oh, let our adoration
For all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, and deep, and true:
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

F. R. Havergal, 1873

449 SAMUEL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HUSHED was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. *A - men.*

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. Burns, 1856

450 UNITY 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

S. P. Warren, 1886

With spirit.

1. Come, let us all u - nite and sing, "God is love." Let
heav'n and earth their prais - es bring: "God.... is love;" Let
ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,
And sweet - ly sing for Je - sus' sake, "God.... is love." *A - men.*

2 O tell to earth's remotest bound
"God is love!"
In Christ is full redemption found:
God is love,
His blood can cleanse our sins away;
His Spirit turns our night to day,
And leads our soul with joy to say,
"God is love."

3 What though our heart and flesh should [fail:
God is love,
Through Christ we shall o'er death pre- [vail:
God is love.
In Jordan's swell we need not fear,
For Jesus will be with us there
Our souls above the waves to bear:
God is love.

4 In heaven we shall sing again,
"God is love,"
Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,
"God is love."
While endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heav'nly throng,
This still shall be our sweetest song,
"God is love."

C. R. Hurditch, 1859

451 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. With Refrain H. E. Matthews, 1854

1. A - ROUND the throne of God in heaven Thou - sands of chil - dren stand,
Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." *A - men.*

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Anne H. Shepherd, 1835

452 BRADBURY 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. B. Bradbury (1816—1868)

1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
In Thy pleas ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Bless-ed Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless-ed Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. *A-men.*

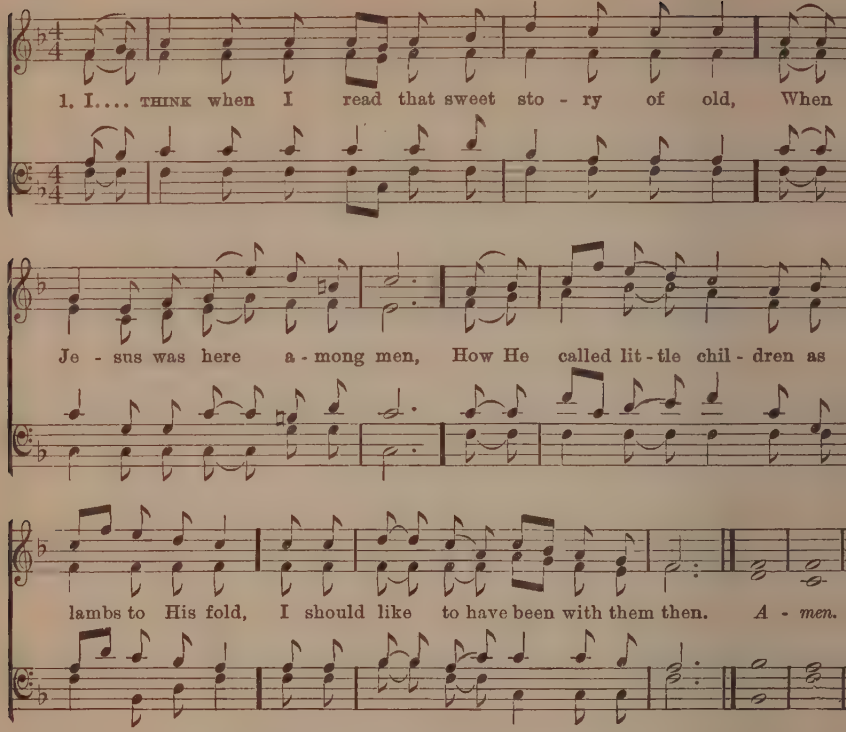
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838

453 SWEET STORY 11, 8, 11, 9 Irregular English



2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Jemima Luke, 1841

454 RUTH 6s, 5s. 8l.

S. Smith (1821- —), 1870

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;
Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;
Ev - ery thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;
All earth's thou - sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. *A - men.*

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled;
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more:
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright;
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. W. How, 1872

455 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

Franz Gruber (1787—1863)

1. Ho - LY night! peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light,

Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep,

Rallentando.

Rests in heaven - ly peace, Rests in heaven - ly peace. *A - men.*

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Allelulia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

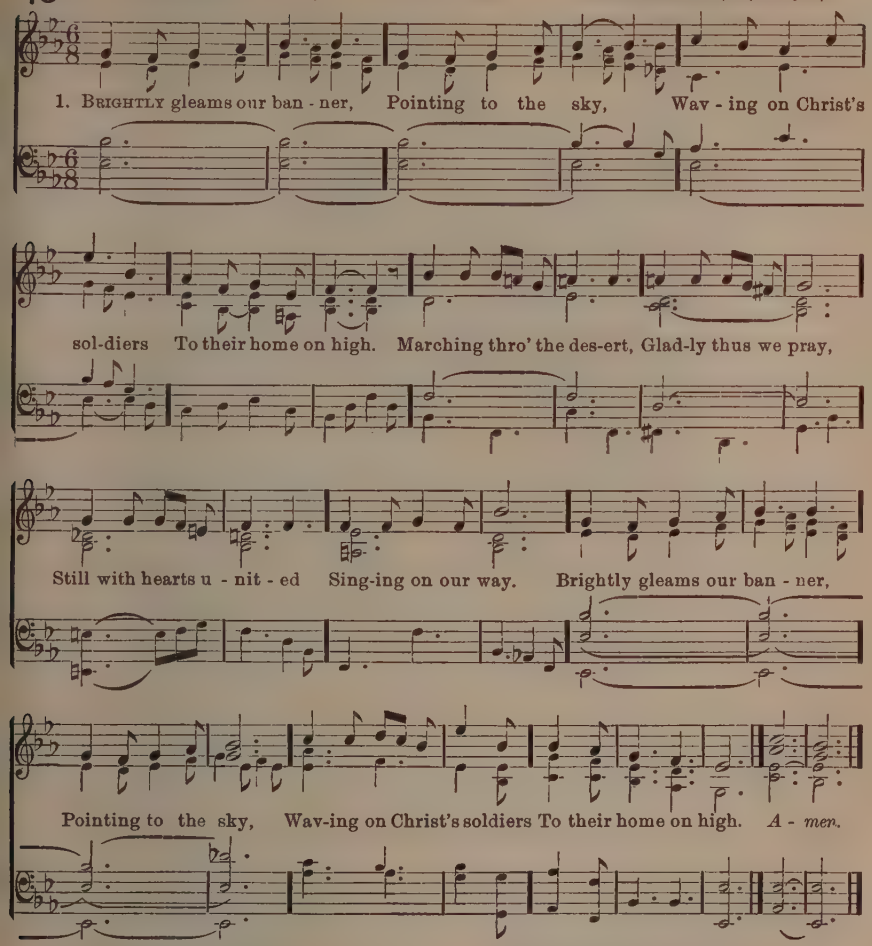
3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

J. Mohr, 1818

456 ST. THERESA 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)



2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

T. J. Potter, 1862 *Ab.*

457 EDGBASTON C. M.

A. R. Gaul, 1870

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me. *A - men.*

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849

458 ELLINGHAM 7s.

S. N. Godfrey

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. *A - men.*

2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thine obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

C. Wesley, 1742

459 ANGEL VOICES 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. *A - men.*

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And will hear us?
Yes, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

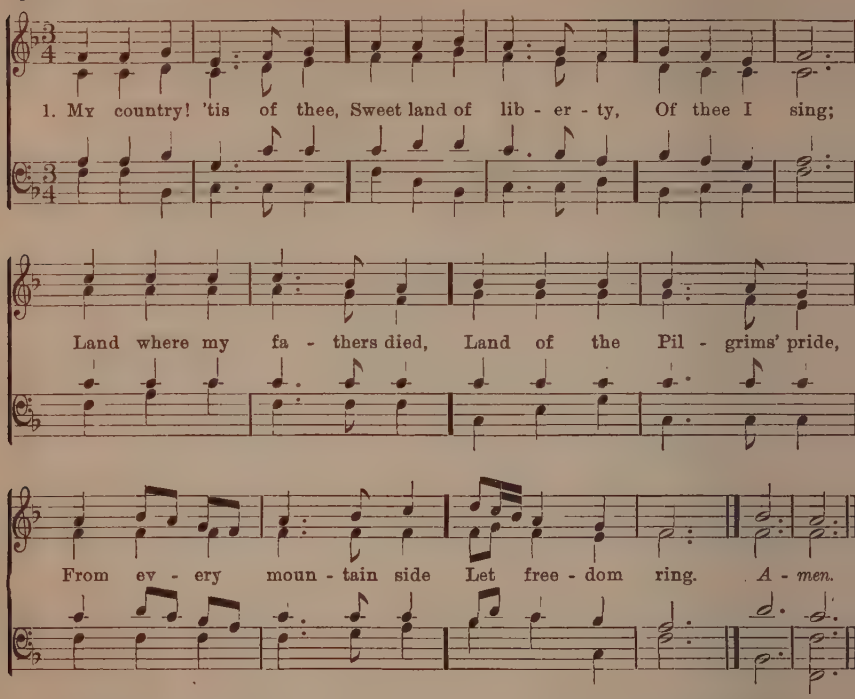
4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

F. Pott, 1863

460 AMERICA 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. Carey, 1743



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith, 1832

461 (AMERICA) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

C. T. Brooks, 1834 J. S. Dwight, 1844

462 NATIONAL HYMN 10s.

G. W. Warren, 1892

Voices alone.

Trumpets, before each verse. 1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al-migh-ty hand

With Organ. *cres.*

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin-ing worlds in

Slergando.

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a - rise. *A - men.*

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

D. C. Roberts, 1876

463 BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh, hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land. *A - men.*

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

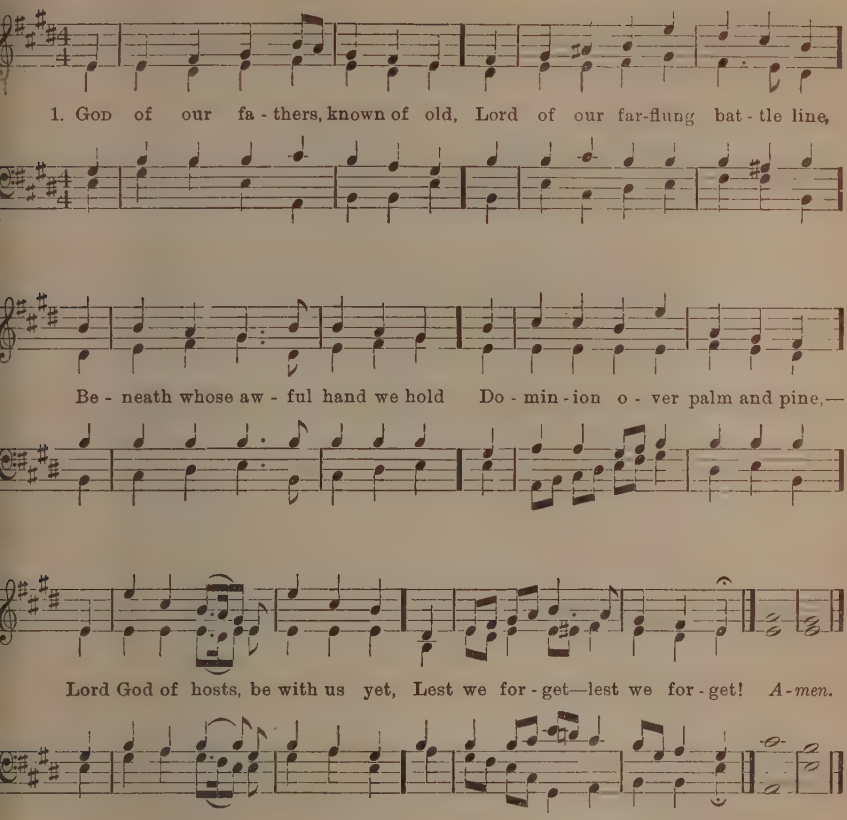
6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

W. W. How 1871

464 WYVILL L. M. 61.

Z. Wyvill (1762—1837)



2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

465 GARFIRTH 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. O BEAU - TI - FUL, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler care,
Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests wav - ing fair,....
Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;
Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair free-dom's o - pen door. *A - men*

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled, flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw,
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

F. L. Hosme

466 AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

William W. Sleeper, 1908

1. O BEAU - TI - FUL for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
O beau - - ti - ful for spa - cious skies,
For pur - ple moun-tain ma - jes - ties, A - bove the fruit - ed plain;
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea. *A - men.*
thy good with

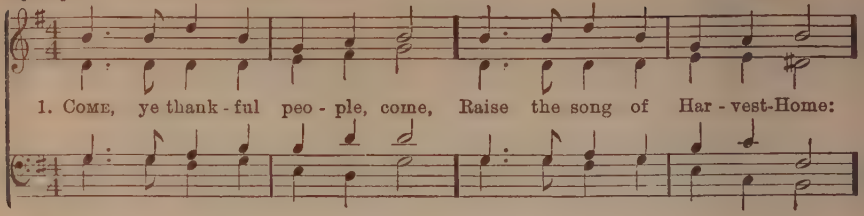
2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

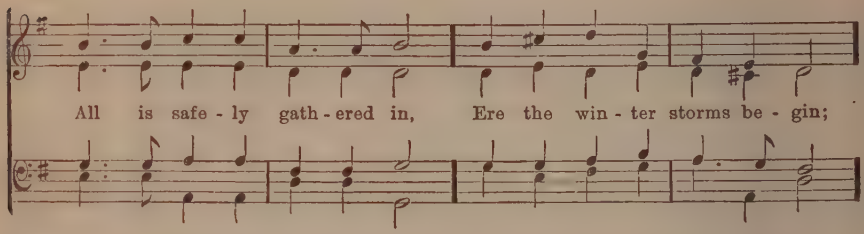
3 O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life;
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

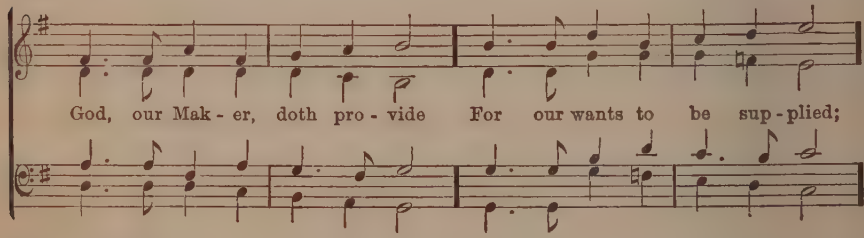
4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

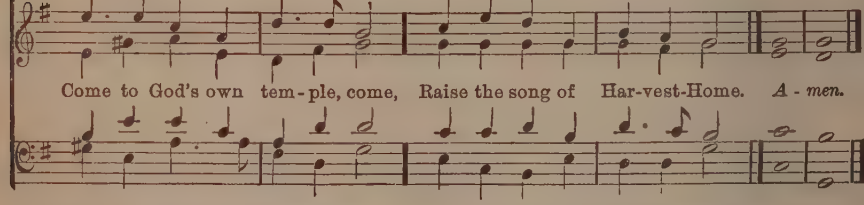
Katherine Lee Bates, 1904

467 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. 8l. G. J. Elvey, 1858









2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

H. Alford, 1845

468 ST. ALBAN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)
by J. B. Dykes

1. Earth be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Ev-ery brow is beam-ing
In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joic-es, Ev-ery thought is praise;

Refrain.

Hap-py hearts and voic-es Gladden nights and days. O Al-might-y giv-er!
Boun-ti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee. *A-men.*

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—*Ref.*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

469 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton (—1703), c. 1790

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex-iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;
And when they trod the win-t'ry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee. *A-men.*

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

L. Bacon, 1833

470 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand
up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice. *A - men.*

2 Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!

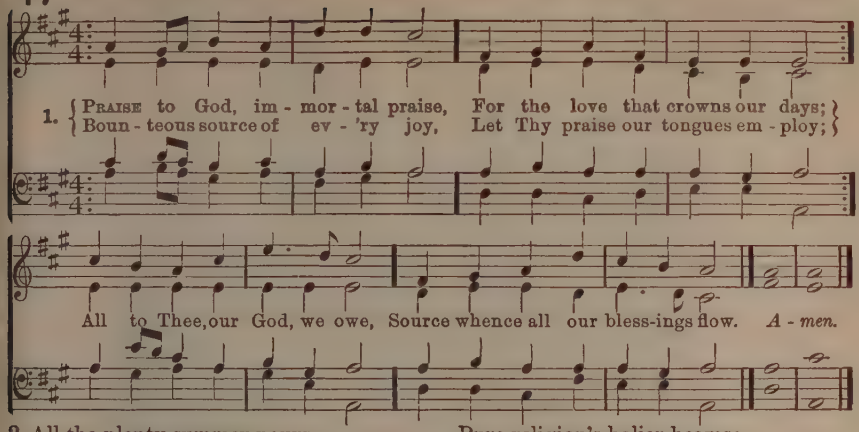
3 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery, 1824

471 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)



2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

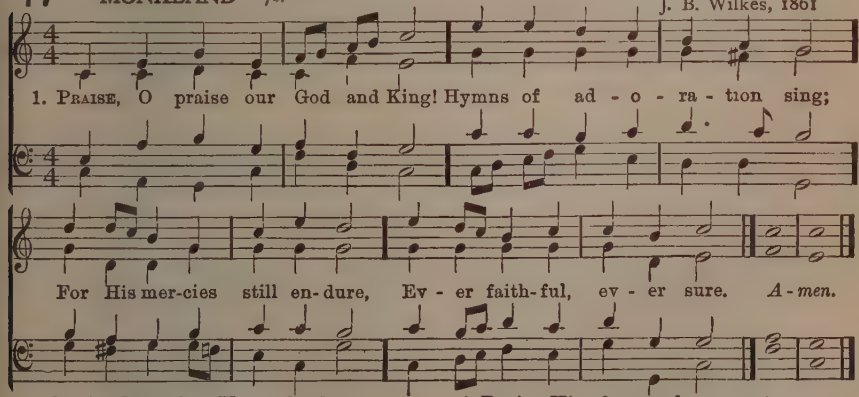
3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1772 *Alt. & Ab.*

472 MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861



2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

H. W. Baker, 1862

473 NUN DANKET 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Crüger, 1640

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es,

Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

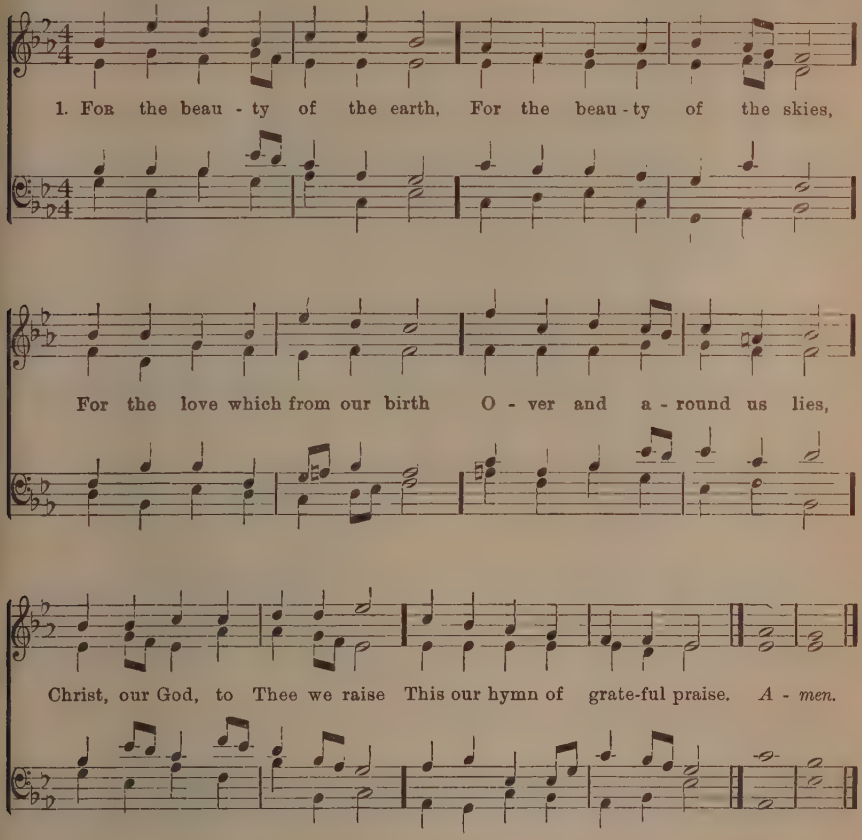
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. *A - men.*

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, 1644 *Tr.* C. Winkworth, 1858

474 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l. H. Smart (1813—1879)



2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

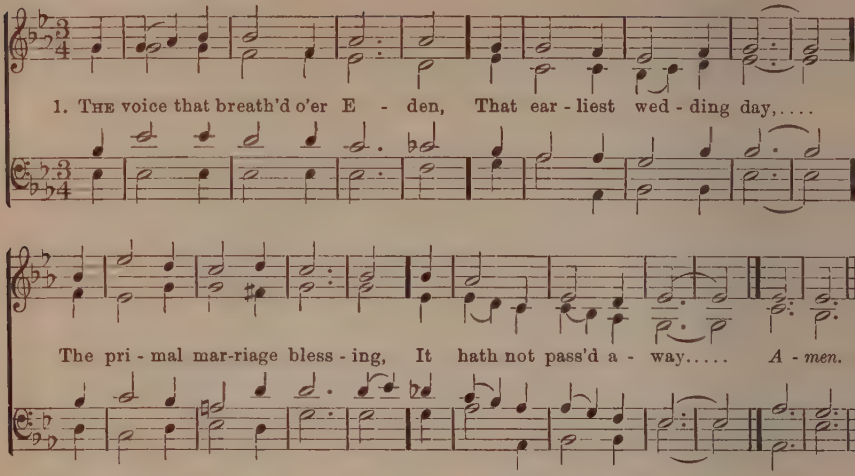
4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864

475 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said.

3 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

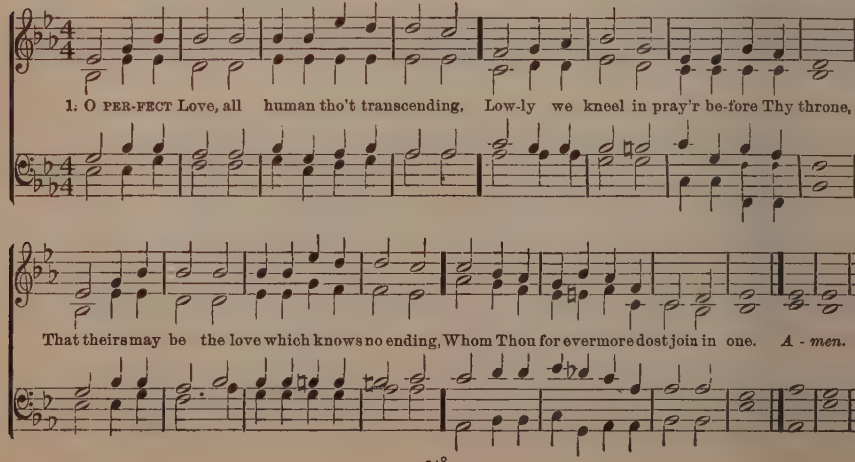
4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

J. Keble, 1857 *Ab.*

476 O PERFECT LOVE 11s, 10s.

Arr. fr. J. Barnby, 1889



2 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

477 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 8l.

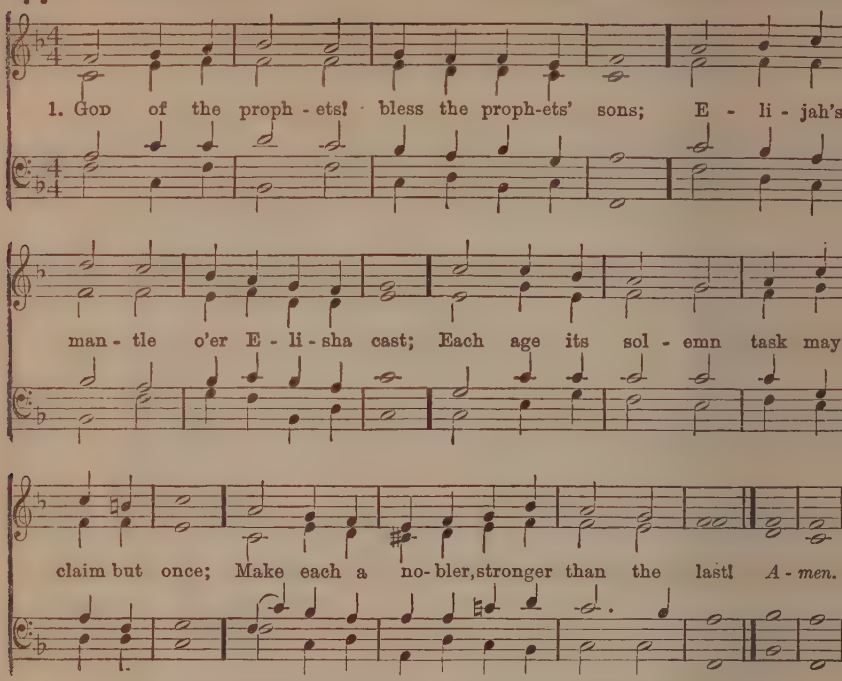
J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. O LOVE di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height,
To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;
O love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest,
Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. *A - men.*

2 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on,—
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

478 TOULON 10s. The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son!
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won!

5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

D. Wortman, 1884

479 SAINTS' DAYS 7s, 6s. 8l.

Samuel Smith (1821– —), 1870

1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. *A - men.*

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

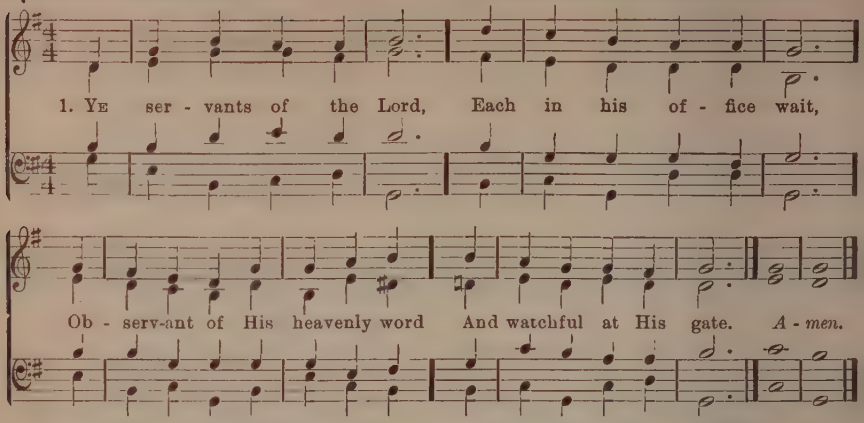
3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessèd Three in One!
Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fullness
Both now and evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1866

480 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

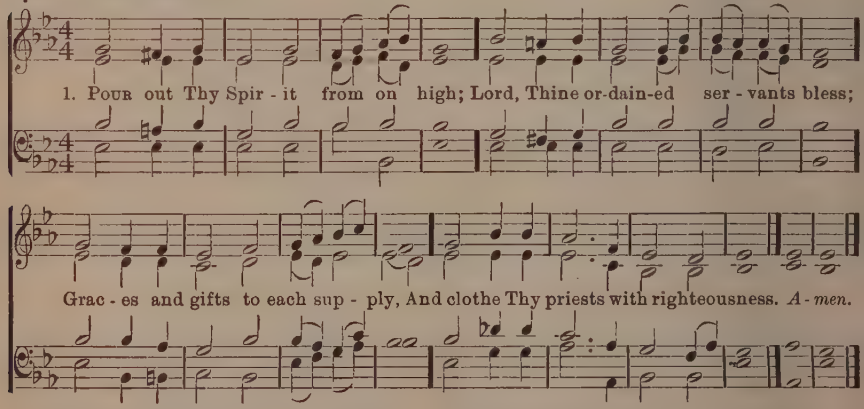
3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge, 1755 *Ab.*

481 HOLLEY L. M.

G. Hews, 1835



2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

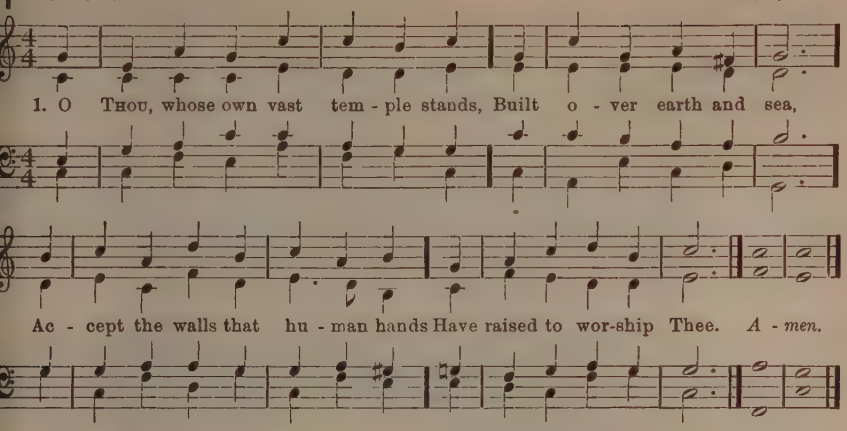
4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

5 Then, while their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign,
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

J. Montgomery, 1825

482 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708



Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

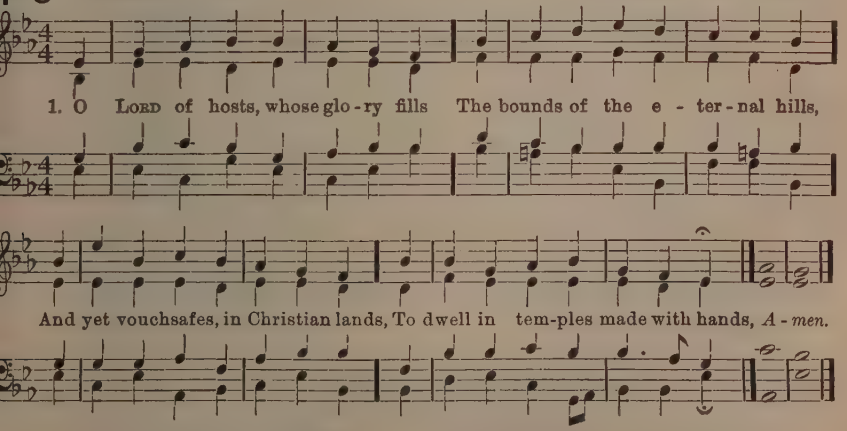
May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the [storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant, 1835

483 LEIPSIC L. M.

J. H. Schein (1586—1630)



Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

4 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

J. M. Neale, 184

484 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l. H. Smart, 1867

1. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,
Chos-en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the church in one;
Ho-ly Zi-on's help for ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. *A-men.*

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

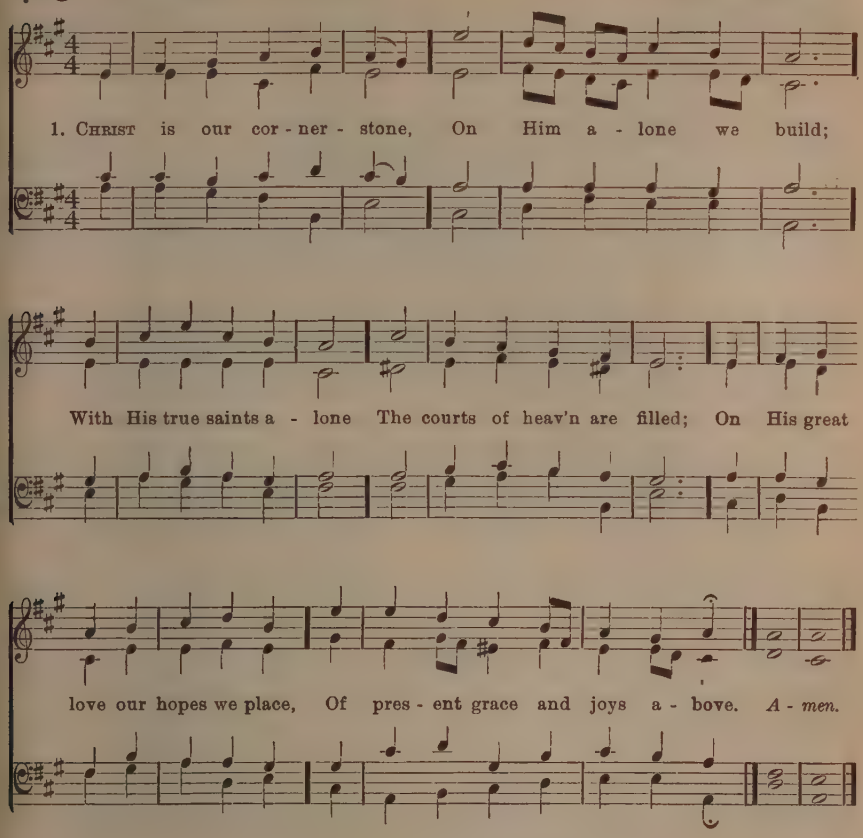
3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1851

485 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley, 1868



2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

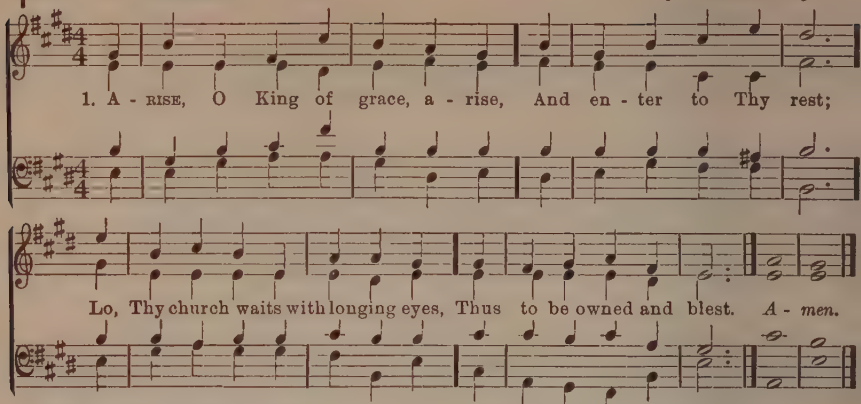
3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) *Tr.* J. Chandler, 1837

486 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

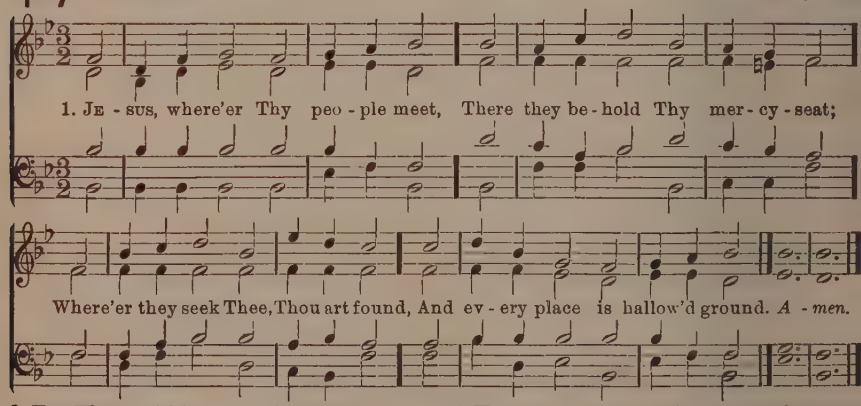
4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. Watts, 1729

487 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830



2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own,
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

W. Cowper, 1769 *Alt.*

488 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 8l. J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O THOU be - fore whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,

Unison. *Harmony.*

And Christ-like ten-der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. *A - men.*

Man. *Ped.*

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be.
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O love and mercy,
O purity and power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

S. J. Stone, 1889

489 MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. E - TER - NAL Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. *A - men.*

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

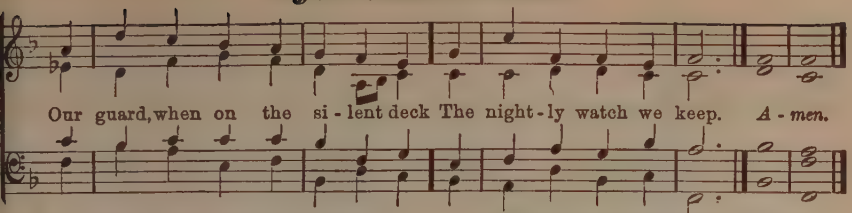
W. Whiting, 1860

490 ALBANO C. M.

V. Novello, 1800

1. O LORD, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,

For Those at Sea



2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

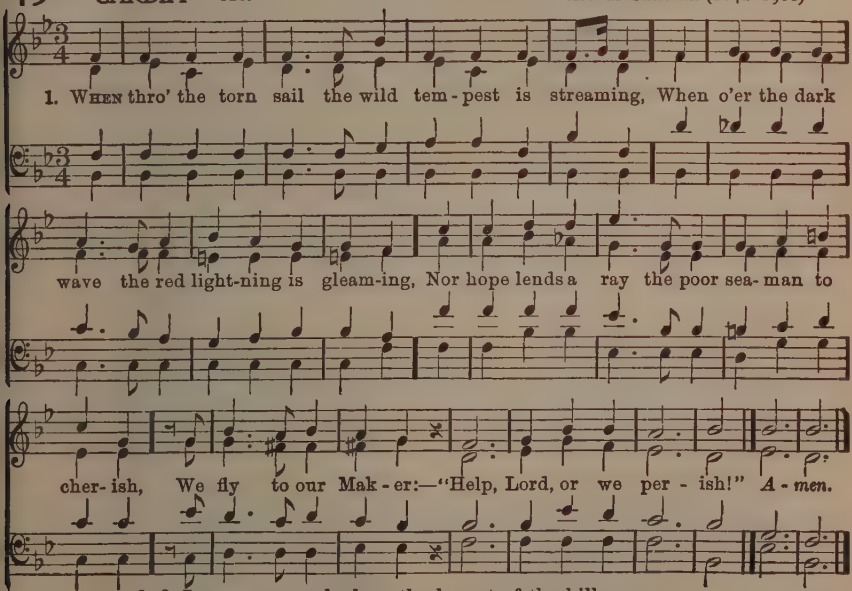
5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865

491 CARDIFF 12s.

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)



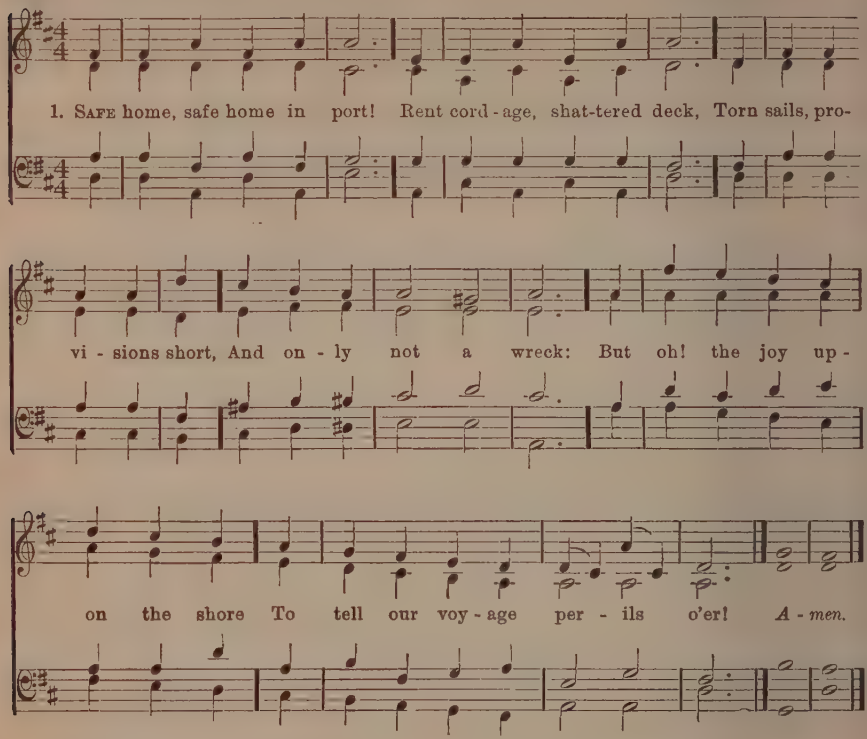
2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

R. Heber, 1820

492 SAFE HOME 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1872



2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But He may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more the leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with Wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at Home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts and fears.—
What matter now (when so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

6 O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.

St. Joseph of the Studium, *c.* 830 *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1863

493 SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin (1827–1905)

1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dress'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con - q'rors be;
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. *A - men.*

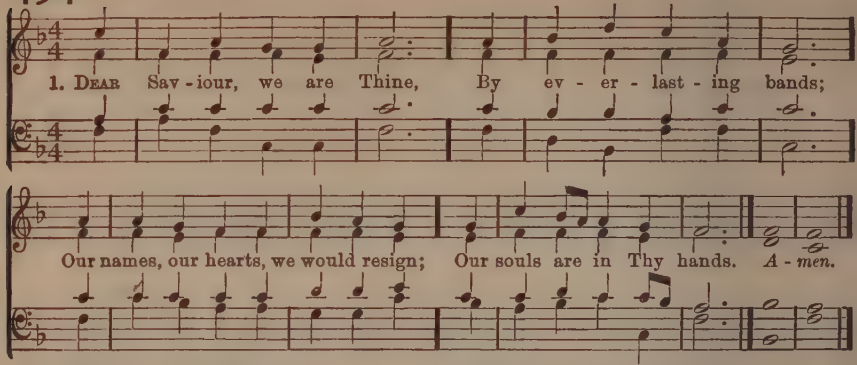
2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1867

494 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

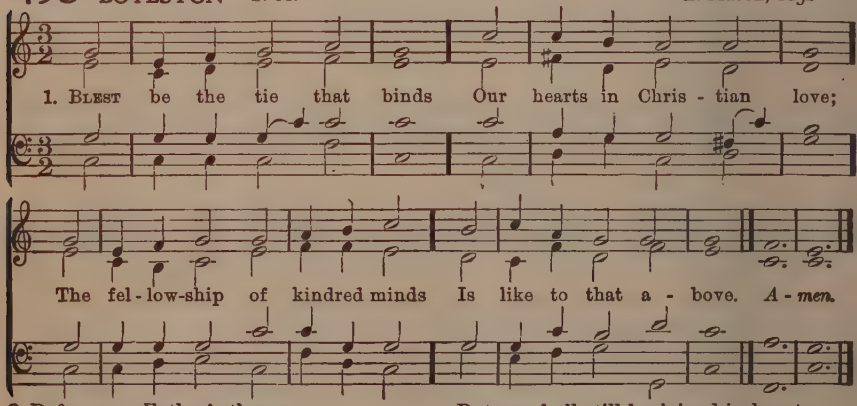
4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge, 1755

495 BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

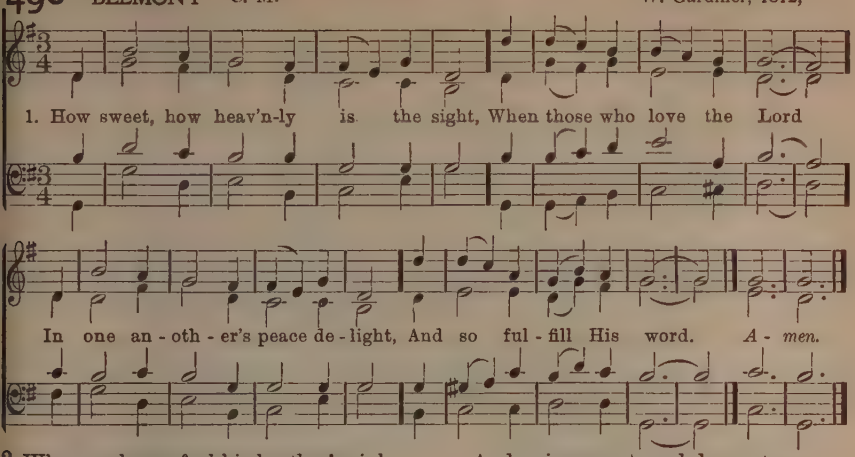
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett, 1772

496 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812,



2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

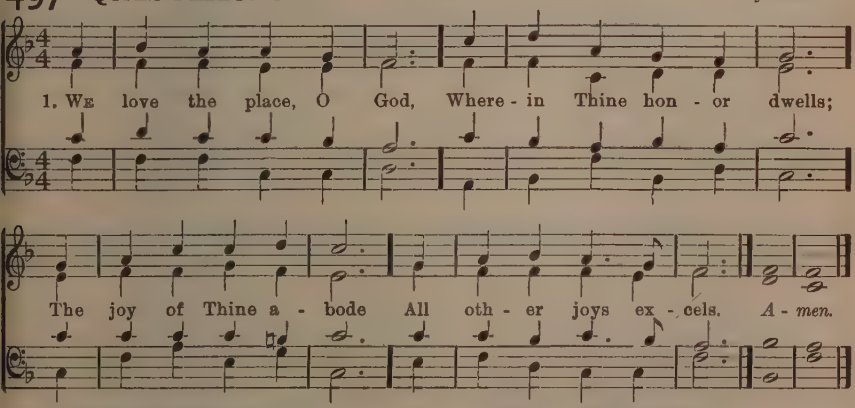
3 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain (1761—1796)

497 QUAM DELECTA 6s.

H. L. Jenner



2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

4 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

5 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph song of heaven!

Wm. Bullock, 1854

498 ROSEFIELD 7s. 6l.

H. A. C. Malan (1787—1864)

1. { Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood;
{ They are ran-somed from the grave; Life e-ter-nal they shall have:

With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e-ter-ni-ty. *A-men.*

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace:
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys (1720—1770)

499 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1830

1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid. *A-men.*

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

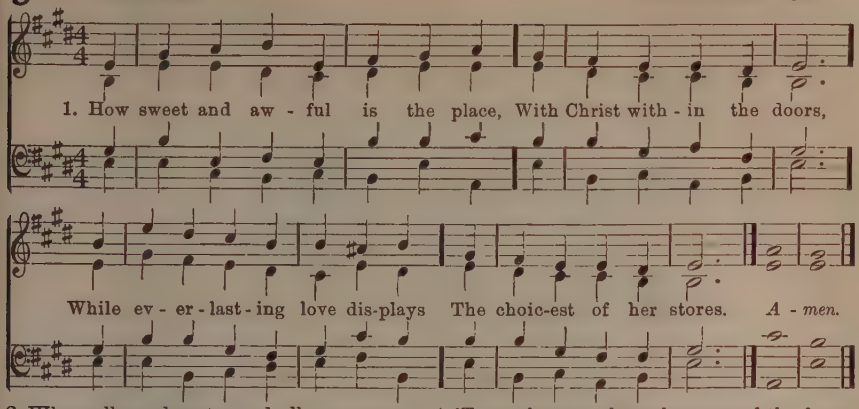
4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power

I. Watts, 1719

500 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564



2 When all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

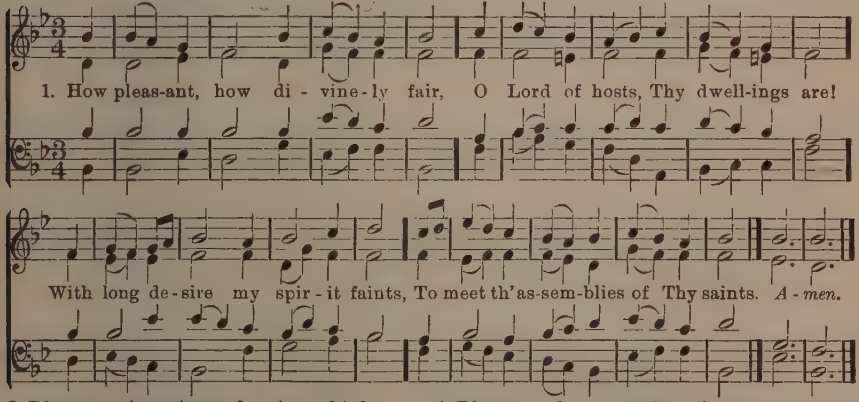
4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

I. Watts (1674—1748)

501 WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp, 1564



2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate; [road
God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

I. Watts, 1719

502 GOD BE WITH YOU P. M.

William G. Tomer

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up - hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we meet!

Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....

Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! *A - men.*

Till we meet a - gain!

2 God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

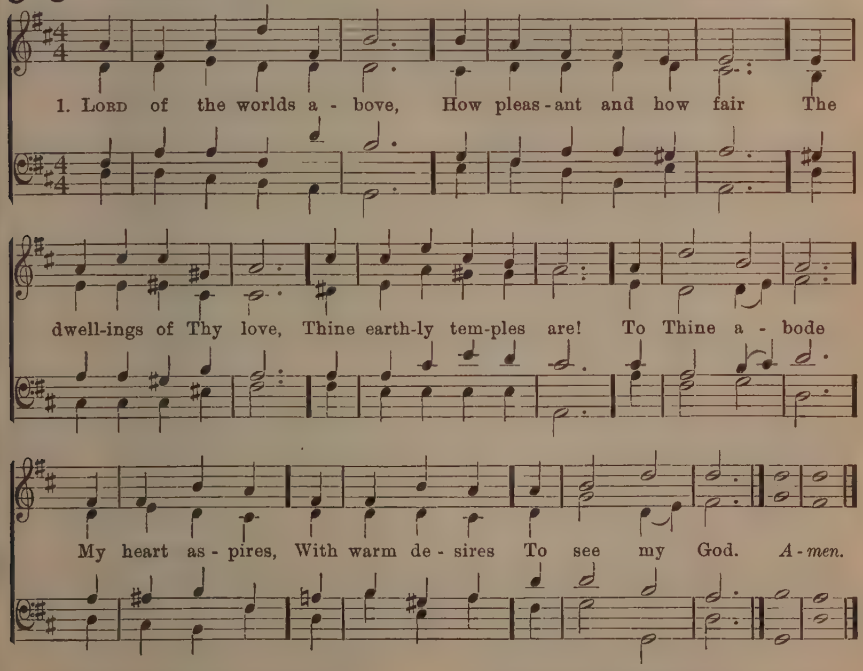
3 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!—

J. E. Rankin

503 EARLHAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4

J. Booth (1852—)



2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
Oh, glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts, 1719

504 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear; Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear. *A-men.*

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge, 1740

505 SARDIS 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. May the grace of Christ, our Sav-iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love, With the Ho-ly Spir-it's fa-vor, Rest up-on us from a-bove. *A-men*

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton, 1779

506 LEAD ON 7s, 6s. 8l.

John Frederick Bridge, Mus. D. (1844–)

1. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal! The day of march has come;
Hence - forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of pre - par - a - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King e - ter - nal! We lift our bat - tle song. *A - men.*

2 Lead on, O King Eternal!
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords' loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy
Thy heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal!
We follow not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us—
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest—
Lead on, O God of might!

Rev. E. W. Shurtleff. 1888

507 HOWLETT 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8, 8, 5

Alex. S. Gibson, 1908

1. When wilt thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy when?
Not kings and lords, but na - tions, Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass like weeds a - way,
Let them not fade in sun - less day, God save the peo - ple. *A - men.*

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2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
"And songs be heard instead of sighs."
God save the people.

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
God save the people, Thine they are;
Thy children, as Thy angels fair,
Save them from bondage and despair,
God save the people.

Ebenezer Elliott (1781—1849)

508 CORWIN C. M. 81.

J. W. Lerman, 1908

1. God's trumpet wakes the slumb'ring world; Now each man to his post! The red-cross banner is un-furl'd; Who joins the glorious host? Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in feal - ty to the truth, And counting all the cost, Doth con-se-crate his gen'rous youth,—He joins the no - ble host, He joins the no - ble host. *A - men.*

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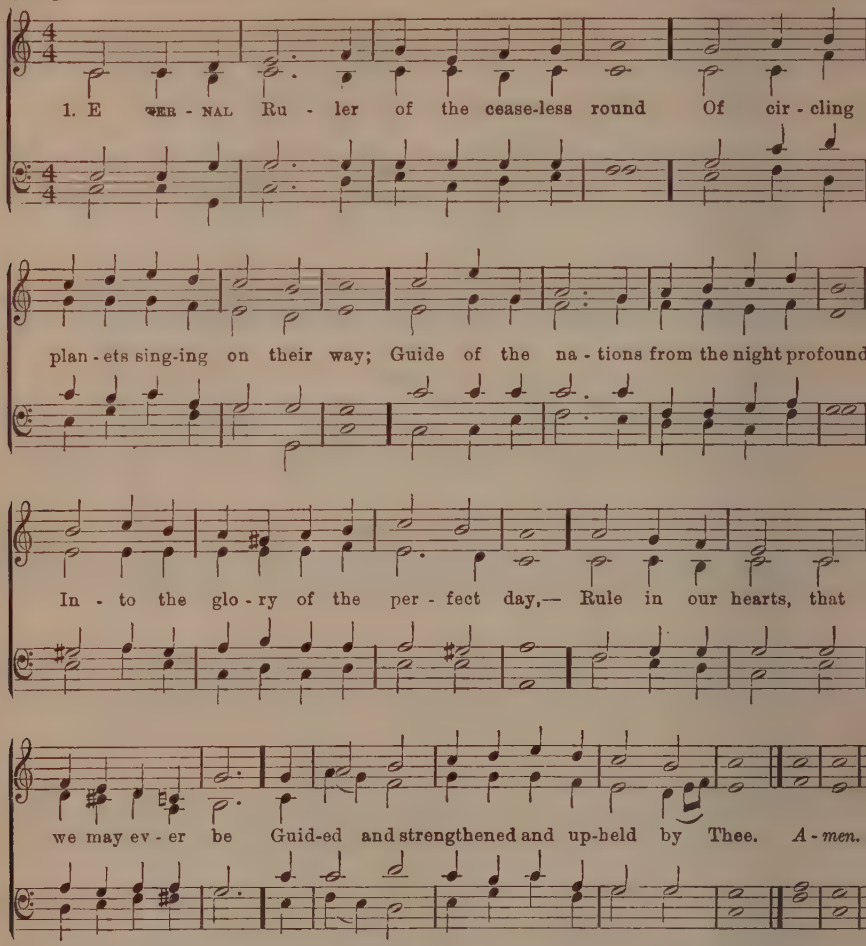
2 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness 'gainst the wrong,
‖: He joins the sacred host. :‖
He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But tho' defeated, battles still,—
‖: He joins the faithful host. :‖

3 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,
‖: He joins the martyr host. :‖
God's trumpet wakes the slumb'ring world;
Now each man to his post;
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
‖: We join the glorious host. :‖

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

509 YORKSHIRE 10s. 6l.

J. Wainwright, 1760



2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove
Into our hearts, that we may be as one.—
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, divine
Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

John W. Chadwick, 1876

510 ANCIENT OF DAYS 11s, 10s.

J. A. Jeffery, 1886

1. An - cient of days, Who sit-test, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all knees are bent, all voic-es pray;

Organ.

Thy love has bless'd the wide world's wondrous story, With light and life since Eden's dawn-ing day.

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

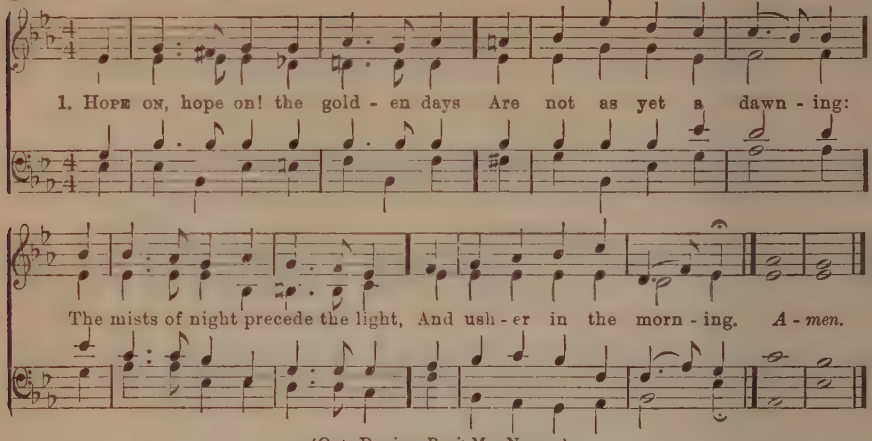
5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

A - men.

W. C. Doane, 1886

511 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



(Or to Dominus Regit Me, No. 332)

2 Hope on, hope on! tho' black the clouds,
Black shadows intertwining:
Yet calm and still, o'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

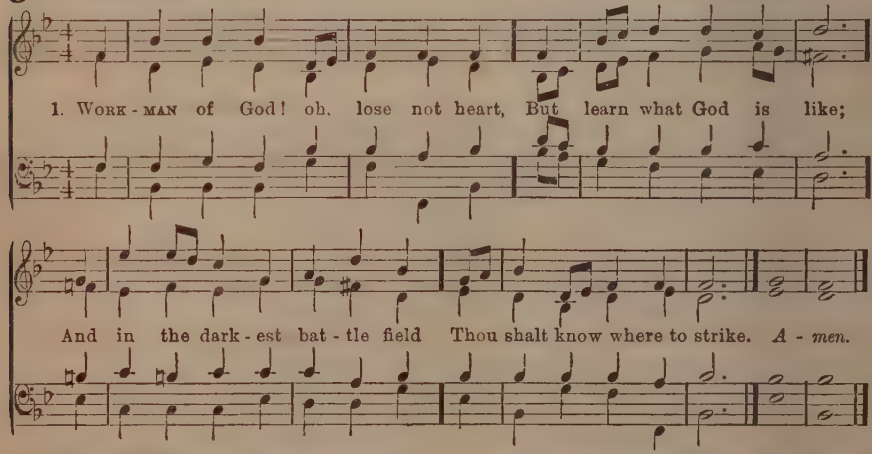
3 Hope on, hope on! thro' frost and snow,
Thro' trouble, toil, and sorrow,
Thro' wind and rain, and tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.

4 Hope on, hope on! tho' friends be few
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love from heaven above
Shall shed His radiance o'er thee.

Godfrey Thring, 1863

512 MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber (1814—1863)

513 PROCLAMATION 11s. 10s. With Refrain

J. Walch, 1876

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night. Pub - lish glad ti - dings, ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp-tion and re - lease. *A-men.*

Refrain

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.— *Ref.*

3 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.— *Ref.*

4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.— *Ref.*

5 He comes again: O Zion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.— *Ref.*

Mary A. Thompson, 1896

514 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 61.

H. F. Hemy, 1865

1, Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geons, fire and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word—
Faith of our fa-thers, Ho - ly Faith, We will be true to thee till death. *A - men.*

2 Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and free,
And thro' the truth that comes from God,
Her children have true liberty!
Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

F. W. Faber (1814–1863)

515 MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. Fa-ther, let Thy king - dom come,— Let it come with liv - ing pow'r,
Speak at length the fin - al word, Ush - er in the tri - umph hour. *A - men.*

516 ARTHUR'S SEAT 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arr. fr. John Goss, 1874

1. March on, O soul, with strength Like those strong men of old
Who 'gainst en-thron-ed wrong Stood con-fi-dent and bold; Who
thrust in prison or cast to flame, Still made their glo-ry in the Name. *A-men.*

2 The sons of fathers we
By whom our faith is taught
To fear no ill, to fight
The holy fight they fought:
Heroic warriors! ne'er from Christ
By any lure or guile enticed.

3 March on, O soul, with strength,
As strong the battle rolls!
'Gainst lies and lusts and wrongs,
Let courage rule our souls:
In keenest strife, Lord, may we stand,
Upheld and strengthened by Thy hand.

4 Not long the conflict: soon
The holy war shall cease,
Faith's warfare ended,—won
The home of endless peace!
Look up! the victor's crown at length:
March on, O soul, march on, with strength!

George T. Coster, 1900

(MONKLAND) 7s.

2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

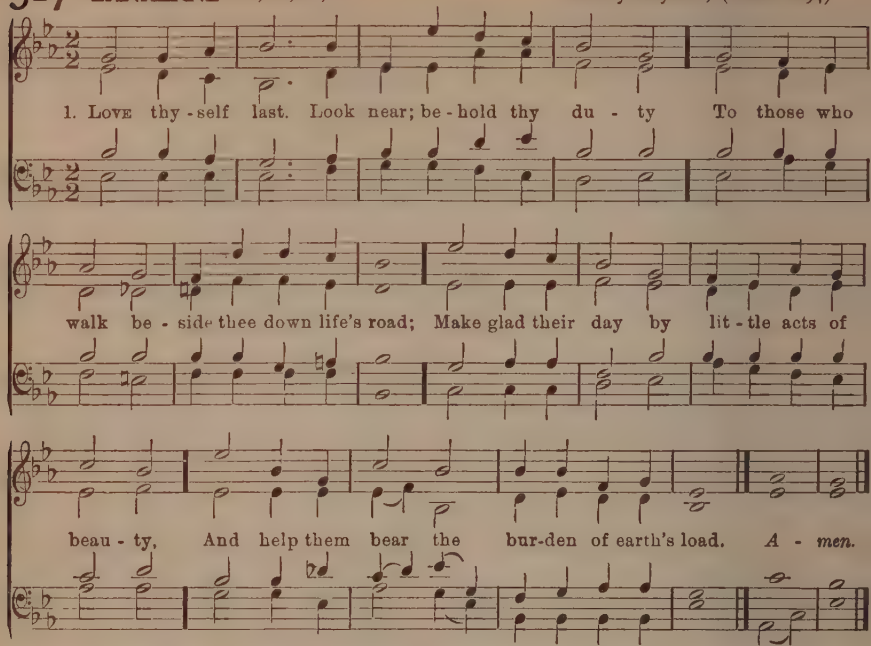
3 Break, triumphant day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail Thy dawning here.

4 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won!
And, in every human heart,
Father, let Thy kingdom come.

J. P. Hopps (1834—)

517 LANHERNE 11, 10, 11, 10

Henry Hayman, (1820—1894)



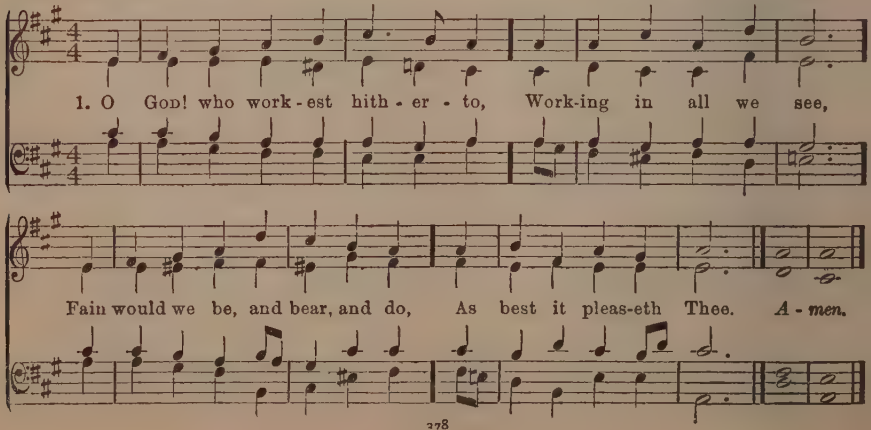
2 Love thyself last. Look far, and find the stranger [despair;
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger. [is fair.
To heights where he may see the world

3 Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee [pure.
Are filled with spirit forces, strong and
And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee, [dure.
Keep thy watch over others, and en-

Anon?

518 GOUDA C. M.

B. Tours (1838—1807)



519 BLUMENTHAL 7s. 8l.

J. Blumenthal, 1847

1. Sav-iour, who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ran-somed be,
Rest we not till all the world Hears that love and turns to Thee.
Help us that we fal-ter not, Though the fields are white and wide,
And the reap-ers, sore-ly pressed, Call for aid on ev-'ry side. *A-men.*

2 Guide us, that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into Thine eternal day.

Sweet the service, blest the toil;
Thine alone the glory be;
O baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate us all to Thee.

Amelia D. Lockwood

(GOUDA) C. M.

2 Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

3 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but Thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine!

4 Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by his life.

T. W. Freckleton

520 NUREMBERG 7s.

J. R. Ahle, 1664

1. Chris-tian, rise, and act thy creed, Let thy prayer be in thy deed;
Seek the right, per-form the true, Raise thy work and life a - new. *A - men.*

2 Hearts around thee sink with care;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

3 Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship God's employ;
Give Him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all His will to feel.

4 Come then, Law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here.

F. A. Rollo Russell (1849—)

521 BULLINGER 8, 5, 8, 3

E. W. Bullinger, 1877

1. When thy heart with joy o'er - flow - ing, Sings a thank - ful pray'r,
In thy joy, O let thy broth - er With..... thee share. *A - men.*

2 When the harvest sheaves ingathered,
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

3 If thy soul, with pow'r uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

4 Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

Theodore C. Williams, 1891

522 DOMINICA S. M.

H. S. Oakeley (1830—)

1. God of the earn - est heart, The trust as - sured and still, Thou

Who our strength for ev - er art, We come to do Thy will. *A - men.*

2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence
Would we go forth, O God. [flowed,

3 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
Of truth and righteousness.

4 No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness strong.

5 Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, O God, today,
Thy word,—"On earth be light!"

Samuel Johnson, 1846

523 ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite;

Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. *A - men.*

2 For all are brethren, far and wide
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

3 In sickness, sorrow, want or care,
Whate'er it be 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

G. Thring, 1879 *Abr.*

524 ROSEATE HUES C. M. 8l.

J. Barnby, c. 1894

1. Be-hold us, Lord, a lit-tle space From dai-ly tasks set free,
And met with-in Thy ho-ly place To rest a-while with Thee.
A-round us rolls the cease-less tide Of busi-ness, toil and care;
And scarce-ly can we turn a-side For one brief hour of prayer. *A-men.*

2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee and not Thy foe.
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton. 1870

525 FILIUS DEI C. M. 8l. A. R. Gaul (1837—)

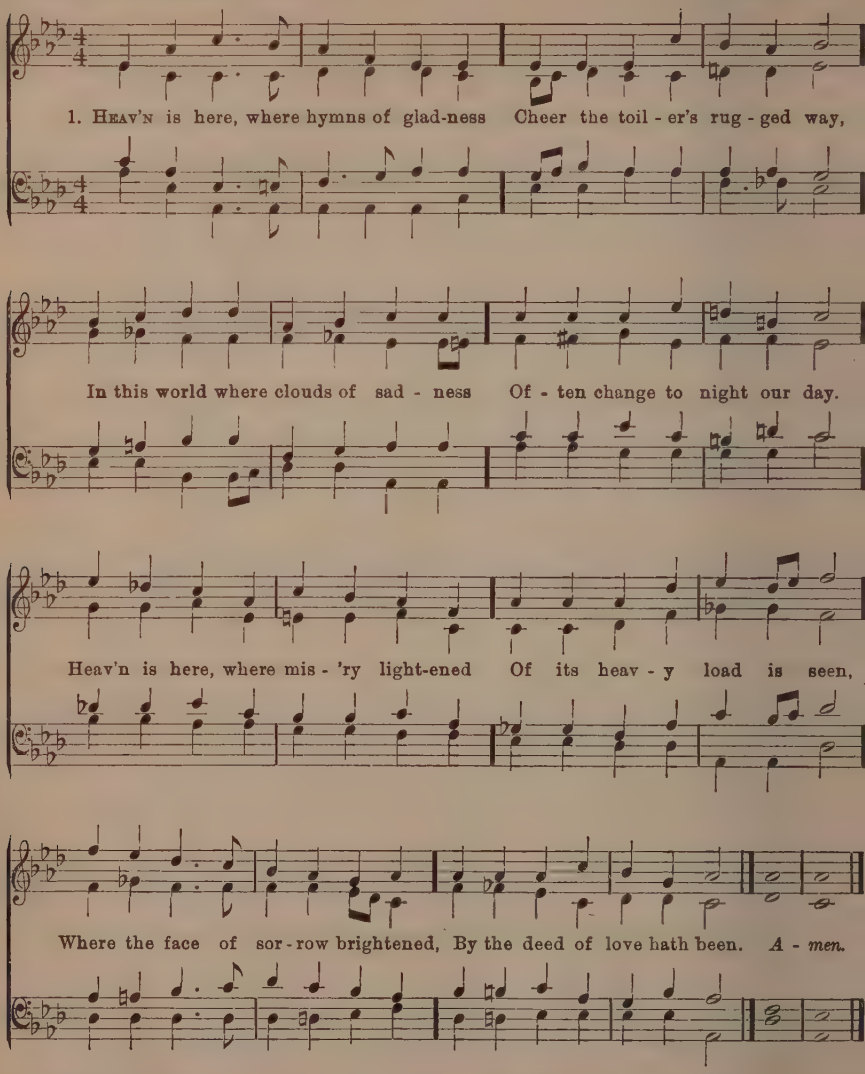
1. Thy king-dom come—on bend-ed knee The pass-ing a-ges pray;
And faith-ful souls have yearned to see On earth that king-dom's day.
And lo! al-read-y on the hills The flags of dawn ap-pear;
Gird up your loins, ye proph-et souls, Pro-claim the day is near: *A-men.*

2 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed:
When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

Frederick L. Hosmer (1840—)

526 SANCTUARY 8s, 7s. 81

J. B. Dykes, 1871



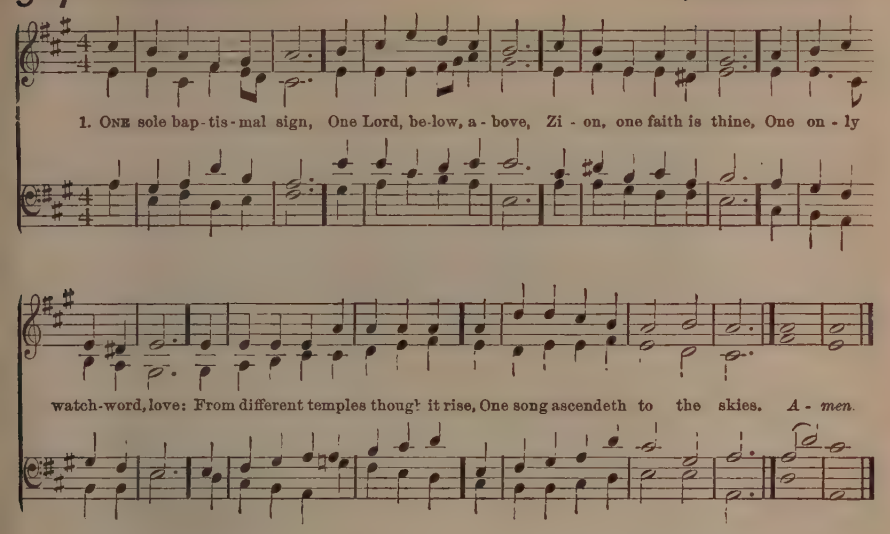
2 Where the sad, the poor, despairing,
Are uplifted, cheered and blest,
Where in others' labor sharing,
We can find our surest rest,

Where we heed the voice of duty,
Tread the path that Jesus trod,—
This is heaven, its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the love of God.

John Quincy Adams, 1846

527 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862



2 Our sacrifice is one;
One priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

G. W. Robinson, 1840

528 To Webb, No. 404 7s, 6s. 8l.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The Lord Himself, our leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know;
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christion soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
The dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

L. Tuttiett

The Kingdom of God

529 SCHUBERT 7s, 6s. 8 l.

Arr. fr. Schubert, by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1. The Church of God is stab - lished Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord,
In - dwelt by Christ all glo - rious, With Christ she shall ac - cord.
The sweet - ness of Christ's spir - it With - in her life en - dures,
And to the wea - ry na - tions, God's day of peace en - sures. *A - men.*

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2 The Church of God belongeth
To men of every time:
Christ is the elder brother
Of men of every clime.
The justice of Christ's spirit
Shall in the church remain,
Until in some glad future
Men brotherhood attain.

3 The Church of God increaseth
Through sacrifice and pain,
Through travail and through sorrow
She makes her constant gain.
The passion of Christ's spirit
Ne'er from the church shall die:
Love shall the sin-vexed peoples
Redeem and sanctify.

4 The Church of God endureth,
Though vexed with inward strife:
To God's sure end she moveth,
For Christ is her true life.
The power of Christ's strong spirit
The church shall unify,
When, all names lost in one name,
The kingdom draweth nigh.

Lucius H. Thayer, 1897

530 HAWKINS 14, 14, 14, 6

Alex. S. Gibson, 1909

Not too fast.

1. From age to age they gath - er, all the brave of heart and strong;
In the strife of truth with er - ror, of the right a - gainst the wrong;
I can see their gleam-ing ban - ner, I can hear their tri - umph song;
The truth, the truth is march - ing on! *A - men.*
truth, the truth is march - ing, is march - ing on!

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2 "In this sign we conquer;" 'tis the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
"He finds his life who loseth it," for evermore it saith:
The right is marching on!

3 The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright,
And love is marching on!

4 Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be;
On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see;
Our God is marching on.

Frederick L. Hosmer 1891

531 ILONA 11, 10, 11, 10

J. W. Lerman, 1908

1. O BROTH-ER man, fold to thy heart thy broth-er; Where pi-ty dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor-ship right-ly is to love each oth-er, Each smile a hymn, each kind-ly deed a pray'r. *A-men.*

Copyright, 1908, by The Century Co.

2 For He whom Jesus loved has truly spoken,— [bless
The holier worship which He deigns to
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

3 Follow with rev'rent steps the great example [good;"
Of Him whose holy work was "doing
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John G. Whittier (1807—1892)

532 ALEXANDRIA S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. O BLESS-ED Son of God, In love and faith we plead That Thou wouldst bind our minds and hearts In broth-er-hood of need. *A-men.*

533 LOVE'S OFFERING 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag - da - lene,
Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's incense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice,
Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee. *A - men.*

2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord to Thee.

3 Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears;
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footstep led,
Dear Lord to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord to Thee.

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

(ALEXANDRIA) S. M.

2 Our Elder Brother Thou,
Whose heritage we share,
Our kindred lives we offer Thee
In brotherhood of prayer.

3 Thou didst the will of Him
Who sent Thee from above;
Thou sendest us, as He sent Thee,
In brotherhood of love.

4 To serve Thy kingdom Lord,
To quiet sin's turmoil,
Do Thou ordain and consecrate
Our brotherhood of toil.

5 Thou man of Galilee,
O wilt Thou live again!
Abide within, control, inspire
Our brotherhood of men.

H. L. Crain, 1906

534 BRADFORD 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8, 8, 7

Arr. fr. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. I LIVE for those who love me, For those I know are true,
For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me, And a - waits my spir - it too;
For all hu - man ties that bind me, For the task by God as - signed me,
For the bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do. *A - men.*

2 I live to hail the season,
By bards and seers foretold;
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And ev'ry wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

3 I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

G. Linnæus Banks, 1860

535 RESCUE THE PERISHING 11s, 10s. 4l. With Refrain W. H. Doane, 1870

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer- ci - ful, Je - sus will save. *A- men.*

Refrain.

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2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

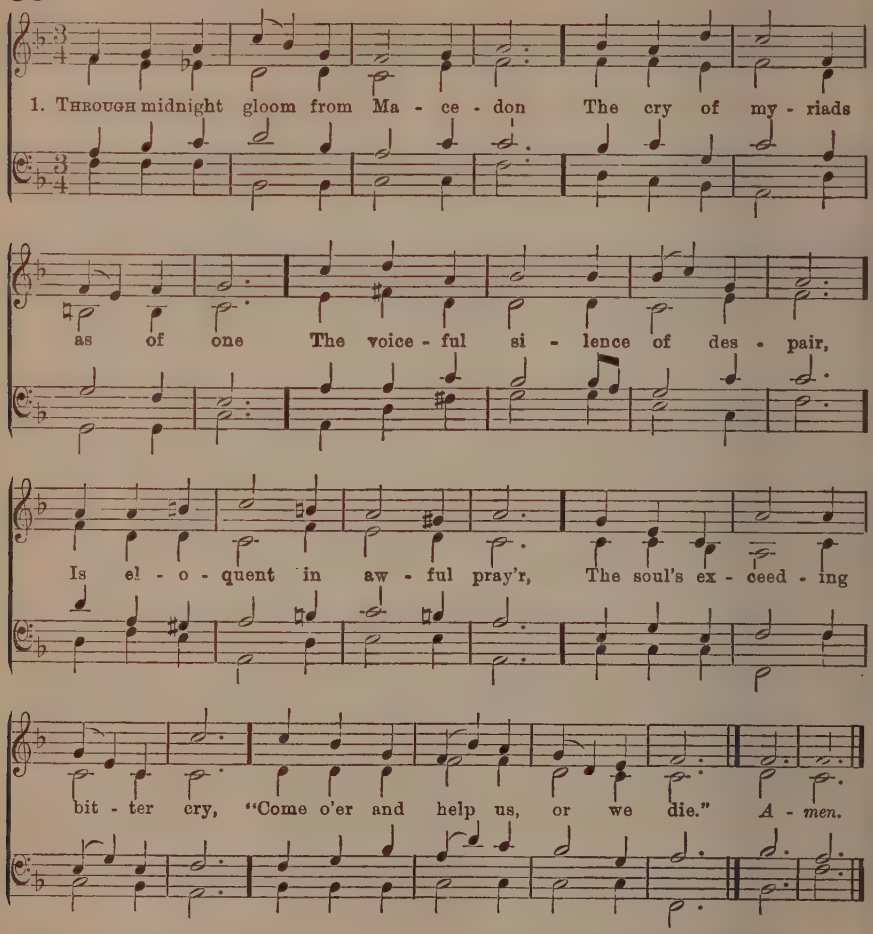
3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

F. J. Van Alstyne, 1870

536 PATER OMNIUM L. M. 61.

H. J. E. Holmes, 1875



2 How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
"O ye that live, behold, we die!"

3 By other sounds the world is won,
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled;
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry
"O hear and help us, lest we die."

4 Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

5 Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die."

S. J. Stone

537 HYMN TO JOY 8s, 7s 8l. From Beethoven (1770–1827)

1. Let us, broth-ers, let us glad-ly Give to God of all, our best;
Ser-vice heart-y, thor-ough, hon-est, With a liv-ing love im-prest;
All our du-ty, all our striv-ing, All our time, to Him be-long,
Praise Him then with true de-vo-tion, Come be-fore Him with a song. *A-men.*

2 By His mercy, by His bounty,
By the gift of Christ, His Son,
What great goodness He hath shown us,
What high marvels He hath done;
Let us to Him, promptly, freely,
Yield our bodies and our souls,
Thankful that His love protects us,
That His wisdom all controls.

3 Gracious Lord, accept our service,
For the sake of Christ Thy Son;
Lo, our hope abideth only
On the travail He hath done;
Bless and save us, help and guide us,
Watch to comfort and restore,
Till in heaven we rest rejoicing,
Praising Thee for evermore.

Henry Bateman, 1862

538 FRATERNITY 10, 10, 10, 10, 12, 12

William P. Merrill, 1908

1. MADE of one blood with all on earth who dwell, Born broth - ers of the near and far as well, The chil - dren of one sa - cred Fa-ther-hood, And com - mon heirs of u - ni - ver - sal good,— Grant us, who bow, O Lord, be - fore Thy sov'reign face, To learn with Thee to love our world encircling race. *A - men.*

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2 Our Elder Brother to a mortal frame
His God-like glory humbled and became
The fellow of the poor, the sick man's aid,
Defense of weaklings, finder of the strayed.
Grant us to be, O Lord, disciples of His death,
And breathe His love to men through every living breath.

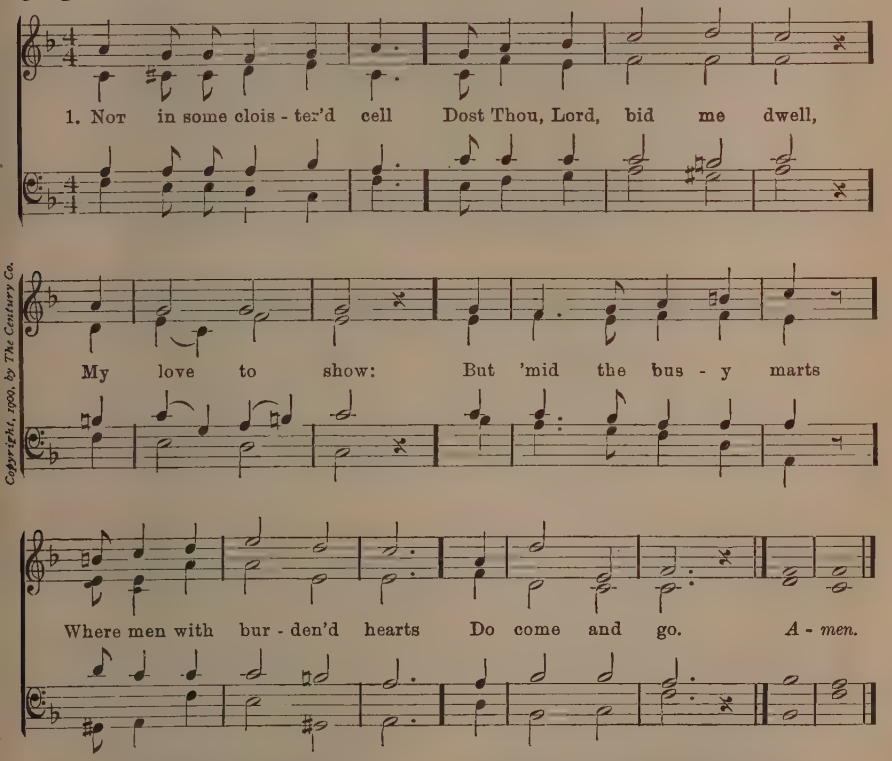
3 Amidst the troubled, grieving, overborne,
Among the helpless, hopeless and forlorn,
Engirt with ill and poverty and pain,
And bitter strife of greed for empty gain,—
Give us, O Lord, the sight with Christly eyes to see
The hidden, soul-deep need of men for us and Thee.

4 With mourners mourning, with the joyful glad;
Partaking of the hope the prophets had;
Confiding in salvation's wide increase;
Foreseeing God's good kingdom come in peace,—
Give us O Lord, the heart, made free from selfish flaw,
To keep toward Thee the first, toward men the second law.

Nolan R. Best, 1908

539 MAXON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Alex. S. Gibson, 1909



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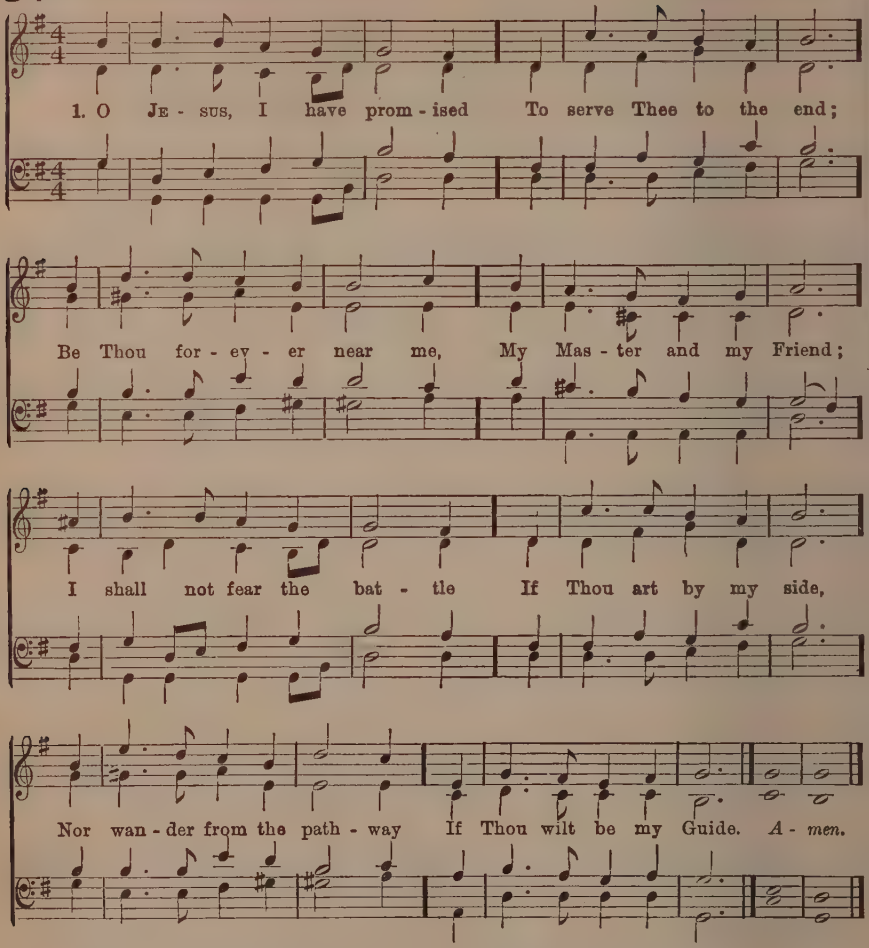
2 Some tempted soul to cheer,
When breath of ill is near
And foes annoy;
The sinning to restrain,
To ease the throb of pain,
Be such my joy.

3 Lord make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me,
And quick to do:
O grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day,
And purpose true,

4 To go as Jesus went
Spending and being spent,
Myself forgot:
Supplying human needs
By loving words and deeds,
Oh, happy lot.

R. M. Offord

540 ANGEL'S STORY 7s, 6s, 8l. Arthur H. Mann



2 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

3 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

4 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

J. E. Bode, 1869

541 ST. ASAPH 8s, 7s. 8l.

W. S. Bambridge, 1872

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night. *A - men.*

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain which lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. Ingemann, 1825 *Tr.* S. Baring-Gould, 1867, 1875

542 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR 6, 4, 6, 4 With Refrain

Robert Lowry, D.D.,

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

Refrain

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee: Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;

Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee. *A - men.*

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyn Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—*Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—*Ref.*

Refrain:
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee:
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

Annie S. Hawkes

543 HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1864

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.

Refrain

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me: By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. *A-men.*

Used by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, —
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
Ref. — He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
Ref. — He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done;
When by Thy grace, the victory's won;
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Ref. — He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. Gilmore, 1862. Lines 3 and 4 of Refrain added

544 COURAGE, BROTHER 8s, 7s. 8 l. Arthur S. Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. Cour-age, broth-er! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God, and do the right.
Tho' the road be long and drear-y, And the end be out of sight, Tread it brave-ly,
strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right. *A-men.*

2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.
Shun all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Norman Macleod

545 LAURIE 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8

Ad. fr. J. Summers

1. I look to Thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in vain; I feel Thy touch, E - ter - nal Love, And all is well a - gain; The thought of Thee is might-ier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are. *A - men.*

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road,—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

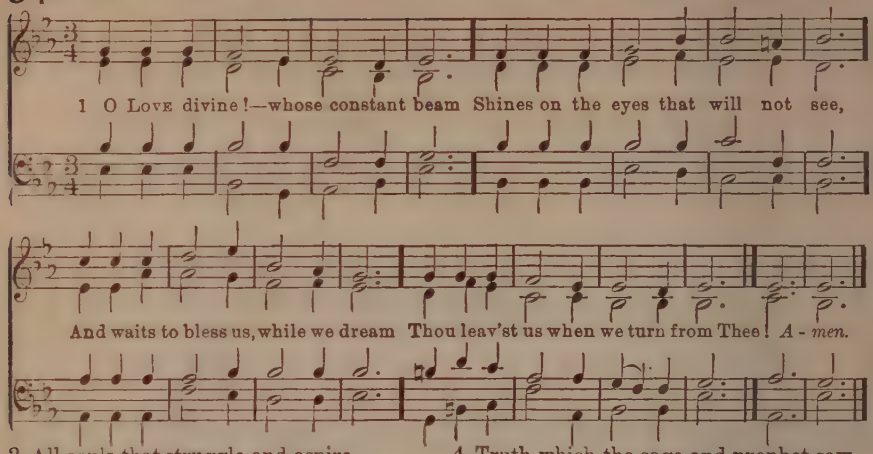
3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me in unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

546 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R Mathews (1826—)



2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

3 Nor bonds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

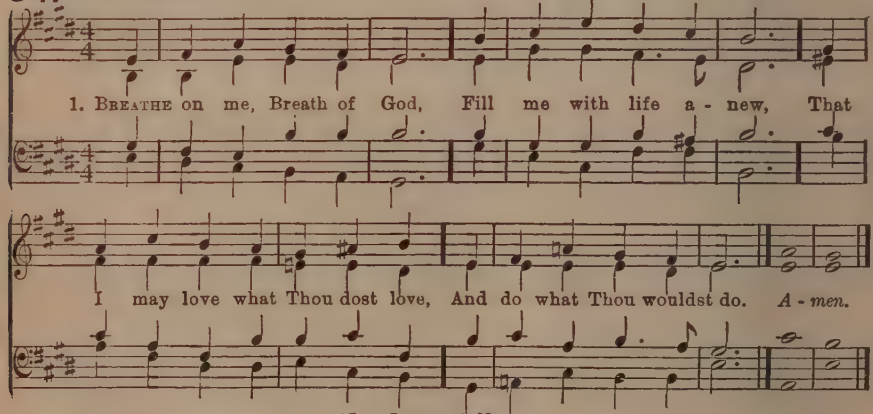
4 Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The law of love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding death and sin.

5 Shine, Light of God!—make broad Thy scope,
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
Make with Thy love our longings poor.

J. G. Whittier (1807—1892)

547 POTSDAM S. M.

J. S. Bach (1685—1750)



(Or to Greenwood, No. 295)

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do, or to endure.

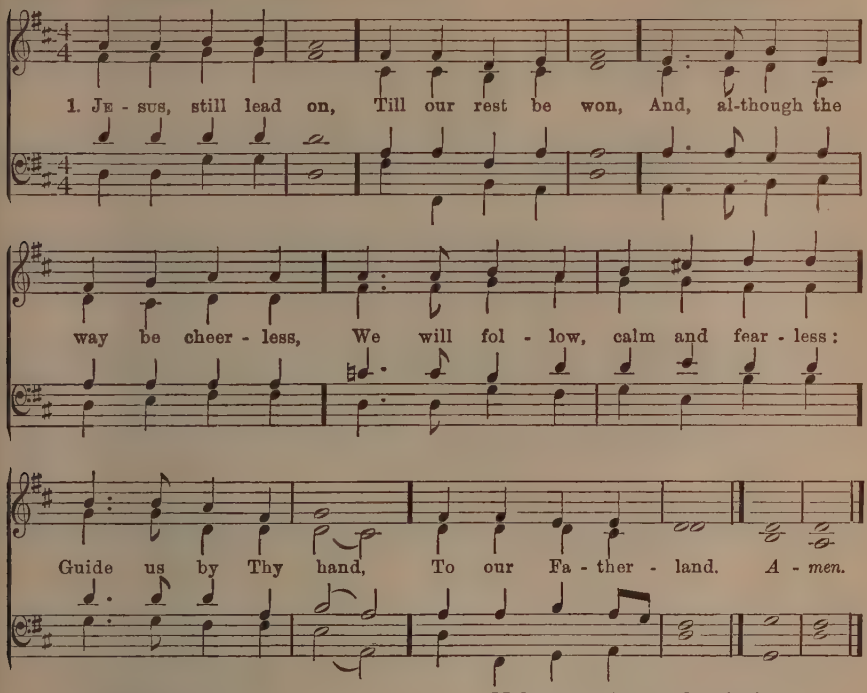
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die;
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D. (1835—1889)

548 ST. HUBERT P. M. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5

L. Darwall (1813—)



2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
For a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly leader still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721 *Tr.* J. Borthwick, 1853

549 To Erie, No. 85

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven (1820—1886)

550 MENDON L. M.

German Melody Arr. S. Dyer, 1814

1. Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,
Our gifts are still our tru - est wealth, To serve Thee our sin - cer - est prayer. *A - men.*

2 As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
So, through the ways our hands provide,
May quickening life flow in from Thee,

3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Until the lame shall leap again,
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought; [planned:
Bless thou the work our hearts have
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

Samuel Longfellow. 1886

551 BURLINGTON C. M.

F. J. Burrowes, 1830

1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th' un - fath - omed sea,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. *A - men.*

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

552 PLYMOUTH P. M. Mary Anne Browne

1. The break-ing waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods a-gainst a storm-y sky Their gi - - ant branches toss'd, And the heav-y night hung dark The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of ex-iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore. *A-men.*

2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear: [gloom
They shook the depths of the desert
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
To the anthem of the free: [rang
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
This was their welcome home. [roared,

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels from the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil which first they trod;
They have left un-stained what there they
Freedom to worship God. [found,

Felicia D. Hemans, 1828

553 URBS BEATA 7s, 6s. 81. With Refrain

G. F. Le Jeune, 1887

1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be-
neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, oh, I
know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry!

Refrain.

Je - ru - - - - - - - sa - lem, the
What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru-sa-lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey
gold - en, Be - neath
blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. *A-men.*

Org.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

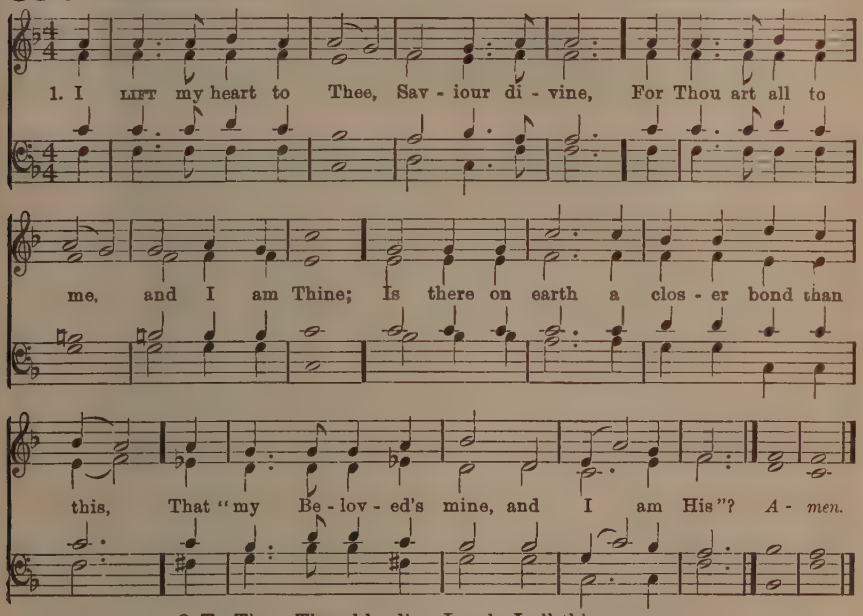
3 There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1851

554 BUDLEIGH 10s.

T. M. Mudie (1809—1876)



2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;
All that I have and am, and all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie, 1873

555 KITTREDGE 8s, 7s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. HARK! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. *A - men.*

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

556 BONAR 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

Arr. fr. J. B. Calkin, 1867
by S. P. Warren, 1896

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;
Up - ward where the sky is bright-est, Up - ward where the
blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. *A - men.*

Org.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

H. Bonar, 1866

557 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

J. Barnby, 1893

1. Sun - set and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home. 3. Twilight and evening bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of farewell When I em - bark;

rall.

home. Twi - - - - - light and evening bell,

cres - - - - cen - - - - - do. rit.

4. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, ...

f

I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. *A-men.*

A. Tennyson, 1899

558 CROSS AND CROWN C. M.

H. Houseley, 1896

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. *A - men.*

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2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

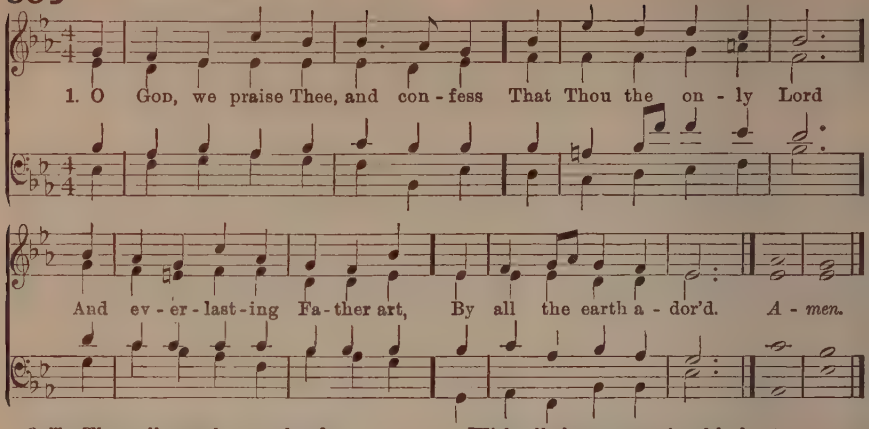
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 *Alt.*

559 ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894



2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

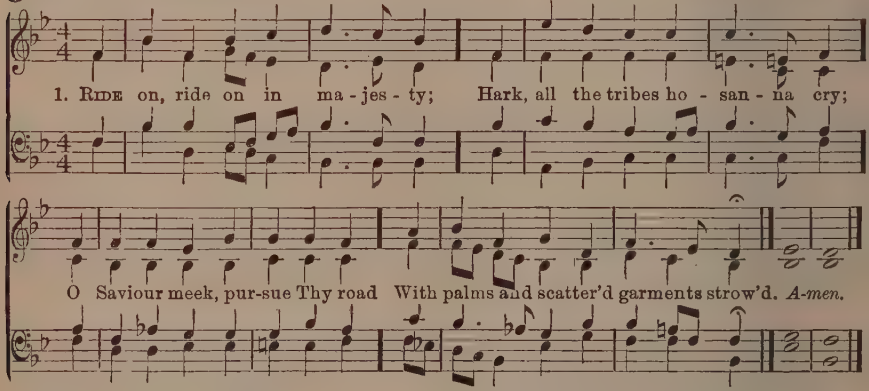
5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) *Tr.* Tate and Brady, 1703

560 ST. DROSTANE L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1862



2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

H. H. Milman, 1827

561 GLADNESS, No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 8l. J. Stainer 1875

1. O Je - sus, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King;
We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious name we sing;
That name hath brought sal - va - tion, That name, in life our stay,
Our peace, our con - so - la - tion, When life shall fade a - way. *A - men.*

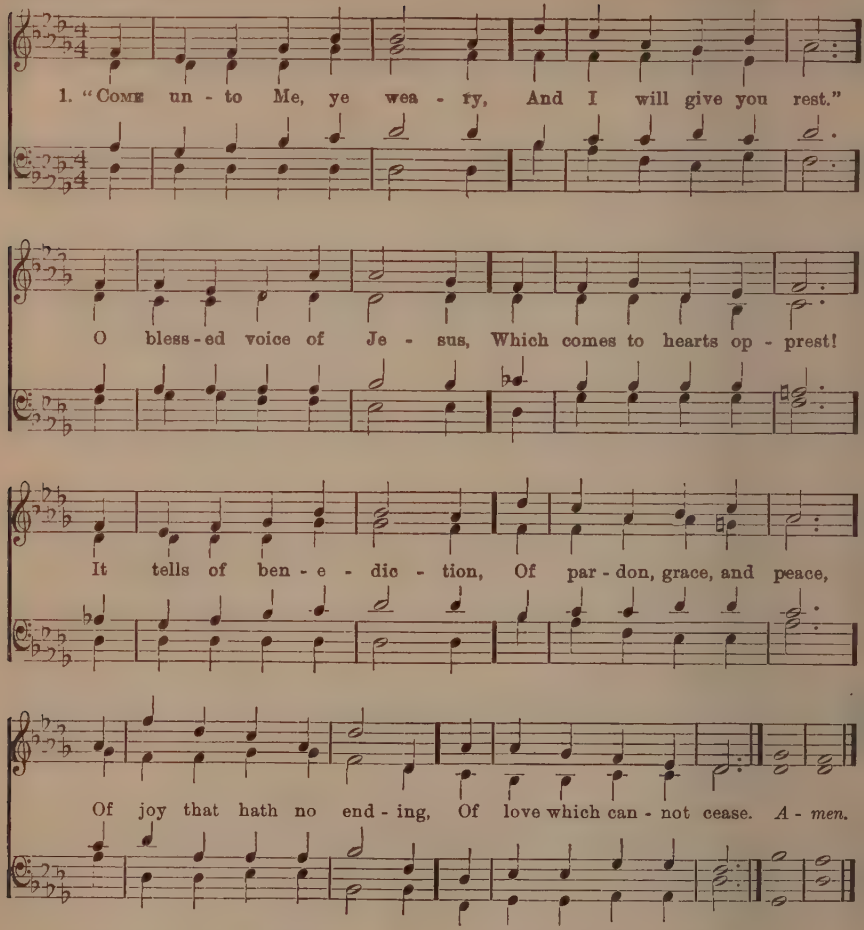
2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross.
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree.
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

A. T. Russell, 1851

562 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Hullah, 1867



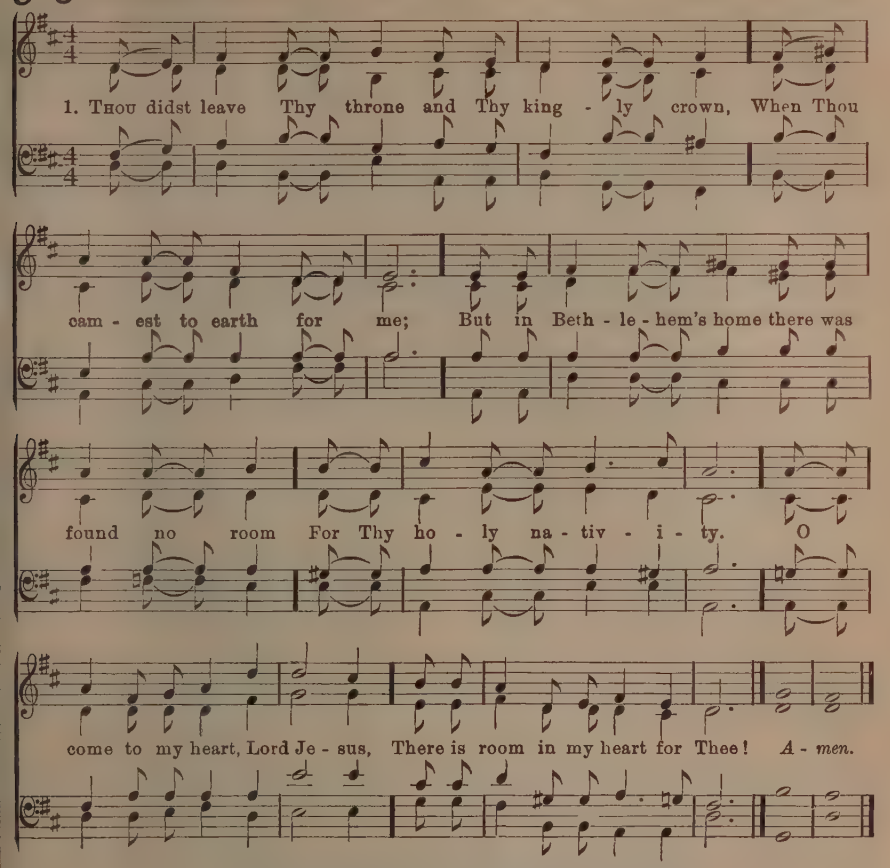
2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix, 1867

563 **MARGARET** 10, 8, 10, 8, with Ref., 8, 8 (Irregular) Rev. T. R. Mathews (1826—)



2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come, etc.

3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come, etc.

4 When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

564 STELLA (PARKER) 8, 3, 3, 6

Horatio W. Parker

1. ALL my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest an-gel voic-es;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev'ry where Now with joy is ringing. *Amen.*

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger! [you
Brethren, come! from all that grieves
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him who with love is yearning
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 *Tr.* C. Wordsworth, 1858

565 BAY RIDGE 7, 7, 7, 7

Dr. Frank E. A. Stoney, 1908

1. WHEN this song of praise shall cease, Let Thy chil-dren, Lord, de-part
With the bless-ing of Thy peace, And Thy love in ev-'ry heart. *A-men.*

Copyright, 1908, by Dr. Frank E. A. Stoney Used by per.

2 O, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath Thine eye,
That Thy care upholds us yet.

3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail;
Be Thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

W. C. Bryant, 1869.

566 SUNDOWN 10s. 6l.

J. H. Gower, 1890

p Voices in Unison.

1. THE day is gen - tly sink-ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sun-light glows:

Voices in Harmony.

O bright-ness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

p Unison. *cres.* *Harmony.*

Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. *A - men.*

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

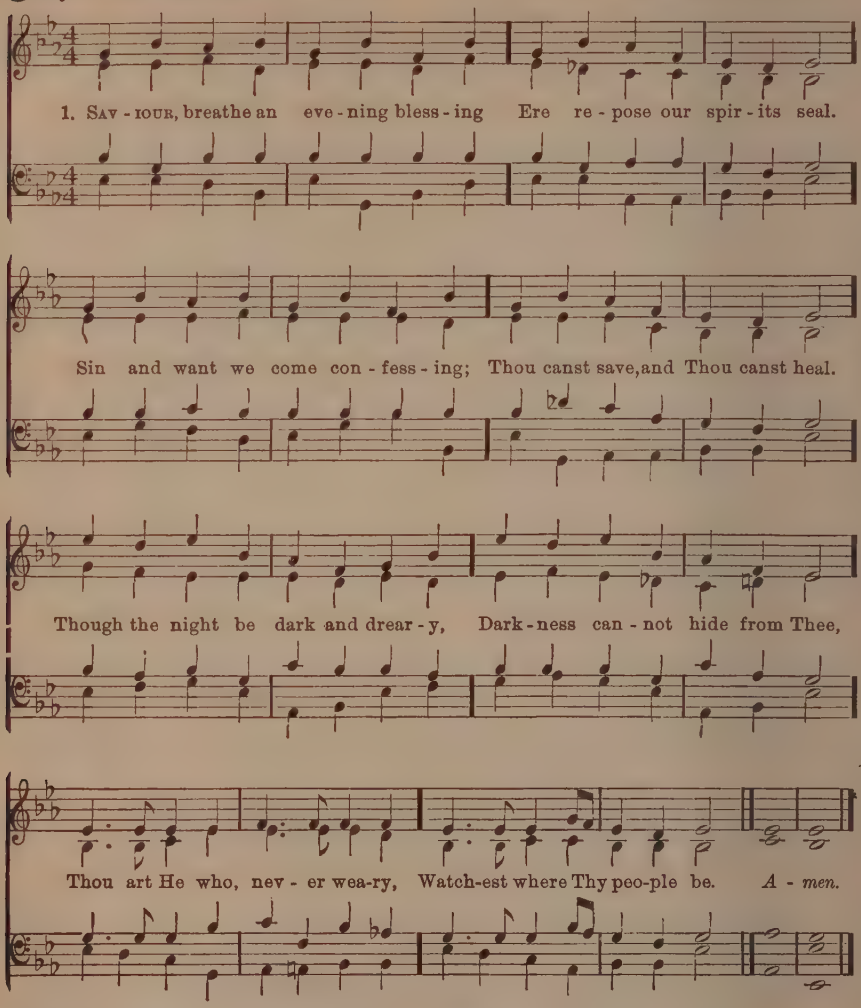
3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth, 1863

567 VESPER HYMN 8s, 7s. 8l.

D. S. Bortniansky (1751—1825)



2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

J. Edmeston, 1820 V. 3 added by E. H. Bickersteth, 1876

568 ABBOTT 8s. 7s. 6l.

Charles S. Yerbury, 1908

1. LEAD us, heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;
Guard us, guide us. keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. *A-men.*

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston, 1821

569 VESPER VERSE 6, 6, 8, 6

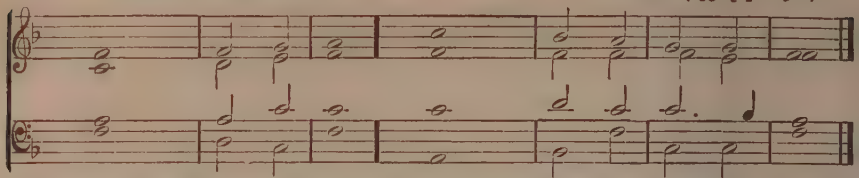
Ad. fr. Beethoven, by J. E. West

pp

1. LORD, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears;
May an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap-pears. *A-men.*

570 OPENING SENTENCES

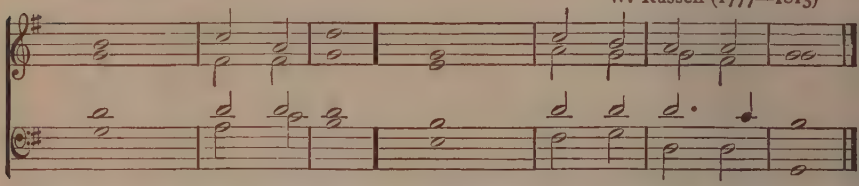
R. Farrant (1530[?]—1580)



1 THE *Lord* is in His | ho-ly | temple || let all the *earth* keep | si- · lence be- | fore — | Him.—*Hab. ii. 20.*

2 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || *fear* be- | fore Him | all the | earth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9.*

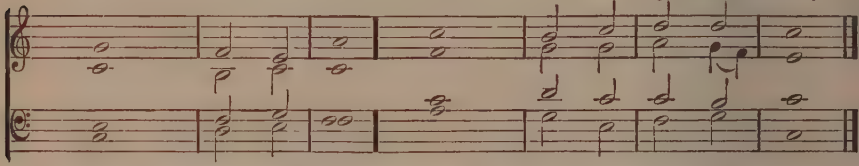
W. Russell (1777—1813)



3 Let the words of my mouth, and the medi*ta*tion | of my | heart || be acceptable in Thy sight, O *Lord* my | strength and | my re- | deemer.—*Ps. xix. 14.*

4 O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that | they may | lead me || and bring me unto Thy *ho*ly | hill and | to Thy | dwelling.—*Ps. xliii. 3.*

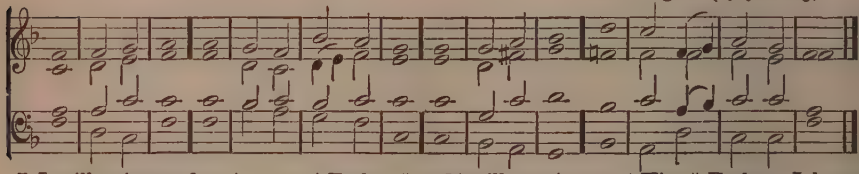
J. Stainer (1840—)



5 This is the *day* which the | Lord hath | made || we will re*joice* | and be | glad in | it. *Ps. cxviii. 24.*

6 { I was glad when they *said* | un-to | me || Let us *go* into the | house — | of the | Lord. *Ps. cxxii. 1.*
{ Pray for the *peace* | of Je- | rusalem || *they* shall | prosper · that | love — | Thee. *Ps. cxxii. 2.*

R. Langdon (1729—1803)



7 I will arise and *go* | to my | Father || *and* | will say | un-to | Him || Father, I have sinned against *heaven* and be- | fore — | Thee || and am no more wor*thy* to be | call-ed | Thy — | son.—*Luke xv. 18, 19.*

8 From the rising of the sun even unto the going *down* | of the | same || My *name* shall be | great a- | mong the | Gentiles || and in every place incense shall be offered unto My *Name* and a | pure — | offering || for My Name shall be great among the hea*then* | saith the | Lord of | hosts.—*Mal. i. 11.*

571 GLORIA PATRI

H. W. Greatorex, 1851

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. *A - men, A - men.*

572 GLORIA TIBI No. 1

Anon

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

No. 2

C. W. Pearce

ff

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

573 OFFERTORY SENTENCES No. 1

Beethoven

All things *come* of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine *own* have we giv - en Thee. *A - men.*

No. 2

G. A. MacFarren

All things *come* of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine *own* have we giv - en Thee. *A - men.*

574 RESPONSES AFTER PRAYER No. 1

A. S. Gibson

p

Look down on us, O Lord, we be - seech Thee, And in - to our

slower.

ritard.

cline Thine ear un - to our prayer. A - - - men.

ritard. *slower.*

No. 2

George Whelpton

pp

Hear our prayer, O Lord, Hear our prayer, O Lord,

In - cline Thine ear to me, And grant us Thy peace. A - men.

575 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

Beethoven

1–9. Lord, have *mercy* up - on us, and in*cline* our hearts to keep this law.

10. Lord, have *mercy* up - on us, { and write all these / Thy *laws* in our } hearts, we be-seech..... Thee.

576 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

p *f*

LORD, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

p *After the 10th.*

keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all

these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

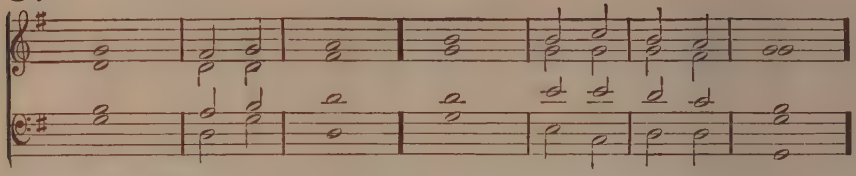
577 THE LORD'S PRAYER

C. A. Wickes

1 OUR *Fa*ther which | art in | heaven || *Hal*lowed | be — | *Thy* — | name.
2 *Thy* | king-dom | come || Thy will be done in *earth* | as it | is in | heaven.
3 Give us this *day* our | dai-ly | bread || and forgive us our *debts* as | we for- give our | debtors.
4 And lead us *not* | into · temp- | tation || *but* de- | liv-er | us from | evil:
5 For Thine is the king*dom* and the | power · and the | glory || *for* | ever. | *A*- — | *men.*

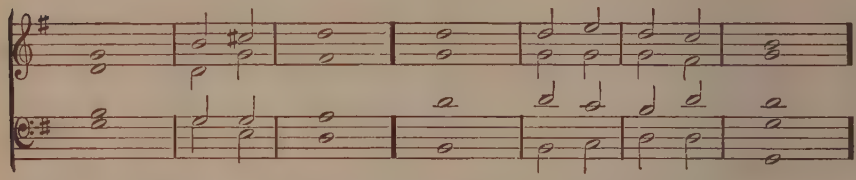
578 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Old Chant



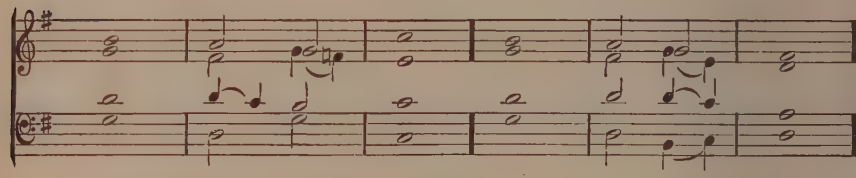
1 GLORY *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will • towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- • ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son — | of the | Father,

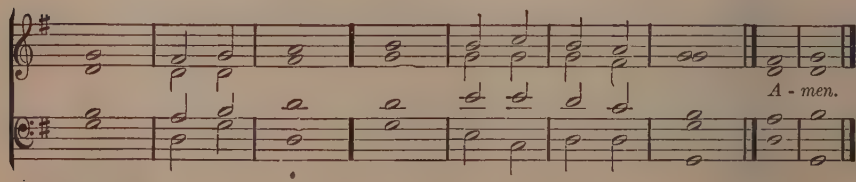


5 That takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world || have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world || have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world || *re*- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

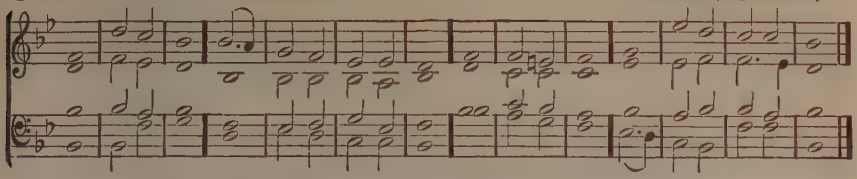


9 For Thou *on*ly | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory • of | God the | Father.

579 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

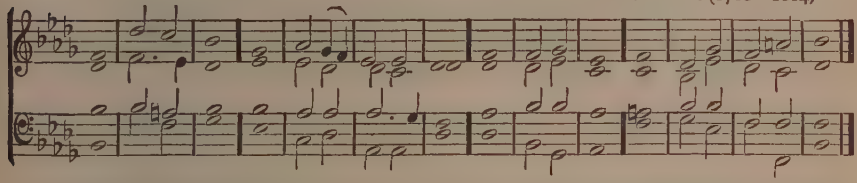
H. Lawes (1596—1662)



1 We *praise* | Thee O | God || we ac*know*ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
3 To Thee all *An*gels | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
4 To Thee Cheru*bim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
5 *Ho*ly | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || *of* | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
7 The glorious *com*pany | of • the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
8 The goodly *fel*lowship | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
9 The *no*ble | army • of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *of* an | in- • finite | Maj-es- | ty;
12 *Thine* a- | dor- • able, | true || *and* | on- — | — ly | Son;
13 * Al*so* the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com- — | fort- — | er.
14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
15 Thou art the *ev*er- | last-ing | Son || *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

* Last half of Chant.

R. Cooke (1768—1814)

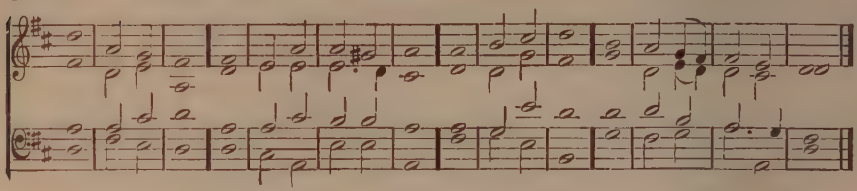


16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble Thy*self* to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
17 When Thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness • of | death || Thou didst open the *King*dom of | Heaven • to | all be- | lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
19 We be*lieve* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast re*deem*ed | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
21 Make them to be *num*bered | with Thy | Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
23 *Gov-* | — ern | them || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.

Return to chant in B♭ at the top of page.

24 *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
25 *And* we | worship • Thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out — | end.
26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this | day with- | out — | sin.
27 O *Lord* • have | mercy • up- | on us || *have* | mercy • up- | on — | us.
28 O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us || *as* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

580 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO *(Ps. xcv.)* W. Boyce (1710—1779)

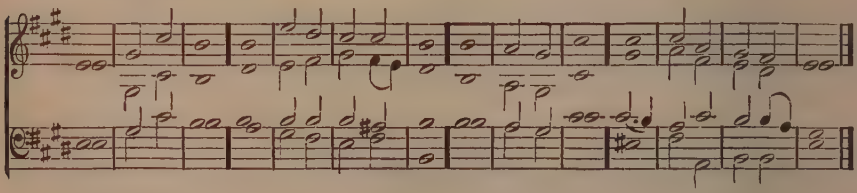


1 O COME let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord || let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before His pres*ence* | with thanks- | giving || and show our*selves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.
3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is | His — | also.
5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His pas*ture* and the | sheep of | His — | hand.—*Ps. xcv. 1–7.*
8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.
9 ✻ For He cometh, for He com*eth* to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.*

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A-* — | *men.*

✻ Last half of Double Chant.

581 BENEDICTUS *(Luke i. 68–79)* J. Barnby (1838—1896)

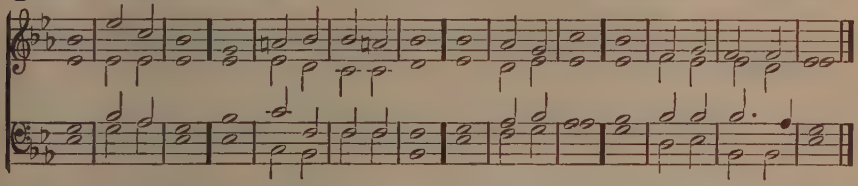


1 BLESSED be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visit*ed | and re- | deem-ed · His | people:
2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-vant | David;
3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;
4 That we should be *sav*ed | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate — | us;

5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to re*mem*ber His | ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant;
6 To perform the oath which He sware to our fore*fa*ther | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He would | give — | us;
7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- | out — | fear;
8 In holiness and *right*eous- | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.
9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Proph*et | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways;
10 To give knowledge of sal*va*tion | unto · His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,
11 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit- · ed | us;
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow · of | death || and to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.
Glory be to the *Fa*-ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

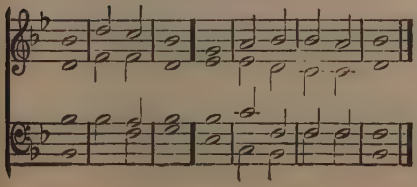
582 JUBILATE DEO *(Ps. C.)*

J. Robinson (1682—1762)

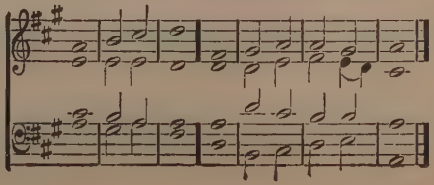


1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* His | pres-ence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are His peo*ple* and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to His | courts with | praise || be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.
4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mer*cy is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth from *gen*er- | ation · to | gen-er- | ation.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

S. Elvey (1805—1860)

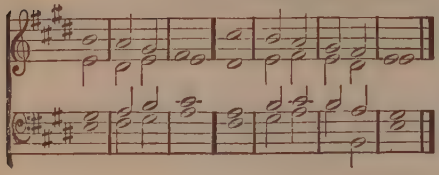


G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)

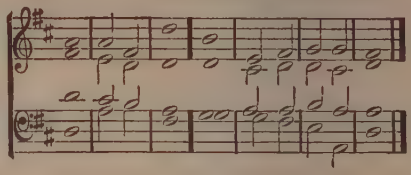


583 CANTATE DOMINO *(Ps. xcviii)*

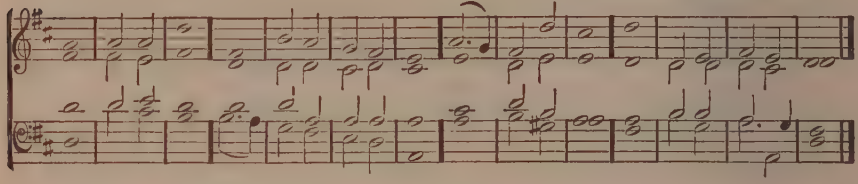
A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)



J. Battishill (1738—1801)



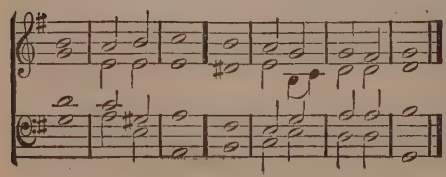
R. Woodward (c. 1744—1771)



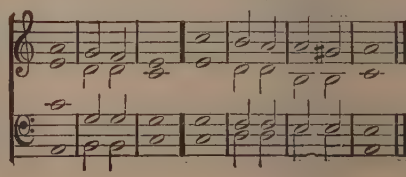
1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.
2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten · Him- | self the | victory.
3 The Lord de*clar*ed | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *show*ed in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth to*ward* the | house of | Israel || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
7 With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms || O show yourselves *joy*ful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful togethe*r* be- | fore the | Lord || *for* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteous*ness* shall He | judge the | world || *and* the | peo-ple | with — | equity.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

584 DEUS MISEREATUR *(Ps. lxvii)*

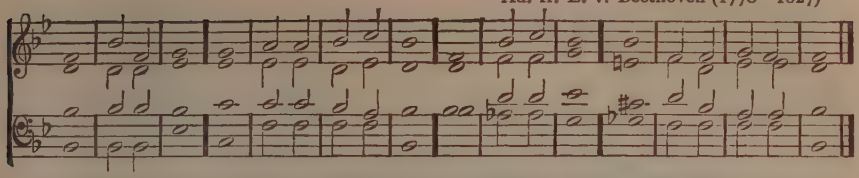
H. Aldrich (1647—1710)



W. Croft (1678—1727)



Ad. fr. L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827)

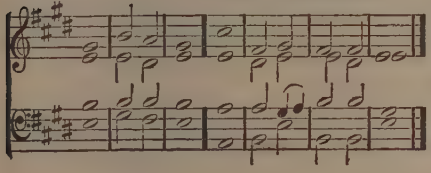


1 God be merci*ful* unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci- · ful | un-to | us;
2 That Thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and gov*ern* the | nations · up- | on — | earth.
5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God* shall | give — | us His | blessing.
7 ✻ *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

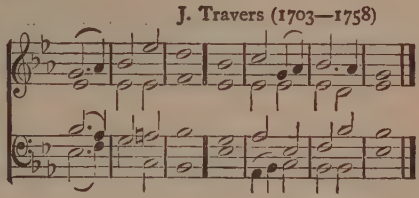
✻ Last half of Double Chant.

585 BONUM EST CONFITERI *(Ps. xcii)*

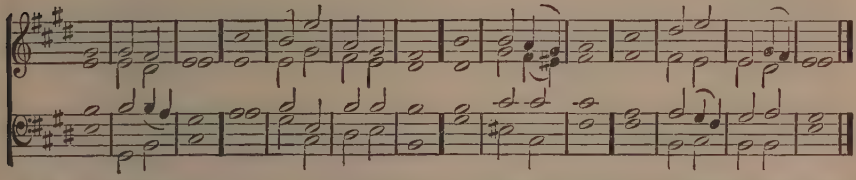
P. Hayes (1738—1797)



J. Travers (1703—1758)

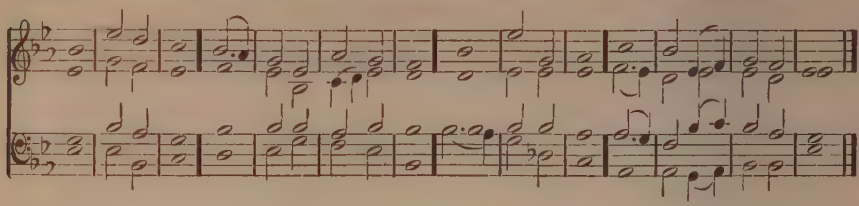


S. Matthews



1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy *Name* | O — | Most — | Highest.
2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the | night- — | season.
3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instru*ment* | and up- | on the | harp.
4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving *praise* for the oper- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

586 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA *(Ps. ciii. 1–4, 20–22)* W. Russell (1777—1813)



1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is with*in* me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.

2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *and* for- | get not | all His | benefits;

3 Who for*giv*eth | all thy | sin || and *heal*eth | all — | thine in- | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov-ing- | kindness;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His commandment, and hear*ken* unto the | voice — | of His | word.

6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye ser*vants* of | His that | do His | pleasure.

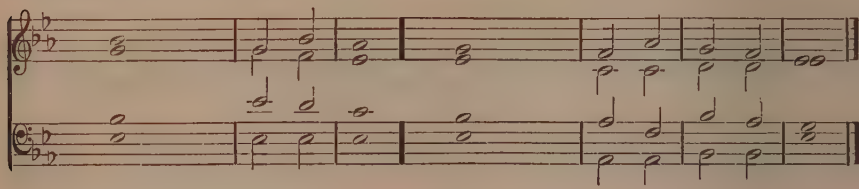
7 * O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *plac*es of | His do- | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

* Last half of Double Chant.

587 NUNC DIMITTIS *(Luke ii. 29–32)* J. Barnby (1838—1896)



1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy ser*vant* de- | part in | peace || *ac*- | cord-ing | to Thy | word.

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || *Thy* | — sal- | va- — | tion,

3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared || be*fore* the | face of | all — | people;

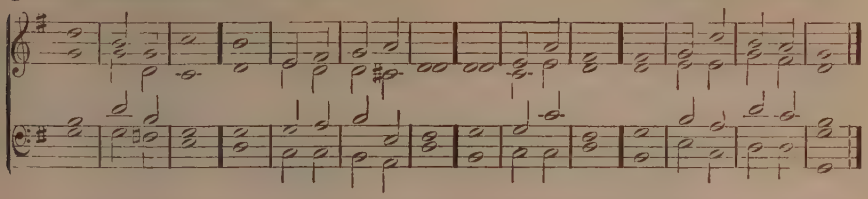
4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles || and to be the glo*ry* of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

588 MAGNIFICAT *(Luke i. 46–55)*

H. Smart (1813—1879)



1 My soul doth *magni*- | fy the | Lord || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || the *low*li- | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth || all *gener*- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni- · fied | me || *and* | ho-ly | is His | name.

5 And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him || *through*- | out all | gen-er- | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the im*agin*- | a-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat || and *hath* ex- | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hungry* | with good | things || and the *rich* He hath | sent — | empty · a- | way.

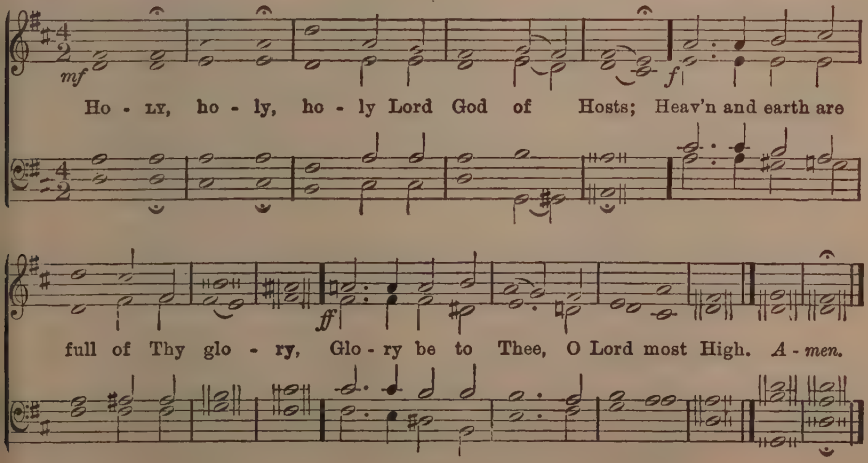
9 ✻ He remembering His mercy hath holpen His *ser*vant | Is-ra- | el || as He promised to our forefathers, *A*braham | and his | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end— | *A*- — | *men*.

✻ **Last half of Double Chant.**

589 SANCTUS

A. S. Cooper (1835—)



590 DISMISSAL 8, 8, 8, 6

George Whelpton (1847—)

pp

LORD, let us now de - part in peace, Who in Thy name are gath-ered here;

Dis - close the brightness of Thy face, And be for - ev - er near. *A - men.*

591 THE SEVEN-FOLD AMEN

J. Stainer (1840—1901)

pp Slow and sustained. *cres.* A - - men, A - - - - - - - - men,

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - - - - - - men,

A - - - - - - - - - - - - men,.....

f *dim* *pp* A - - - - - men, *ppp Slower.*

A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - men.

..... *f* *dim.* A - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - men.

Responsive Readings

FROM THE AMERICAN STANDARD EDITION OF
THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

New York
The Century Co.
1911

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Introduction

THESE responsive readings are an attempt to adapt for the public worship of Christian congregations those noble passages of both Old and New Testaments which are suited to the purpose. In general all didactic scriptures have been avoided, and those chosen which, like the Psalms, present to God the united prayer and praise of the congregation, or, like the great chapters in Isaiah, represent the people as meditating upon and exalted by their common faith. The rendering is that of the American Standard Revised Version, with this exception : that wherever the name Jehovah appears, the general term Lord has been used. This is done in answer to the widespread and reasonable demand that our Christian services of devotion shall not be unnecessarily encumbered by outgrown Hebraisms.

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2. Morning Prayer
3. Evening Prayer
4. Praise on the Lord's Day
5. The Privilege of Worship
6. Christian Worship
7. Delight in Worship
8. Joy in Praising God
9. True Worship
10. Prayer for the Church
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12. The Lord's Care for His Works
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15. God's Wisdom
16. The Grace of God
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18. God Our Deliverer
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42. The Greatness of Love
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54. The Great Mission
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58. The Glory of the Cross
59. Children's Day
60. The New Year

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Responsive Readings

FROM THE

AMERICAN STANDARD EDITION OF THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

SELECTION 1

A CALL TO WORSHIP

Psalm xcv

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord. Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God,

And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth;

The heights of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:

For he is our God,

And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Isaiah xxv

O LORD thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name;

For thou hast done wonderful things, in faithfulness and truth.

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord;

We have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

SELECTION 2

MORNING PRAYER

Psalm v

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

Harken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God;

For unto thee do I pray.

O Lord, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice;

In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch.

Psalm cxxx

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than watchmen wait for the morning;

Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

O Israel, hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is loving-kindness.

With him is plenteous redemption. And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Psalm lxii

MY soul, wait thou in silence for God only;

For my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my high tower. I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people;

Pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

SELECTION 3

EVENING PRAYER

Psalm lxiii

O GOD, thou art my God; earnestly will I seek thee:

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live:

I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips; when I remember thee upon my bed,

And meditate on thee in the night-watches.

For thou hast been my help, and in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee;

Thy right hand upholdeth me.

Psalm cxxi

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains;

From whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep thee from all evil; he will keep thy soul.

The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore.

SELECTION 4

PRAISE ON THE LORD'S DAY

Psalm cxviii

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon the Lord.

The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord, the righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee; for thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:

Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

SELECTION 5

THE PRIVILEGE OF WORSHIP

Psalm lxxxiv

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;

My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the highways to Zion.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength; every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:

The Lord will give grace and glory;

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

SELECTION 6

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

Psalm cxxii

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together;

Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, for an ordinance for Israel,

To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Hebrews xii, x

BUT ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem,

And to innumerable hosts of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are enrolled in heaven,

And to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of a new convenant,

And to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better than that of Abel.

Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus, by the way which he dedicated for us,

A new and living way, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh;

And having a great priest over the house of God,

Let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience,

And having our body washed with pure water.

Let us hold fast the confession of our hope that it waver not,

For he is faithful that promised:

And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking our own assembling together.

Ephesians v

BE filled with the Spirit:

Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,

Singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord;

Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father.

SELECTION 7

DELIGHT IN WORSHIP

Psalm xcvi

O SING unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the nations, his marvellous works among all the peoples.

For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised:

He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him:

Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Ascribe unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, ascribe unto the Lord glory and strength.

Ascribe unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:

Bring an offering, and come into his courts.

Oh worship the Lord in holy array:

Tremble before him, all the earth. Say among the nations, the Lord reigneth:

The world also is established that it cannot be moved:

He will judge the peoples with equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

Let the field exult, and all that is therein;

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy before the Lord;

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth:

He will judge the world with righteousness,

And the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 8

JOY IN PRAISING GOD

Psalm xcviii

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

The Lord hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

He hath remembered his lovingkindness and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:

Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;

With the harp and the voice of melody, with trumpets and sound of cornet.

Make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein;

Let the floods clap their hands;

Let the hills sing for joy together before the Lord;

For he cometh to judge the earth:

He will judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with equity.

Psalm lxv

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion;

And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou wilt forgive them.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, thy holy temple.

SELECTION 9

TRUE WORSHIP

Habakkuk ii

THE Lord is in his holy temple:

Let all the earth keep silence before him.

Isaiah lvii

THUS saith the Lord, Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool:

But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit,

And that trembleth at my word.

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy:

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit,

To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.

Micah vi

WHEREWITH shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?

Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves a year old?

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?

Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee,

But to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?

John iv

FOR the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

SELECTION 10

PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH

Psalm c

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord, he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his;

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:

Give thanks unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good:

His lovingkindness endureth for ever,

And his faithfulness unto all generations.

II Chronicles vi

BUT will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have builded!

Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God,

To hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee;

That thine eyes may be open toward this house day and night, even toward the place whereof thou hast said that thou wouldest put thy name there:

And hearken thou to the supplications of thy servant, and of thy people, when they shall pray toward this place;

Yea, hear thou from thy dwelling-place, even from heaven; and when thou hearest, forgive.

If there be in the land famine, if there be pestilence, if there be blasting or mildew, locust or caterpillar,

If their enemies besiege them in the land of their cities; whatsoever plague or whatsoever sickness there be;

What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all thy people, who shall know every man his own plague and his own sorrow, and shall spread forth his hands toward this house:

Then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and render unto every man according to all his ways, whose heart thou knowest

(For thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of the children of men);

That they may fear thee, to walk in thy ways, so long as they live in the land which thou gavest unto our fathers.

Now, O my God, let, I beseech thee, thine eyes be open, and let thine ears be attent, unto the prayer that is made in this place.

Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength:

Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation,

And let thy saints rejoice in goodness.

SELECTION 11

THE MAJESTY OF GOD

Isaiah xl

WHO hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span,

And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him?

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of justice,

And taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are accounted as the small dust of the balance:

Behold he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering.

All the nations are as nothing before him;

They are accounted by him as less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God?

Or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning?

Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.

That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in;

That bringeth princes to nothing; that maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their host by number:

He calleth them all by name;

By the greatness of his might, and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel,

My way is hid from the Lord, and the justice due to me is passed away from my God?

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard?

The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary;

There is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait for the Lord shall renew their strength;

They shall mount up with wings as eagles;

They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

SELECTION 12

THE LORD'S CARE FOR HIS WORKS

Psalm civ

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot;

Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

Who maketh winds his messengers; flames of fire his ministers;

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be moved for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture; the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away,

Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their food from God.

The sun ariseth, they get them away, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works!

In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

I will sing unto the Lord, as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.

Let my meditation be sweet unto him: I will rejoice in the Lord.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 13

GOD IN NATURE

Psalm xix

THE heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth,

And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,

And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

His going forth is from the end of the heavens,

And his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Psalm viii

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth,

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens!

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor.

Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen,

Yea, and the beasts of the field, the birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea,

Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 14

THE GLORY OF GOD

Psalm cxlv

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King;

And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and merciful;

Slow to anger, and of great lovingkindness.

The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait for thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 15

GOD'S WISDOM

Psalm cxxxix

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from thee,

But the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:

When I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart:

Try me, and know my thoughts;

And see if there be any wicked way in me,

And lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 16

THE GRACE OF GOD

Isaiah lv

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,

And he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;

Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live:

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;

And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;

And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

Psalm cxvi

GRACIOUS is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he saved me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul;

For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death,

Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the Lord's house,

In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 17

THE SHEPHERD GOD

Isaiah xl

O THOU that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up on a high mountain;

O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the Lord will come as a mighty one, and his arm will rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him. He will feed his flock like a shepherd.

He will gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and will gently lead those that have their young.

Psalm xxiii

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

John x

JESUS said unto them, I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth.

And the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me,

Even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring,

And they shall hear my voice;

And they shall become one flock, one shepherd.

Hebrews xiii

NOW the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus,

Make you perfect in every good thing to do his will,

Working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight,

Through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

SELECTION 18

GOD OUR DELIVERER

Psalm xxxiv

I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:

The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he answered me,

And delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were radiant; and their faces shall never be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that taketh refuge in him.

Oh fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger;

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,

To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cried and the Lord heard, and delivered them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.

And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants;

And none of them that take refuge in him shall be condemned.

SELECTION 19

THE SAFETY OF GOD'S PEOPLE

Psalm cxxiv

IF it had not been the Lord who was on our side, let Israel now say,

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us;

Then they had swallowed us up alive, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us,

The stream had gone over our soul;

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Psalm cxxvi

WHEN the Lord brought back those that returned to Zion, we were like unto them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing:

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed for sowing,

Shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

Psalm cxxv

THEY that trust in the Lord are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from this time forth and for evermore.

SELECTION 20

PRAISE FOR GOD'S GOODNESS

Psalm ciii

BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The Lord executeth righteous acts, and judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his doings unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,

So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the lovingkindness of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

SELECTION 21

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

Psalm xci

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.

For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:
His truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked,
For thou, O Lord, art my refuge! thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.
For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:

The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble:
I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 22

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE

Isaiah xliii

BUT now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel:

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee;
I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;
And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:
When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned,
Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.
Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee;
Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

Micah vii

BUT as for me, I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation:
My God will hear me. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy:
When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me.
I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.
Until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me;
He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.

Romans viii

FOR I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared
With the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward.
For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,
Nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,
Shall be able to separate us from the love of God,
Which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

SELECTION 23

HOPE IN GOD'S HELP

Psalm xxxi

IN thee, O Lord, do I take refuge; let me never be put to shame:

Deliver me in thy righteousness. Bow down thine ear unto me; deliver me speedily:

Be thou to me a strong rock, a house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress;

Therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.

Pluck me out of the net that they have laid privily for me;

For thou art my stronghold. Into thy hand I commend my spirit:

Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth. Thou hast set my feet in a large place.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in distress:

Mine eye wasteth away with grief, yea, my soul and my body.

But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me in thy loving-kindness.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee,

Which thou hast wrought for them that take refuge in thee, before the sons of men!

In the covert of thy presence wilt thou hide them from the plottings of man:

Thou wilt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints: the Lord preserveth the faithful,

And plentifully rewardeth him that dealeth proudly.

Be strong, and let your heart take courage, all ye that hope in the Lord.

SELECTION 24

PEACE IN BELIEVING

Psalm lxi

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a refuge for me, a strong tower from the enemy.

I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:

I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

Lamentations iii

IT is of the Lord's lovingkindnesses that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.

It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Isaiah xii

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O Lord;

For though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and will not be afraid:

For the Lord, even the Lord, is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the peoples, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: let this be known in all the earth.

Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion;

For great in the midst of thee is the Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 25

COMFORT IN GOD'S POWER

Isaiah xl

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished,

That her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord;

Make level in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low;

And the uneven shall be made level, and the rough places a plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry?

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it;

Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;

But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

Psalm xlvi

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,

The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God will help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;

He burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God:

I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION 26

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION

Psalm xxvii

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,

Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after:

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple,

For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion:

In the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me;

He will lift me up upon a rock. And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger:

Thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:

For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait for the Lord: be strong, and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for the Lord.

SELECTION 27

PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE

Psalm lxix

SAVE me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing:

I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

I am weary with my crying; my throat is dried:

Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time:

O God, in the abundance of thy lovingkindness, answer me in the truth of thy salvation.

Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink:

Let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

Let not the waterflood overwhelm me, neither let the deep swallow me up;

And let not the pit shut its mouth upon me.

Answer me, O Lord; for thy lovingkindness is good: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies turn thou unto me.

And hide not thy face from thy servant;

For I am in distress; answer me speedily.

Psalm xl

I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay;

And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

SELECTION 28

PRAYER IN TROUBLE

Psalm xlii

AS the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night,

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,

With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him

For the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-time:

And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me,

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm xlii

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

Oh deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man,

For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me: let them bring me unto thy holy hill,

And to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God,

Unto God my exceeding joy; and upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 29

PRAISE FOR DELIVERANCE

Psalm cvii

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary,

And gathered out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way;

They found no city of habitation. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,

And he delivered them out of their distresses,

He led them also by a straight way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his lovingkindness,

And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and the hungry soul he filleth with good.

Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron,

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,

And he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bonds in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths:

Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they are quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

SELECTION 30

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

Job xi, xxxvii

CANST thou by searching find out God?

Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?

It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than Sheol; what canst thou know?

The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.

God thundereth marvellously with his voice;

Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.

Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.

Dost thou know how God layeth his charge upon them, and causeth the lightning of his cloud to shine?

Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him who is perfect in knowledge?

Canst thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong as a molten mirror?

Teach us what we shall say unto him;

For we cannot set our speech in order by reason of darkness.

God hath upon him terrible majesty. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out:

He is excellent in power; and in justice and plenteous righteousness he will not afflict.

Proverbs iii

TRUST in the Lord with all thy heart,

And lean not upon thine own understanding:

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid:

Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:

For the Lord will be thy confidence, and will keep thy foot from being taken.

SELECTION 31

THANKS FOR MATERIAL BLESSINGS

Psalm cxxxvi

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

To him that by understanding made the heavens; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

To him that spread forth the earth above the waters; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

To him that made great lights; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever;

The moon and stars to rule by night;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Psalm lxv

THOU makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it;

The river of God is full of water:

Thou providest them grain, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

Thou waterest its furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof: thou makest it soft with showers;

Thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with grain; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Deuteronomy xxxiii

FOR the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath,

And for the precious things of the fruits of the sun, and for the precious things of the growth of the moons,
And for the chief things of the ancient mountains,
And for the precious things of the everlasting hills,
And for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof,
Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 32

THANKS FOR PUBLIC BLESSINGS

Psalm cxlvii

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.
He counteth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.
Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; his understanding is infinite.
The Lord upholdeth the meek: he bringeth the wicked down to the ground.
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.
For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders; he filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
He sendeth out his commandment upon earth; his word runneth very swiftly.
He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation; praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 33

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

Psalm cv

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name;

Make known among the peoples his doings.

Sing unto him, sing praises unto him;

Talk ye of all his marvellous works.

Deuteronomy viii

FOR the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and springs, flowing forth in valleys and hills;

A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates;

A land of olive trees and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it;

A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper.

And thou shalt eat and be full, and thou shalt bless the Lord thy God

For the good land which he hath given thee.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments,

Lest, when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein;

And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;

Then thy heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God,

Lest thou say in thy heart, My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth.

But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.

I Chronicles xxix

BLESSED be thou, O Lord, our Father, for ever and ever.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty:

For all that is in the heavens and in the earth is thine;

Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.

Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou rulest over all;

And in thy hand is power and might; and in thy hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name;

For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.

SELECTION 34

PRAYER FOR GODLINESS

Psalm li

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight;

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;

And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.

Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with a willing spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;

And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;

And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:

Thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 35

DELIGHT IN THE LAW OF THE LORD

Psalm i

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

And on his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in its season.
Whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the wicked shall perish.

Psalm xix

THE law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The ordinances of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

Sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: in keeping them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors? Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart

Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 36

THE JOY OF OBEDIENCE

Psalm cxix

BLESSED are they that are perfect in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

Yea, they do no unrighteousness; they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us thy precepts, that we should observe them diligently.

Oh that my ways were established to observe thy statutes!

Then shall I not be put to shame.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee:

Oh let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: Teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the ordinances of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate on thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statues: I will not forget thy word.

Ezekiel xviii

I WILL judge you; every one according to his ways, saith the Lord.

Return ye, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

Cast away from you all your transgressions, wherein ye have transgressed;

And make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die;

For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord,

Wherefore turn yourselves, and live.

SELECTION 37

THE CONTRITE HEART

Ezra ix

O MY God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God;

For our iniquities are increased over our head, and our guiltiness is grown up unto the heavens.

Since the days of our fathers we have been exceeding guilty unto this day

For we are bondmen; yet our God hath not forsaken us in our bondage,

But hath extended lovingkindness unto us.

And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great guilt,

Seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve,

Shall we again break thy commandments?

O Lord, the God of Israel, thou art righteous;

Behold, we are before thee in our guiltiness; for none can stand before thee because of this.

Psalm xxv

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, in thee have I trusted, let me not be put to shame;

Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach me; for thou art the God of my salvation;

For thee do I wait all the day. Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses;

For they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in justice; and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are lovingkindness and truth

Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

Oh keep my soul, and deliver me:

Let me not be put to shame, for I take refuge in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait for thee.

SELECTION 38

THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS

Joel ii

YET even now, saith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart,

And with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning:

And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God;

For he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly;

Gather the people, sanctify the assembly, assemble the old men, gather the children,

Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar,

And let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach,

Wherefore should they say among the peoples, Where is their God?

Then was the Lord jealous for his land, and had pity on his people.

Psalm xxxii

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones wasted away through my groaning all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:

My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity did I not hide:

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;

And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

Hosea vi

COME, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.

SELECTION 39

THE JOY OF SALVATION

Romans viii

THERE is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and of death.

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh,

God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

That the ordinance of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For they that are after the flesh mind the things of the flesh;

But they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.

For the mind of the flesh is death; but the mind of the Spirit is life and peace:

Because the mind of the flesh is enmity against God;

For it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be:

And they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.

But if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

And if Christ is in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness.

But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you,

He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh:

For if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear;

But ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;

If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him.

SELECTION 40

GRATITUDE TO CHRIST

Ephesians i, ii

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ:

Even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world,

That we should be holy and without blemish before him in love:

Having foreordained us unto adoption as sons through Jesus Christ unto himself,

According to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, which he fully bestowed on us in the Beloved:

In whom we have our redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses!

God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us,

Even when we were dead through our trespasses,

Made us alive together with Christ (by grace have ye been saved),

And raised us up with him, and made us to sit with him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus:

That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus:

For by grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God;

Not of works, that no man should glory. For we are his workmanship,

Created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God afore prepared that we should walk in them.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

Unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen.

SELECTION 41

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED

Psalm xxxvii

FRET not thyself because of evil-doers,

Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good;

Dwell in the land, and feed on his faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he will give thee the desires of thy heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.

And he will make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,

And thy justice as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way.

Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:

Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing. For evil-doers shall be cut off;

But those that wait for the Lord, they shall inherit the land.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

Better is a little that the righteous hath than the abundance of many wicked.

A man's goings are established of the Lord; and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;

For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.

But one passed by, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;

For there is a happy end to the man of peace.

As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their stronghold in the time of trouble.

And the Lord helpeth them, and rescueth them:

He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them, because they have taken refuge in him.

SELECTION 42

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE

I John iv

BELOVED, let us love one another: for love is of God

And every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Herein was the love of God manifested in us,

That God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us,

And sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

No man hath beheld God at any time:

If we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us:

God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar:

For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen.

And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

I Corinthians xiii

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love,

I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge;

And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,

And if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:

Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

SELECTION 43

FATHERHOOD AND BROTHERHOOD

Isaiah lxiii

I WILL make mention of the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord.

According to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us,

And the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them

According to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses.

For he said, Surely, they are my people, children that will not deal falsely: so he was their Saviour.

In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them:

In his love and in his pity he redeemed them;

And he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.

For thou art our Father, though Abraham knoweth us not, and Israel doth not acknowledge us;

Thou, O Lord, art our Father; our Redeemer from everlasting is thy name.

I John iii

BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,

That we should be called children of God;

Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be.

We know that, if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him;

For we shall see him even as he is.

And every one that hath this hope set on him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil:

Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

For this is the message which ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another:

We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren.

He that loveth not abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer;

And ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

Hereby know we love, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

But whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need,

And shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth.

And this is his commandment,

That we should believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another.

SELECTION 44

THE DUTY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

Isaiah lviii

CRY aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet,

And declare unto my people their transgression, and to the house of Jacob their sins.

Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not?

Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?

Is such the fast that I have chosen? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him?

Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have chosen: to loose the bonds of wickedness,

To undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?

When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily;

And thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord will answer;

Thou shalt cry, and he will say, Here I am.

Job xxxi

IF I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail,

Or have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof,

If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or that the needy had no covering;

If his loins have not blessed me, and if he hath not been warmed with the fleece of my sheep;

If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, because I saw my help in the gate:

Then let my shoulder fall from the shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

James i

PURE religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this,

To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.

SELECTION 45

PRAYER FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

Psalm x

WHY standest thou afar off, O Lord?

In the pride of the wicked the poor is hotly pursued;

For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and the covetous renounceth, yea, contemneth the Lord.

The wicked, in the pride of his countenance, saith, He will not require it. All his thoughts are, There is no God.

He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent;

His eyes are privily set against the helpless.

He lurketh in secret as a lion in his covert; he lieth in wait to catch the poor:

He doth catch the poor, when he draweth him in his net.

He saith in his heart: God hath forgotten, he hideth his face, he will never see it.

Arise, O Lord; O God, lift up thy hand: Forget not the poor.

Psalm ix

I WILL give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvellous works.

I will be glad and exult in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies turn back, they stumble and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;

Thou sittest in the throne judging righteously.

The Lord also will be a high tower for the oppressed, a high tower in times of trouble;

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee:

For thou, O Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the Lord, who dwelleth in Zion:

Declare among the people his doings.

For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth them;

He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

SELECTION 46

SOCIAL SIN AND PENITENCE

Psalm xv

O LORD who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart;

He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised, but who honoreth them that fear the Lord;

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;

He that putteth not out his money to interest, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Daniel ix

O LORD, our God, we have sinned, we have done wickedly.

O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, let thine anger and thy wrath, I pray thee, be turned away from thy city;

Because for our sins, and for the iniquities of our fathers,

Thy people are become a reproach to all that are round about us.

Now therefore, O our God, hearken unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplications,

And cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake.

O my God, incline thine ear, and hear;

Open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name:

For we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses,

But for thy great mercies' sake.

O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not,

For thine own sake, O my God, because thy city and thy people are called by thy name.

SELECTION 47

NATIONAL PENITENCE

Hosea iv

HEAR the word of the Lord, ye children of Israel; for the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land,

Because there is no truth, nor goodness, nor knowledge of God in the land.

There is nought but swearing and breaking faith,

And killing, and stealing, and committing adultery.

Amos v

FORASMUCH therefore as ye trample upon the poor, and take exactions from him of wheat:

Ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them;

Ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink the wine thereof.

For I know how manifold are your transgressions, and how mighty are your sins—

Ye that afflict the just, that take a bribe,

And that turn aside the needy in the gate from their right.

I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies.

Yea, though ye offer me your burnt-offerings and meat-offerings, I will not accept them;

Neither will I regard the peace-offerings of your fat beasts.

Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs;

For I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

But let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

Psalm lxxix

REMEMBER not against us the iniquities of our forefathers:

Let thy tender mercies speedily meet us; for we are brought very low.

Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name;

And deliver us, and forgive our sins, for thy name's sake.

So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture

Will give thee thanks for ever; we will show forth thy praise to all generations.

SELECTION 48

TRUE RELIGION

Jeremiah vii

THUS saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel,

Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place.

Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these.

For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings;

If ye thoroughly execute justice between a man and his neighbor;

If ye oppress not the sojourner, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood,

Neither walk after other gods to your own hurt:

Then will I cause you to dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, even for evermore.

Behold, ye trust in lying words, that cannot profit.

Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and burn incense unto Baal,

And walk after other gods that ye have not known,

And come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name, and say, We are delivered?

Is this house, which is called by my name, become a den of robbers in your eyes?

Behold, I, even I, have seen it, saith the Lord.

Isaiah i

WHAT unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith the Lord:

I have had enough of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts;

And I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats.

When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to trample my courts?

Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me;

New moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies,—I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn meeting.

Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth;

They are a trouble unto me; I am weary of bearing them.

And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you;

Yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear:

Your hands are full of blood.

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes;

Cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed,

Judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;

Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

SELECTION 49

PRAYER FOR THE PEOPLE

Isaiah lxii

FOR Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest,

Until her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.

And the nations shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory;

And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

Thou shalt also be a crown of beauty in the hand of the Lord,

And a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem;

They shall never hold their peace day nor night:

Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give him no rest,

Till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people;

Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples.

Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the earth,

Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh!

Psalm lxvii

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy salvation among all nations.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy;

For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath yielded its increase:

God, even our own God, will bless us.

God will bless us;

And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 50

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE

Isaiah xliii

BUT now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel:

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;

And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

Isaiah liv

FOR a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.

In overflowing wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment;

But with everlasting lovingkindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

For this is as the waters of Noah unto me;

For as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth,

So have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee.

For the mountains may depart, and the hills be removed;

But my lovingkindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted,

Behold, I will set thy stones in fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy border of precious stones.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations;

Spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.

For thou shalt spread abroad on the right hand and on the left;

And thy seed shall possess the nations, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.

For thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of hosts is his name: and the Holy One of Israel is thy Redeemer;

The God of the whole earth shall he be called.

SELECTION 51

GOD'S CERTAIN VICTORY

Isaiah lii

AWAKE, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city:

For henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.

Shake thyself from the dust; arise, sit on thy throne, O Jerusalem:

Loose thyself from the bonds of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,

That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The voice of thy watchmen! they lift up the voice, together do they sing;

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem;

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

And all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Psalm xxiv

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates;

And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory will come in.

Who is the King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory will come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 52

THE HOPE OF THE KINGDOM

Isaiah li

ATTEND unto me, O my people; and give ear unto me, O my nation:

For a law shall go forth from me, and I will establish my justice for a light of the peoples.

My righteousness is near, my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the peoples;

The isles shall wait for me, and on mine arm shall they trust.

Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath;

For the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment;

And they that dwell therein shall die in like manner:

But my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law;

Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye dismayed at their revilings.

For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool;

But my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation unto all generations.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord;

Awake, as in the days of old, the generations of ancient times.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion;

And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:

They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou art afraid of man that shall die,

And of the son of man that shall be made as grass;

And hast forgotten the Lord thy Maker, that stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth;

And fearest continually all the day because of the fury of the oppressor,

And where is the fury of the oppressor?

The captive exile shall speedily be loosed; and he shall not die and go down into the pit, neither shall his bread fail.

For I am the Lord thy God, who stirreth up the sea, so that the waves thereof roar:

The Lord of hosts is his name.

And I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of my hand,

That I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth,

And say unto Zion, Thou art my people.

SELECTION 53

THE WORLD-WIDE GOSPEL

Psalm cxiii

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord.

Praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord

From this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his seat on high,

That humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,

And lifteth up the needy from the dunghill; that he may set him with princes.

Even with the princes of his people.

Isaiah ii

AND it shall come to pass in the latter days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains,

And shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

And many peoples shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord;

And he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths:

And he will judge between the nations, and will decide concerning many peoples;

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,

Neither shall they learn war any more.

Psalm cxvii

OH praise the Lord, all ye nations;

Laud him, all ye peoples.

For his lovingkindness is great toward us;

And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 54

THE GREAT MISSION

Isaiah lx

THE Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,

To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the year of the Lord's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God;

To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes,

The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

That they may be called trees of righteousness,

The planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified.

Isaiah xlix

YEA, saith the Lord, It is too light a thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel:

I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.

Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I answered thee, and in a day of salvation, have I helped thee;

And I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people,

Saying to them that are bound, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves.

They shall feed in the ways, and on all bare heights shall be their pasture.

They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them:

For he that hath mercy on them will lead them, even by springs of water will he guide them.

And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted.

Lo, these shall come from far; and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains:

For the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have compassion upon his afflicted.

SELECTION 55

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

Psalm xvi

THE Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;

In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

I Peter i

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

Who by the power of God are guarded through faith

Unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold trials,

That the proof of your faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth though it is proved by fire,

May be found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ;

Whom not having seen ye love;

On whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing,

Ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

II Corinthians iv, v

WHEREFORE we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is for the moment,

Worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen:

For the things which are seen are temporal;

But the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved,

We have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

SELECTION 56

THE GREAT KING

Isaiah ix

THE people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end,

Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it,

And to uphold it with justice and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever.

The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

Isaiah xi

AND there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, and a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit.

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,

Neither decide after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor,

And decide with equity for the meek of the earth;

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth; and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his waist, and faithfulness the girdle of his loins,

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together;

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain;

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

SELECTION 57

THE NATIVITY

MAGNIFICAT

Luke i

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaid:

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is unto generations and generations on them that fear him.

He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down princes from their thrones, and hath exalted them of low degree.

The hungry he hath filled with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath given help to Israel his servant, that he might remember mercy,

As he spake unto our fathers, toward Abraham and his seed for ever.

BENEDICTUS

Luke i

BLESSED be the Lord, the God of Israel; for he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people,

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David,

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets that have been from of old,

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

To show mercy towards our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

The oath which he sware unto Abraham our father, to grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies

Should serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all our days.

Yea and thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High:

For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people in the remission of their sins,

Because of the tender mercy of our God,

Whereby the dayspring from on high shall visit us,

To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death;

To guide our feet into the way of peace.

SELECTION 58

THE GLORY OF THE CROSS

Romans v

BEING therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;

Through whom also we have had our access by faith into this grace wherein we stand;

And we rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

For while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die:

For peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his own love toward us,

In that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Isaiah liii

WHO hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way,

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:

Yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 59

CHILDREN'S DAY

Psalms xliv, lxxviii

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us,

What work thou didst in their days, in the days of old.

We will not hide them from their children,

Telling to the generation to come the praises of the Lord,

And his strength, and his wondrous works that he hath done.

That the generation to come might know them, even the children that should be born;

Who should arise and tell them to their children,

That they might set their hope in God and not forget the works of God.

Psalm cxlviii

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:

Praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels:

Praise ye him, all his host. Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that are above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord;

For he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them for ever and ever:

He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye sea-monsters, and all deeps;

Fire and hail, snow and vapor; stormy wind, fulfilling his word;

Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars;

Beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying birds;

Kings of the earth and all peoples; princes and all judges of the earth;

Both young men and maidens. Old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is exalted;

His glory is above the earth and the heavens.

SELECTION 60

THE NEW YEAR

Psalm cii

MY days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, wilt abide for ever; and thy memorial name unto all generations.

Of old didst thou lay the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure;

Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed;

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

Psalm xc

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Return, O Lord; how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us.

And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children,

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us;

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

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